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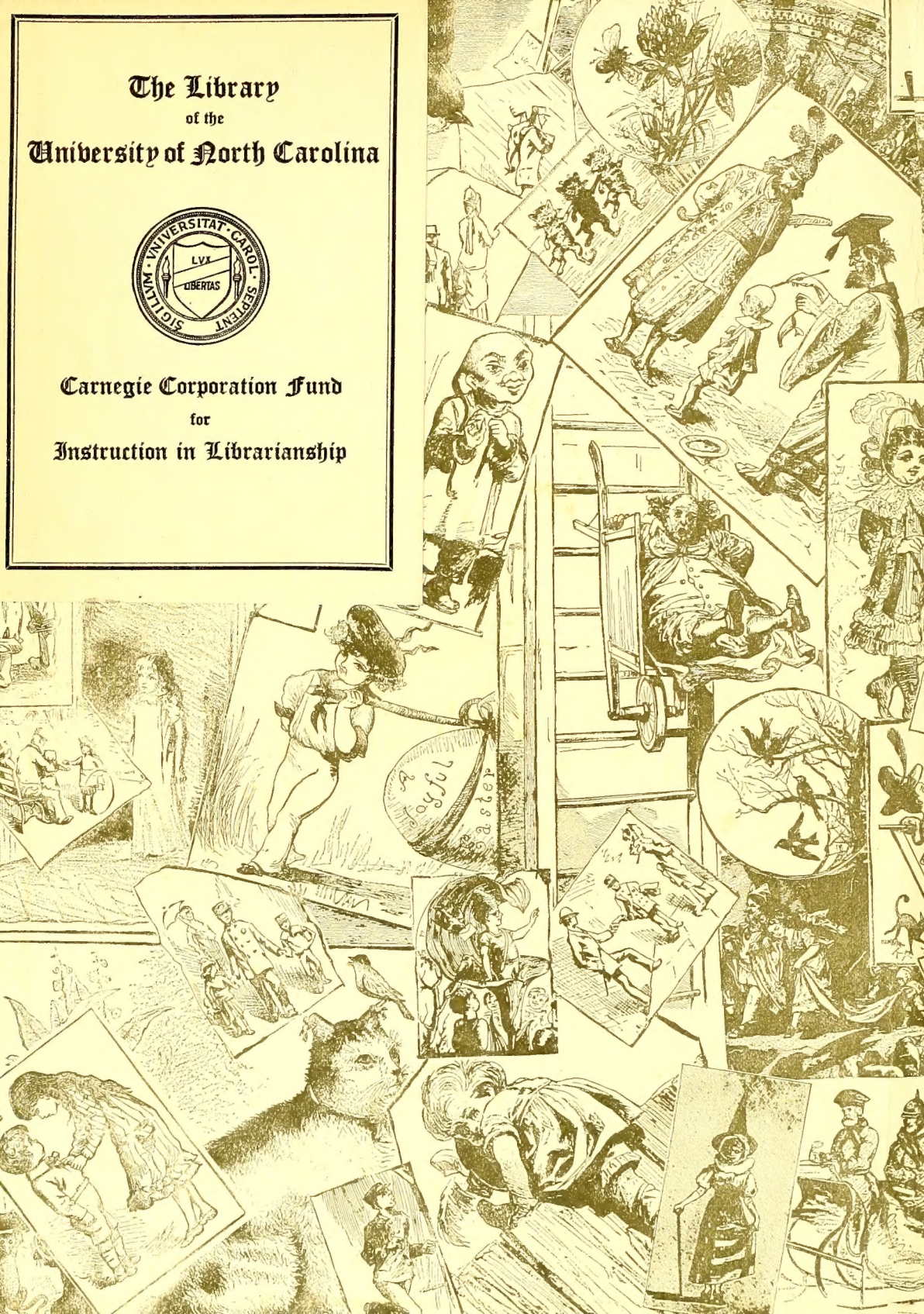
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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XVII.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1889, TO APRIL, 1890.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XVII.

PART I.

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IN FULL CRY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII. NOVEMBER, 1889. No. 1.

COURSING WITH GREYHOUNDS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By C. F. Holder.



READY FOR A HUNT.

AS I write, a hound, faithful and true, is looking up into my face, her long slender muzzle resting on my arm, her eyes beaming with intelligence. Her name is "Mouse," and she is a greyhound known to many readers of ST. NICHOLAS in the San Gabriel Valley, in Southern California. She is blinking, puffing out her lips, whining, in fact, laughing and talking after her fashion; and probably this is what she is trying to say: "I am a greyhound. I can outrun any hare in Pasadena, and when I was younger and not so heavy I could jump up behind my master on the horse when the grass and flowers were tall, and so look around for a jack-rabbit."

Mouse does not mention that the horse decidedly objected to her sharp claws, sometimes bucking to throw her off, and thus has often made it very uncomfortable for her master. She has just taken her head from my arm, offended perhaps at this breach of confidence, so I must continue the story without further comment from her.

Mouse is but one of a number of dogs that constitute the pack of the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena, Southern California. Most are greyhounds, but there are a few of the fine staghounds that the famous Landseer loved to paint. Some are mouse-colored, like Mouse herself; others a tawny hue; others again mouse and white. And in the field together they present a fine appearance—long, slender forms, delicate limbs, powerful muscles, rat-like tails, deep chests, pointed muzzles, and feet like springy cushions. They are quaintly described in the old lines:

> "Headed like a snake,
> Necked like a drake,
> Backed like a beam,
> Sided like a bream,
> Tailed like a rat,
> And footed like a cat."

When preparing for an outing, Mouse and Dinah (the latter being her baby, though taller than the mother) well know what is to come. When riding-crop, gloves, saddle, and bridle

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appear, they become intensely excited, and insist upon holding my gloves or the crop, and, when I mount, leap up against the horse with every expression of delight. As we ride out of the orange grove, it is a wild and delicious morning, such as one can find, in February, only in Southern California. Hills, fields, and meadows are green, roses are on every side, oranges glisten on their dark-green trees, the air is rich with floral odors and filled with the song of birds. Snow is gleaming on the big peaks of the Sierra Madres: it is winter there, over the tops of the orange trees, but summer down here in the valley. No wonder the dogs are delighted and the horses need the curb. Ladies and gentlemen appear, coming out of side streets and bound for the "meet," followed by coaches with merry riders, all headed for the *mesa* at the foot of the Sierra Madre range. Now the silvery notes of a horn are borne melodiously on the wind, and out from the shadow of the eucalyptus grove comes the pack of hounds from San Marino, one of the beautiful homes in the San Gabriel; a few moments later the



"THE HOUND COULD JUMP UPON THE HORSE, AND SO LOOK AROUND FOR A JACK-RABBIT."

hunt is together on a lofty hill overlooking the surrounding country. Young folks are patting and admiring the dogs; and noble fellows these dogs are. Among them are some great tawny leonine creatures, brought from Australia, where they hunted the kangaroo; others are mouse-colored, and one is jet-black. Each a bunch of springs and nerves, a noble group they make: Dinah, Silk, Raymon, Mouse, Fleet, Eclipse, and many more.

The hunt is made up of nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen, lovers of riding and dogs. Thirty or more are on horseback, with invited guests from all over the county, and the remainder in coaches and carriages, who follow the hunt in this way and at noon meet the riders at breakfast in some shaded nook. The horn sounds gleefully. The great, high-pointed Mexican saddles, which the gentlemen use, are looked after. Horses champ their musical bits, eager to be off, and finally, at the word, the cavalcade winds slowly down the hill, spreading out over the *mesa*—a gently rising tract, the slope of the mountains, planted with grape, orange, and olive, with intervening spaces of very low brush. Two miles or less away, rise the Sierra Madres like a huge stone wall, with peaks from four thousand to eleven thousand feet high; and along their base the hunt proceeds. A few feet in advance, mounted on a fiery bronco, is the master of the hounds with his silver horn. The dogs separate and move slowly ahead, wading now through banks of golden poppies, wild heliotrope, and brown-backed violets. Greyhounds do not hunt by scent, as foxhounds do, but by sight alone; so, every now and then they stop to look about, all the while keeping a keen eye ahead.

Suddenly there is a shout, and horses and dogs are away. From under the very nose of Mouse a curious apparition springs up—a fluffy object of grayish tints. It is the jack-rabbit! For an instant he stands astonished, wondering what it is all about, then dashes away like a rocket and is followed by the field. Nearly all the dogs see him; while those that do not, follow the others. The horses seem to understand

the shout and in a moment are off in a wild race over the *mesa*, beating down the flowers and throwing clods of earth behind them.

The "Jack," true to his instincts, makes for the low brush in a washout. He seems a streak of light disappearing and reappearing here and there. The dogs are doing their best, working like machines. Watch their wonderful running! Even at the terrific pace, with ditches, and holes dug by gophers, badgers, or owls to look out for, the action of the beautiful dogs attracts our attention. They sweep on like the wind — a kaleidoscopic effect of grays and yellows, passing and repassing. Now Silk leads, then in turn the blue dog is ahead. See! Mouse is in the air. Losing sight of the game, she leaps bodily three feet upward over the brush, looks quickly around, catches sight of the fleeing form, and is away again. The speed is marvelous! No race-horse can keep up with a thoroughbred racing greyhound, yet the field is doing bravely. One little boy, though far behind, follows pluckily, his short-legged pony struggling sturdily through a plowed field.

The hare has dashed across the washout and up a large vineyard, around and down a well-known road. How they go! Four, six, ten horses all bunched, and running like the wind — a wild, melodious jangle of hoofs, spurs, and bit-chains. Up go the dogs suddenly. "Jump!" cries the Master of the Hounds warningly, turning in his saddle. The hare has stopped abruptly at the edge of a dry ditch and turned at a sharp angle. Some of the dogs go over and sweep around in great curves, while others break off on both sides and are soon following the game over the back track. A noble chase it is! Everything favors the hare, and he is making a great run. Hunters give out; one or two dogs are fagged; but over the green fields and down toward the city goes the main body of the hunt. The little fellow on the pony has become discouraged. The pony is breathing hard and his brave rider's yellow locks have evidently been in contact with the pin-clover.



"THE DOG INSERTS ITS LONG NOSE BENEATH THE HARE, AND TOSSES HIM INTO THE AIR."

But courage! what is this? A shout from below, and he sees the Jack, with ears flat,— a signal of distress,— coming up the slope; the dogs have turned him again. Off the young rider goes over the field, side by side with hare and hounds. Soon a big mouse-colored dog darts ahead, overtakes the hare, and kills him instantly. Often the dog inserts its long nose beneath the hare, and tosses him into the air. A moment later, the entire field is about the catch, and the long ears and diminutive brush of this farmers' pest decorate the hat of the first lady in at the finish.

Panting dogs and horses and flushed riders are grouped about; owners making excuses for pet dogs, and all agreeing that the hare was a most extraordinary old fellow, wily and conceited. He must have girdled many peach and cherry trees in his time, and no one mourns his fate.



NEARING THE FINISH.

Now the run is discussed, and its good points dilated upon; favorite horses are petted, and young men with suspicious grass stains on their coats and trousers are ridiculed. Now one may see a thirsty dog drinking from a canteen which one of the huntsmen has unslung, while other dogs await their turn; others again are lying on the cool grass, panting like steam-engines, yet very proud of their work. Half an hour or more is given for rest, then dogs, horses, and riders are ready for another run, and perhaps two miles of delightful country is gone over before another hare is seen. This time he runs for the mountains, and after carrying the hunt a mile or more up the slope, dashes into the big cañon and is away, while the disappointed dogs and riders join the coaches and carriages at the hunt breakfast, spread on the slope among the wild flowers; and here, looking down on the lovely valley and the Pacific Ocean thirty miles away, the day's sport ends.

Such is real "hare and hounds" in Southern California — an inspiriting sport, as the natural instincts of the greyhounds are given full play, and the hare has every advantage, and can only be caught if faithfully followed by riding at a pace which, for speed and excitement, is never equaled, I venture to say, in the Eastern States.

The greyhound is becoming a popular dog in America, and coursing clubs are being formed throughout the country, dogs being imported at great expense. In certain regions of California the hare exists in myriads, and the ranchers keep the greyhounds to run them off, so it is natural that Californians should believe that they have some of the fastest dogs in the country. How fast can they run? A good greyhound has been known to run four miles in twelve minutes. "Silk" has caught a hare within one hundred and fifty feet of the start, and as for "Mouse," now fat and heavy, I have run the fastest horse I could find against her, and she was always just ahead, looking back as if to say, "Why don't you come?" The pace of the dogs is illustrated by the fact that two of them when running in a vineyard came into collision; light and slender as the animals were, one dog's neck was broken and the other hound was seriously injured.

Coursing is by no means a new sport. Not only is it an old English custom, but even in the ancient carvings of Thebes we find the greyhound. Among the ancients, chasing the hare with these dogs was considered a noble sport, for the greyhound has an aristocratic mien, and is the type of refinement and culture among dogs. True coursing differs materially from the methods of the hunt described,



GREYHOUNDS DRINKING FROM A CANTEEN AFTER THE RUN.

and often degenerates into a sport carried on simply for gain. It was first organized as a sport by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, in the time of Elizabeth, and the old rules are to some extent followed in England to-day. In these, the various efforts of the dogs in turning the hare count, and numbers of dogs contest, one with another, to a finish. In America, coursing clubs rarely, if ever, run the dogs in narrow inclosures, as it is thought unsportsmanlike not to give the hare every advantage. Certainly, such is the spirit of the sport in Southern California.

The hare runs as fast as the dogs, but as he lacks their endurance he takes them up slopes and over rough country, displaying great cunning. One hare, which I have chased a number of times, invariably ran in a wide circle, finally leading the dogs among the rocks and escaping

in a thick grove. This little animal is indebted to me for much exercise, and I have no doubt he enjoyed the running. The hare being smaller and lighter can turn more quickly, and the best dog is the one that can most adroitly meet these quick changes of direction. The pack is rushing along when the hare suddenly turns at a right angle; poor dogs overrun and take a wide turn, and before they can recover, the hare is far away. Still, a good dog will lose but little. Once my dog had almost caught a hare, when the cunning animal darted to a tree and began to run around it in a circle, while I stopped and looked on. Mouse could not make the turns so quickly, and apparently soon became dizzy, for, as the hare ran off, she came to me very much embarrassed at my laughter. Another time I saw a Jack turn suddenly, dodge Mouse's snap at him, and dart between her legs and away.

Master M'Grath, the famous dog of Lord Lurgan, was for many years the fastest dog in the world, but in making comparisons it should be remembered that the English hare is not so swift a runner as our Western "jack-rabbit," or hare.

The greyhound, running by sight alone, shows remarkable intelligence in following the game, leaping into the air, as we have seen, looking sharply about, and using its intelligence in a marvelous way. When a hare is caught, he is killed instantly and tossed into the air, the other dogs recognizing the winner's rights and rarely making an attempt to touch the game after the death.

Besides being shapely and beautiful, the greyhound has both courage and affection. It will run down a deer or wolf as quickly as a hare, and is ferocious in its anger with a large foe. My dogs are remarkably affectionate and intelligent, extremely sensitive to kindness or rebuke. The moment the house is opened in the morning, Mouse, if not forbidden, rushes upstairs, pushes open my door, and greets me as if we had been separated for months. Then she will dart into my dressing-room and reappear with a shoe, or a leggin, if she can find it, and present it to me, wagging her tail and saying plainly, "Come, it 's time to be up; a fine day for a run!"

No charge of cruelty can be brought against coursing where the animal is faithfully followed. In shooting rabbits and hares they will often escape badly wounded, but death by the hounds is instantaneous.

The death of the hare is not considered an important feature, the pleasure being derived from watching the movements of the dogs, their magnificent bursts of speed, the turns and stops, their strategy in a hundred ways, and especially from the enjoyment of riding over the finest winter country in the world.



CUNNING AGAINST SPEED.



A PUEBLO RABBIT-HUNT.

By C. F. Lummis.

It is curious how much more we hear of the marvelous customs and strange peoples of other lands than of those still to be found in our own great nation. Almost every schoolboy, for instance, knows of the Australian boomerang-throwers; but very few people in the East are aware that within the limits of the United States, in the portion longest inhabited by Caucasians, we have a race of ten thousand aborigines who are practically boomerang-throwers. It is true that they do not achieve the wonderful parabolas and curves of the Australians; and, for that matter, we are learning that many of the astounding tales told of the Australian winged club are mere fiction. It is true, however, that while the Bushmen can not so throw the boomerang that it will kill an animal and *then* return to the thrower, they can make it return from a sportive throw in the air; and that they can impart to it, even in a murderous flight, gyrations which seem quite as remarkable as did the curving of a base-ball when that "art" was first discovered.

The Pueblo Indians, who are our American boomerang-throwers, attempt no such subtleties. Their clubs are of boomerang shape, and can not be excelled in deadly accuracy and force by the Australian weapon; but they are thrown only to kill, and then to lie by the victim till picked up. Even without the "return-ball" feature, the Pueblo club-throwing is the most wonderful exhibition of marksmanship and skill within my experience — and that includes all kinds of hunting for all kinds of game on this continent. Under the circumstances in which these clubs are used, rifles, never so skillfully handled, could not be more effective.

The Pueblos are a peculiar people. Quiet, friendly, intelligent, industrious farmers, they dwell in quaint villages of neat and comfortable adobes, which are a never-failing wonder to the intelligent traveler in New Mexico. Their primitive weapons, of course, gave place long ago to modern fire-arms. All have good rifles and six-shooters, usually of the best American makes, and are expert in the use of them. But there is one branch of the chase for which the guns are left at home — and that is the rabbit-drive. The outfit of each of the throng of hunters out for a rabbit-hunt consists merely of three elbow-crooked clubs.

When that forgotten hero, Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, beside whose privations and wanderings those of all other explorers seem petty, first set foot in the interior of the country now called the United States, more than three and a half centuries ago, he found the Pueblos already using their boomerangs. Returning to Spain after his unparalleled journey of nine years on

Indian in every motion, the free rise and fall of the bronco lope, distinguishable even when the figures had dwindled to wee specks on the horizon; and before and beside me swart faces and stalwart forms, sweeping on in the whirlwind of our hoof-beats.

The second "surround" was much larger than the first, the sentinels having been placed at greater intervals. Just as the ends of the three-mile circle came together, a gaunt jack sprang from the earth at our very feet, and dashed through the line before the hunters could even grasp their clubs. Ambrosio, a young Apollo in bronze, wheeled his big gray like a flash, and dashed in pursuit — so quickly, indeed, that I had to throw my gun in the air to avoid giving him a dose of shot intended for the rabbit; whereupon the waggish old ex-governor, Vicente, called out to me: "*Cuidado!** This is not to hunt *Cristianos*, but rabbits!"

Ambrosio's mount was one of the fleetest in the pueblo, victor in many a hard-fought *gallo* race; and now he went thundering down the plain, devouring distance with mighty leaps, and plainly glorying in the mad race as much as did his rider. Ambrosio sat like a carven statue, save that the club poised in his right hand waved to and fro tentatively, and his long jet hair streamed back upon the wind. Todillo had found a foeman worthy of his hoofs. Grandly as his sinewy legs launched him across the *llano*, away ahead gleamed that strange animate streak of gray-on-white, whose wonderful "pats" seemed never to touch the ground. And when the thunderous pursuer was gaining, and I could see — for *I* was chasing not the *rabbit* but the *sight* — that Ambrosio drew back his arm, there came a marvelous flash to the left, and there was the jack, flying at right angles to his course of an instant before, and now broadside toward us; I say "flying," for so it seemed. The eye could scarcely be convinced that that astounding apparition sailing along above the dwarfed brush was really a quadruped, forced to gather momentum from mother earth like the rest of us. It appeared rather some great hawk, skimming close to the ground in chase of its scurrying prey. Try as I would, my eyes refused to realize that that motion was not flight but a series of incredible bounds.

There is none of this fascinating illusion about the ordinary run of the jack-rabbit; and yet, following one in the snow, when he had no more pressing pursuer than myself on foot, I have measured a jump of twenty-two feet! What one can do when pressed to his utmost, I have never been able to decide definitely; but it is much more than that.

Had Todillo been unused to the sport, the race would have ended then and there; but he knew rabbits as well as did his master. If he could not match — and no other animal ever did match — the supreme grace and agility with which his provoking little rival had doubled on the course, the tremendous convulsion of strength with which he swerved and followed was hardly less admirable. It seemed as if the effort must have broken him in twain.

Again the tall pursuer was gaining on the pursued. Fifty feet — forty-eight — forty-five — and Ambrosio rose high in his stirrups, his long arm flashed through the air, and a dark streak shot out so swiftly that for an instant the horse seemed to have stopped, so easily it outsped him. And in the same motion, at the same gallop, Ambrosio was swooping low from his saddle, so that from our side we could see only his left arm and leg; and in another instant was in his seat again, swinging the rabbit triumphantly overhead!

We galloped back to the "surround," which was slowly closing in, and now not a quarter of a mile across. The inclosed brush seemed alive with rabbits. At least a dozen were dashing hither and yon, seeking an avenue of escape. One old fellow in the center sat up on his haunches, with ears erect, to take in the whole situation. But his coolness cost him dear. "*Cuidado!*" came a yell from across the circle; and we sprang aside just before Bautisto's rifle flashed, and the too prudent rabbit fell, the ball passing through his head and singing shrilly by us.

Now the rabbits began to grow desperate, and to try to break through the line at all hazards. As soon as one was seen bearing down on the line, the twenty or thirty nearest men made a wild rally toward him. Sometimes he would double away, and sometimes try to dodge between their very legs. Then what a din of yells

* Be careful.

went up! How the clubs went whizzing like giant hail! Surely in that frantic jam of madmen something besides the rabbit will be killed! One of those clubs would brain a man as surely as it would crack an egg-shell. But no! The huddle breaks, the yells die out, and the "madmen" are running back to their places, while one happy boy is tying a long gray something behind his saddle. No one is even limping. Not a shin has been cracked — much less a head. In all my long acquaintance with the Pueblos, I have never known of such a thing as one getting hurt even in the most furious mêlée of the rabbit-drive. Strangest of all, there is never any dispute about the game. They always know which one of that rain of clubs did the work — though *how* they know, is beyond my comprehension.

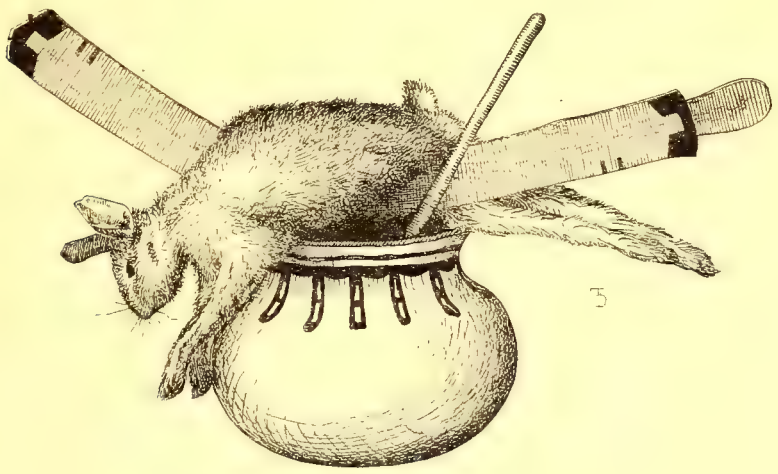
Yonder is another rush. The first club thrown breaks the jack's leg; and realizing his desperate situation, the poor creature dives into the basement door of his tiny brother, the cotton-tail — for the jack never burrows, and never trusts himself in a hole save at the last extremity. Our root-digger rushes forward, sticks his spade in the hole to mark it, and resumes his clubs. When the "surround" is over, he will come back to dig eight or ten feet for his sure victim.

So the afternoon wears on. Each "surround" takes a little over half an hour, and each now nets the hunters from ten to twenty rabbits — mostly jacks, with now and then a fuzzy cotton-tail. Once in a while a jack succeeds in slipping through the line, and is off like the wind. But after him are from one to twenty hunters; and when they come back, ten minutes or half an hour later, with foaming horses, it is strange, indeed, if the fugitive is not dangling at the back of one of them.

On the slope of the crater we strike a "bunch" of quail — the beautiful quail of the Southwest, with their slate-colored coats and dainty, fan-like crests — and not one escapes. I have seen the unerring club bring one down even from a flock on the wing!

The "surrounds" are now making eastward, and each one brings us nearer home. It has been a good day's work — thirty-five miles of hard riding, and fourteen "surrounds"; and on the cantle of every saddle bumps a big mass of gray fur.

The evening shadows grow deeper in the cañons of the far-off sandias, chasing the last ruddy glow up and up the scarred cliffs. And in the soft New Mexican twilight our long cavalcade goes ringing down the hard Rio Puerco road toward our quaint, green-rimmed village beside "the fierce river of the North."





By Julian Hawthorne.

Many centuries ago,— as many as there are days in the month,— the great King sat beside the river Nile in Egypt, and watched the labor of a myriad slaves, building the mighty pile of his pyramid. And on his strong brown knee, playing with a coral rattle with golden bells, sat a little child, whom the great King loved because of its beauty and gentleness.

"What is that which they build there with so many big stones?" the child asked.

"It is my tomb," answered the King.

"What is a tomb?" asked the child again.

"When I have lived my life and am dead," said the King, "and my spirit has gone to meet Osiris, and be judged by him,— when that time comes, the embalmers will take my royal body, and cunningly embalm it, so that it can not perish, nor decay come near it. Then they will wrap it in many wrappings of fine linen steeped in perfumes, and seal it up in an emblazoned mummy-case, and they will bear it, in gorgeous procession, to yonder tomb. In the midst of the tomb there is a secret chamber, hidden from discovery by many a wise device; and in the chamber a sarcophagus, carven from a single stone."

"Will they put your body in the sarcophagus?" asked the child.

"Aye, they will lay it there," replied the King.

"What will they do then?" the child asked.

"Then," said the King, "they will seal up the tomb, and the door of the secret chamber will they close with a strong curtain of stone; and they will block up the passage leading to the chamber, and conceal the entrance to the passage, so that no man can find it. That will they do."

"But why will they do all this?" asked the child.

"Have I not already told you?" said the King. "It is done, that my body may not perish, but endure forever."

"Forever!" said the child. "How long is that?"

"Nay, that is an idle question," replied the King, smiling. "Who can tell how long? The High Priest is a wise man, but even he knows not. But see how strongly the pyramid is built, its sides lean together and uphold each other; its foundations are in the rock, it can not fall to ruins; when all other works of man have vanished from the earth, my pyramid and my tomb shall stand."

"But how long will it stand?" asked the child. "Will it stand a thousand years?"

"A thousand years!" cried the King; "Aye! and more than a thousand!"

"Will it stand three thousand years?" said the child.

"It will stand three thousand years," the King answered proudly.

"Will it stand ten thousand years?"

"Ten thousand years?" repeated the King, thoughtfully. "That would be a weary time! Yet, I think it will last ten thousand years." But after he had said it, the great King sighed, and leaned his head upon his hand.

Still the child would not be satisfied. "Will it last a hundred thousand years?" it asked.

Then the King bent his brows in anger. "Question me no more!" he said. "What does a child know of time? You add centuries to centuries with a breath, and think, because a hundred

thousand years are quickly said, that they will pass as quickly. A hundred thousand years ago — so the High Priest says — this mighty earth, with its seas and lands and mountains, its trees and beasts and men,— all these were but as a vapor of the air, and as a sleeping man's dream of what may come to pass on the morrow. A hundred thousand years hence,— who dare look forward so far? To you, that are a foolish child, years are but a sound, and a fancy; but to men, who have lived, and striven, and hoped, and sorrowed, and suffered, years are harder than adamant, stronger than brass, heavier than gold, fatal as death. A hundred thousand years! Child, the face of Osiris himself shall be darkened before they be passed!"

Having thus spoken, the King arose and gave the child to its nurse, for his spirit was troubled. And the child also was troubled and wept; not at the King's words, for it understood them not; but because he had set his foot on the coral rattle with golden bells, and had crushed it to pieces.

The nurse took the child and carried it to the barge on the river Nile; and the boatmen took their oars to row across the river. But it happened that, in the middle of the river, the child slipped from the nurse's arms and fell into the river; and the current caught it, and it was drowned. It seemed to the child that it fell asleep; but immediately it was awake again; and opening its eyes, behold! it was in a world glorious with life and beauty, and sweet with music and happiness and love.

"Yes, this is Heaven," said the child to itself; and with that it sprang up and went to seek its little sister, who had gone to Heaven a little while before.

Soon the child found its sister, where she lay sleeping under the shadow of a plane-tree. So, remembering that she had been most fond of a certain blue flower, with a golden heart and a slender stalk, the child gathered a handful of these flowers and placed them beside her, where she would see them when she awoke.

Then the perfume of the flowers aroused the sleeping sister and she opened her eyes; and when she saw the flowers, and her brother beside her, she gave a cry of joy; and they kissed each other.

An angel came up to them, and smiled upon them, and said, "Come with me, and look upon the place of the pyramid of the great King."

They went with him, putting their hands in his. And he brought them to an opening in Heaven, below which lay the earth and the place of the pyramid, and said, "Look!"

They looked through the opening, and saw the river Nile, and the bank beside the river, where the pyramid of the King was built. But the pyramid was no longer there. There was only a level tract of sand, and a lizard lying dead upon it.

"Where is the pyramid?" asked the child.

"It has perished," replied the angel.

"How can it have perished so soon?" asked the child. "I was there in the morning, and sat on the King's knee, and saw the men building. And the King said it would last ten thousand years."

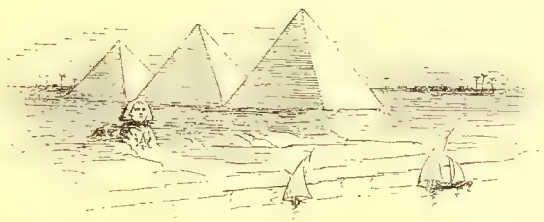
"And if he did," said the angel, "are not the ten thousand years past, and a hundred thousand years added unto them?"

"While I have been gathering these flowers?" cried the child. "Then, what are years?"

"Years are pain," replied the angel, "but love is eternity."

The child looked in the angel's face. "I know you now," he said; "you are the King."

But the angel folded the two children in his arms; and there were tears on his face, even in Heaven.



THE POET OF THE HEMPSTEAD CENTENNIAL.

By Hjalmar H. Boyesen.

I.



OVER the stable there was a small room which was intended for a coachman. But as Mr. Craig could not afford to keep a coachman, Henry, his son, took possession of the room and fitted it up for a study. He papered the walls from the floor to the ceiling with pictures from the illustrated weeklies, and sat by the hour staring at them, making out the most astonishing stories. He knew of no more delightful occupation than puzzling out the connection between scenes and subjects which, by pure accident, had been put side by side, and tracing a coherent story, suggested by the pictures. Thus, for instance, there was a wood-cut entitled, "Shine, sir?" representing a boot-black hailing a customer. Henry, for the sake of convenience, named him Tom Pratt, and began to wonder what were the later events of his career. Presently he discovered a figure in which he recognized a resemblance to Tom Pratt. It was in a picture entitled, "A Scene in the Police Court"— evidently the gentleman whose boots Tom had blacked had accused him of picking his pocket. Tom bravely affirmed his innocence; but the Judge, taking the gentleman's word in preference to Tom's, sentenced him to three months on the Island. In the right-hand upper corner of the wall was a picture of an arrest, and Henry had no difficulty in convincing himself that now, at last, the real thief had been found; and after his confession to the Inspector, Tom is released. A large full-page cut representing a "Monmouth Park Handicap Race" gave the desired clue to the next chapter. For there Henry found again his friend Tom and Mr. Jenks, the gentleman who had falsely accused him. Mr. Jenks, stung by his conscience, offered to educate Tom, in order to compensate him for the wrong he had done him. Scene fourth, which is entitled, "Cleared for Action," represents the moment before the command is given to fire, on board a man-of-war. There Henry hails with joy the adventurous Tom, who has now become a naval cadet and is about to distinguish himself in battle. The fifth chapter, which is taken from the London "Graphic," exhibits Tom in the act of being presented in a gorgeous uniform to the Czar of Russia. He is now an officer, and naturally has changed very much. You would find it hard to recognize in this handsome young fellow, with a mustache and shoulder-straps of gold braid, the ragged boot-black of Mulberry Street.

But Henry, somehow, never fails to recognize him. He sits hour after hour, following him with breathless interest, from adventure to adventure, until finally "A Decoration Day Parade" becomes the culmination of Tom's career. For, to Henry's fancy, it represents a parade in his hero's honor, when, covered with glory and noble scars, he returns to his native country and is met by the mayor and aldermen of the city, with speeches and brass bands and military pomp.

It was this kind of story Henry loved to compose; and the same pictures often furnished him with incidents for the most different plots. The "Scene in the Police Court" played an important part in the careers of no end of heroes, and there was not a ragged and disreputable scamp in the whole shabby crowd whose life Henry did not puzzle out, even to its minutest details. He had a warm and charitable heart, and kindly helped them out of all their difficulties. There was not one of them who would not have been a gainer if he could have stepped out of his own wretched, vicious life into the happy and prosperous lot which Henry provided for him.

In Hempstead, a little New England village

where Henry Craig lived, nothing of any consequence ever happened; at least so it seemed to Henry. It had once been a flourishing town, and some of the men most distinguished in our colonial and revolutionary history had hailed from it. But now most of the people were poor, and the town had shrunk to less than half its former size. All the young people seemed to think that Hempstead was a good place to be born in; but they always liked it best after they had gone away. The country about the town was largely settled with Irish and Scotch peasants, who managed to make a living out of the farms upon which their Yankee predecessors had barely staved off starvation. Henry's father, after having struggled vainly to make both ends meet, had in disgust sold his homestead of one hundred and eighty acres for about one-half of what the buildings alone were worth; and now the Irishman who had bought the farm was not only supporting a large and cheerfully ragged family upon it, but was laying up money. And the secret of this Mr. Craig soon discovered. The Hibernian let his children go half naked in summer; he bought no books, read no newspapers, employed no servants; and altogether he had reduced his needs below the level of even humble living according to the American standard.

Mr. Craig had many a time regretted that he had parted with his ancestral acres. For the grocery business which he was conducting in town turned out to be in no wise so profitable as he had expected, and it was, moreover, confining, detrimental to his health. He had been ambitious to provide his sons with an education which would enable them to rise in life, and it was with a heavy heart that he finally bade farewell to this cherished dream. Frank, the eldest, who, in the father's judgment, was the cleverest of the three, was sent to a neighboring town, where he obtained a position as clerk in a dry-goods store. Anthony, who also was a promising lad, helped Mr. Craig in his own business, and Henry, the youngest, had for a while superintended a news-stand, on which he had managed to lose three or four dollars every month. Naturally his father came to distrust his business ability, when Henry repeated this experiment for six months in succession. And when, finally, the news-stand was abolished, Henry found rich compensation for his loss, in the stock of illustrated



"HE PAPERED THE WALLS WITH PICTURES, AND SAT BY THE HOUR STARING AT THEM, MAKING OUT THE MOST ASTONISHING STORIES."

papers which were left on his hands and the amusement which they afforded him. No end of jibes he had to endure in consequence of his disastrous business venture, but he bore them all with patience. He gradually became reconciled to the thought that he would never make much of a success in business; but, somehow, it gave him no great uneasiness. A trifle shy he was in his intercourse with other boys and a little over-sensitive. That which interested him above all things he dared not confide to any one; for he knew that it would afford a fine subject for ridicule. Secretly he stole up to his "study" every afternoon and regaled himself with the imaginary events which befell his imaginary heroes.

II.

When Henry was fourteen years old, his father concluded that it was time for him to learn a trade whereby he might make his living. But all the trades which he proposed seemed equally uninviting to the boy. He had lived so long in a wonderland of his own, that all the careers which actual life presented to a boy in his position seemed poor and paltry by comparison. A choice he had to make, however,—there was no help for it,—and he chose the trade of a printer, chiefly because it was in some way associated with the illustrated papers from which he had derived so much happiness. Perhaps an opportunity would be afforded him to continue his excursions into wonderland. Every newspaper had an exchange list, and perhaps he might contrive to see the exchanges now and then, in the absence of the editor. At all events, a printer Henry Craig resolved to be, though in the dim future he saw himself crowned with fame and honor, received with brass bands, and speaking from platforms to vast crowds of people. That he was to be something great — he had no idea what — was a foregone conclusion, and that his apprenticeship as a printer was to be merely the lowest rung in the ladder of fame which he meant to mount, seemed also quite probable. It was this vision of future glory which made him endure the long and tedious apprenticeship in the office of the "Hempstead Bugle," where he set type day after day and night after night, until his finger-tips were numb and his back ached. However, Mr. Martin, the editor, was a good-natured man, who willingly lent him books and occasionally spoke an encouraging word to him. But when Henry, emboldened by this kindness, offered one of his poems for the paper, the editor quite changed his tune.

"Look here, young man," he said, "you are getting too smart. Your business, as I understand it, is to set type, not to furnish copy."

"This stuff here," he continued scornfully, after having read the poem, "is the veriest drivel. And then you rhyme *room* with *fume!* If you don't know better than that, you had better let rhyming alone and stick to type-setting."

Henry felt terribly humiliated by this reprimand, and tried to accept Mr. Martin's advice "to let rhyming alone." But somehow he found that a more difficult task than he had thought it. The rhymes *would* come into his head, however much he might try to banish them; and though he did not flatter himself that they were poetry, he did take pleasure in them, and vaguely imagine that perhaps they might point the way for him to the glory of which he dreamed.

It happened during the third year of Henry's apprenticeship, when he was seventeen years old, that great preparations were made for the celebration of the second centennial of the settlement of Hempstead. A prize of one hundred dollars was offered for the best poem on the occasion, and the competition was thrown open to all "poets who were natives of Hempstead, or descended from Hempstead families." The worthy selectmen who placed this restriction upon the competition had probably no very clear idea of what they were doing. It seemed desirable to them to encourage home talent, and they considered themselves excessively liberal in admitting the compositions of non-resident poets "descended from Hempstead families."

When Henry Craig saw this alluring announcement in the "Bugle,"—he had, in fact, himself set it up, but the full meaning of it had not dawned upon him until now,—his heart was fired with a wild ambition. What if he wrote the poem and won the one hundred dollars? It was not so much the money which he cared for,—though that, to be sure, was an additional inducement,—as the triumph over Mr. Martin who had sneered at

his poetic aspirations. It was not once, but many times, since he presented that unfortunate poem, that the editor had addressed him as "'the mute, inglorious Milton,'" "the village Shakspere," etc., and asked him sarcastically how his muse was thriving. Now Henry's opportunity had come to prove that his talent was genuine, and he meant to make the best of it. Eagerly he began to delve into the history of the settlement and the early days of the town; and much interesting material did he unearth. He stood at his case, setting type automatically, but scarcely knowing what he was doing. Sonorous lines hummed in his brain, and surreptitiously he jotted them down upon pieces of paper. It was on such an occasion that he was responsible for a misprint which caused no end of amusement in the town. In an excerpt from a letter recording the travels of a local statesman whose pretensions were all out of proportion to his merit, he printed, "On April 6th, at 2 P. M., the Senator reached the summit of the Asinine," instead of "the summit of the Apennines."

He barely escaped discharge in consequence of this blunder, and he surely would not have escaped if Mr. Martin had known he had been composing poetry during his working hours.

III.

HENRY finished his Hempstead Centennial Ode in good time and sent it to the judges signed with the *nom de plume*, "Bunker Hill." Four weeks of feverish anxiety followed, during which he found it difficult to apply himself to his work. He had moments of the wildest exhilaration, when he sang to himself and scarcely could keep from dancing; and there were hours of unrest and depression during which he seemed to himself a presumptuous fool who would be sure, sooner or later, to be covered with ridicule. Probably some of the greatest men of New England were trying for that one hundred dollars; and what chance would a half-educated boy have in competing with them? When he thought of Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell, and the idea of his presuming to have his callow rhymes compared with their mature and noble verse, his ears burned uncomfortably. But then, of course, he did not know that they were among the competitors. He ardently hoped that they had in this instance resisted the temptation of the hundred dollars.

The fateful evening arrived at last. The selectmen, the judges, and as many of the citizens as could crowd in, were assembled in the large town-hall. It was understood that a number of unsuspected poets who, from regard for the public weal, had practiced their art in secret, were sitting with palpitating hearts in that audience, distracted by hope and fear. There was a rumor, too, that some literary celebrity had sent in an ode, but that his claim to descent from a Hempstead family would not bear examination. Some one who professed to know declared, too, that his ode would have had no chance anyway, as it did not mention a single Hempstead family by name. And, as every one knew, the intention was not only to celebrate the founders of the town, but also to reflect some little glory upon their descendants of to-day, who had spent their lives wearing holes in their honorable names.

Henry had been on hand early; but, from modesty, had taken a seat in the middle aisle, not far from the door. The five judges — three clergymen, a doctor, and a lawyer — came marching up the aisle, two by two, with the odd lawyer bringing up the rear. Henry gazed into their faces with earnest scrutiny, but could discover nothing which warranted him in entertaining any hope. They looked absolutely non-committal. Very likely they had given the prize, without knowing it, to Longfellow or Lowell; for with the fictitious names there was no possibility of knowing whom they had favored.

Henry gave himself up to despair. He felt so unutterably small and foolish. It was well nobody knew that he had tried for the prize. The eldest clergyman came forward and invoked the Divine blessing upon the assembly.

Then a glee club, from a neighboring college, mounted the platform and sang a patriotic song, which was enthusiastically encored. The eight collegians, who in the meanwhile had descended into the audience, were obliged to reassemble, and sang now:

> "Said the bull-frog to the owl,
> Oh, what 'll you have to drink?"

which aroused even greater enthusiasm. When at last quiet was restored, the chairman of the

committee, a Baptist minister, came forward and made an endless speech concerning the significance of the occasion, the difficulties with which the committee had to contend, etc. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the art of saying in twenty words what might be said in two; and when he had finished Henry was so exhausted that it seemed a matter of slight consequence to him who had won the prize. His interest revived quickly, however, when the speaker turned to the legal member of the committee and received from him a sealed envelope. Excited expectation was expressed in every countenance. Some rose up and craned their necks, others tossed about uneasily in their seats and tried to look unconcerned.

"I hold in my hand," began the chairman, "an — an envelope."

Nobody had been prepared for so startling an announcement. A few snickered; some laughed outright. Henry heaved a deep sigh, merely to give vent to his agitation.



"ALL THE PEOPLE TURNED ABOUT TO LOOK AT HIM."

"This envelope," the chairman continued, impressively, "contains the name of the successful competitor — the author of the ode which will be read at the centennial celebration — a week hence. The committee does not as yet know his, or her, real name. The name — the

alias, if I may so express myself — which he has used is — 'Bunker Hill.'"

The name exploded in Henry's ears like the report of a gun. The walls whirled about him. The audience swam in a luminous mist. The floor billowed under his feet. He clung on to the bench in front of him with all his might, so as to make sure that he was yet on the solid earth.

"The gentleman — the lady — or I should say — the poet signing himself 'Bunker Hill,'" the minister went on, after having broken the seal of the envelope, "is — is — that is to say —" he hemmed and hawed as if he had difficulty in pronouncing the name, "is a gentleman — named — Henry Craig."

A strange hush fell upon the audience. Some people thought there must be a mistake. Henry Craig — nobody in the town knew any prominent person of that name. Very likely it must be a stranger. Nobody thought of the seventeen-year-old boy who was setting type in the "Bugle" office.

"If Mr. Henry Craig is present in this audience," the reverend gentleman proceeded, "will he kindly step up on this platform and receive his reward?"

Then, far back in the hall, a tall and slender lad rose with a face pale with excitement. He ran his hand nervously through his hair, pulled himself together, and walked up the aisle. All the people turned about to look at him. When he had passed half a dozen benches, he felt a pair of eyes keenly riveted upon him. He looked up and met Mr. Martin's wondering gaze. Surprise, pleasure, and also a shadow of doubt were written all over the editor's features. But when he had convinced himself that there was, indeed, no mistake, up he sprang, waved his hat and cried, "Three cheers for Henry Craig!"

And the audience rose as one man and shouted "Hurrah!" so that the windows of the old town-hall rattled and the walls shook.

Henry never knew how he reached that platform, received the hundred-dollar bill in an envelope, and made his way back to his seat. His heart was thumping away like a trip-hammer, his blood was throbbing in his temples, and there was a mist in his eyes which made all things dim. He remembered that the people were thronging about him, congratulating him, pressing his hands, and a matronly lady kissed him and said: "What a pity, my boy, that your mother did not live to see this day."

IV.

This was the beginning, but it was by no means the end, of Henry Craig's career. In fact, his career is yet at its meridian, and his thousands of readers hope he has yet many years of honorable usefulness before him.

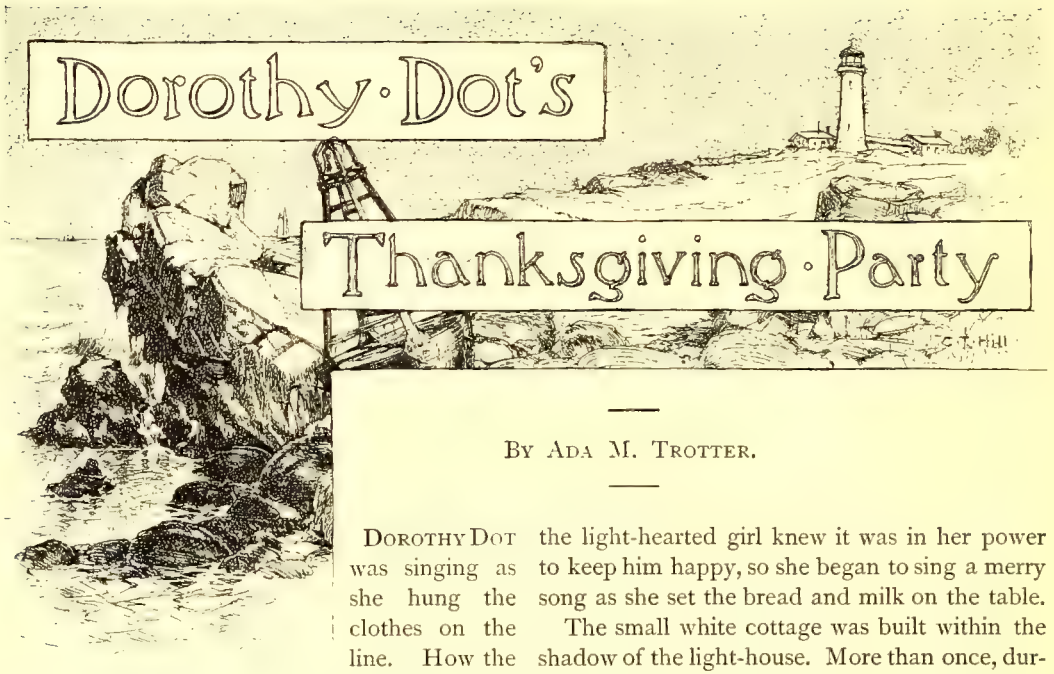
When he had read his ode at the Hempstead Centennial, a number of the wealthier citizens became convinced that a boy who could write so fine a poem at seventeen would, if he was properly educated, in time become an honor to his native town and State. They therefore clubbed together, sent Henry to school, and later to Harvard College. He has now won a fair fame, and is one of the most promising of the younger poets and novelists of the United States.

BLUE-EYED MARY.

By M. E. Wilkins.

Single-eyed to child and sunbeam,
In her little grass-green gown,
Prim and sweet and fair as ever,
Blue-eyed Mary 's come to town.

Yes, you may, child, go to see her,
You can stay and play an hour;
But be sweet and good and gentle;
Blue-eyed Mary is a flower.



By Ada M. Trotter.

Dorothy Dot was singing as she hung the clothes on the line. How the wild things tossed and flickered in the light breeze! Dorothy had to laugh at the tangle they made of themselves, as she went busily on with her work. And a pretty picture was she with her golden curls shining in the early morning sunbeams, and her serene, bright face.

"Dorothy Dot, I 'm awful lonesome!" cried a voice hidden, half-smothered, in the empty clothes-basket; and a small boy clambered out of the basket and peeped between the sheets blowing in the wind.

"Come to breakfast then, good little man," cried Dorothy, whisking up the basket as she started on a run to the cottage, followed closely by her little brother, Billy.

Mr. Protheroe, the father of these children, had charge of the light-house on Crab Island. He was a faithful, true man, respected by all who knew him. As for his wife, sweet woman, serenely happy in her isolated home, she seldom visited the mainland. To-day, however, repairs needed in the bell-buoy, had taken Mr. Protheroe to the town on the coast, and his wife had accompanied him, to make some purchases of warm clothing for the children.

Dorothy had risen to see her parents off at four o'clock; and it was now only six, and here was Billy lonesome already for his mother. But the light-hearted girl knew it was in her power to keep him happy, so she began to sing a merry song as she set the bread and milk on the table.

The small white cottage was built within the shadow of the light-house. More than once, during some unusually fierce storm, the family had been obliged to take refuge in the stronger building, fearing that the cottage might be swept away. Behind the light-house, on the southern side of the island, was a strip of herbage, green enough to satisfy "old Molly," the complacent cow, tethered to a post in the center. On either side rocks stretched away to the sea. The straggling shape of the island broke the force of the waves ere they reached the beach on the mainland, so that it was seldom difficult to navigate the waters of the bay.

The breakfast was evidently much enjoyed, for peals of laughter rippled on the breeze. When it was over and the work in the cottage done, Dorothy called Billy and went out into the sunshine.

What a lovely day! Certainly Indian Summer at last. The light fall of snow of a week before had disappeared, and the sun was warm.

Oh, how happy she felt in this gay sunshine! No wonder that her voice rang out in merry snatches of song. Suddenly some of the brightness faded from her face and a thoughtful look stole there with somewhat of a shadow. Yes, there was one hitherto unrealized dream of bliss in Dorothy's heart. She did so want to have a "Thanksgiving Party." Mother told such lovely

stories of parties at the old homestead in Vermont, that, had a fairy godmother appeared to Dorothy to ask what gift she most desired in the world, the answer would have come at once, "Oh, how I should like a Thanksgiving party, with real live people, lots and lots of children, and games and stories by the firelight!" She had lived all the fifteen years of her life on the lonely island.

"Dorothy Dot! see how low the tide is. The 'Old Crab' is out of water."

Now the "Old Crab" was a dangerous rock, only bare at exceptionally low tides, and it was bare that day. There he lay with the one claw upraised, the clutch of which had often proved disastrous to vessels before the Government had placed near it a bell-buoy, to ring unceasing notes of warning at the ebb and flow of the tide.

"Let us go down to the buoy and look for sea-mosses," cried Dorothy, as she realized that the great rock was out of water.

The two children climbed actively over the rocks. Soon they stood upon the "Old Crab's" back, and even danced up and down on his massive head.

"It *is* a dangerous rock!" cried Dorothy, seriously, as she looked over the jagged edge. Then, climbing up the claw to the broken bell-buoy, she continued, "But all the pilots know of the 'Crab.' Surely they will avoid it even though the buoy is broken."

"They can't see it in the dark," cried practical Billy, as he floated a stranded star-fish in a pool in the rocks.

"But there will be moonlight to-night; they can see the rock quite well. Still I do wish the bell would swing." Then she was hidden behind the huge claw, and Billy knew she was reaching to the buoy for the sea-mosses which clung to its sides. Presently she touched the bell and made it ring. How loud its voice sounded in the stillness!

Dorothy clambered back to her brother's side, and, setting the bucket in the pool, began to show him the mosses she had gathered.

"It 's Thanksgiving to-morrow," said Billy, irrelevantly. "Are n't we going to have chicken-pie, Dorothy Dot?"

"Of course we are," assented she; "and we 'll pretend we have a party,—shall we, Billy?"

Billy was of a social turn of mind, so he nodded. "I want a boy to play with," he said. Neither of the children went often to the mainland, and of course few visitors ever came to the rocky island.

When dinner-time came, the children ran back to the cottage, and Dorothy hastened to set the table.

But, by the time the meal was finished, the dazzling blue of the sea had changed to gray. "White horses" rode the riotous waves, leaping in on the Crab's back, and over the claw, breaking into foam that was blown over the green by the wild wind. Overhead, dense cloud-banks rose from the horizon to the zenith, and obscured the sun; then, drifting on, they were swept windward until the sky was covered. Sea-gulls, beating against the stiff breeze, flew inland, making dismal outcry as they hovered over the light-house, or sought shelter among the rocky ledges below.

"I don't like this," said Dorothy Dot, as she went to the door and glanced anxiously round. Then, as no warning note rang from the bell-buoy, she scanned the seas for a sail.

"Oh, I hope no ship will come along to-night," she exclaimed.

"Dorothy, how can Mother get home?"

"Oh," she replied, serenely, "Father will bring her safely. You know the bay will not be rough, as the ocean is."

It grew cold as the warm sun of Indian Summer was hidden by the clouds. Dorothy went into the cottage, and an hour flew fast as she began to mount the sea-mosses. Still she was conscious all the time of the rising wind and sea. At length she threw a shawl over her head and went out. Billy watched her fighting the wind as she ran up to the steps of the light-house. Then he saw her look anxiously out to sea, and he was sure something was wrong when she came running back to the cottage.

"Billy, darling Billy, will you stay here?" she cried.

Billy jumped from his chair, suspiciously.

"Not without you, Dorothy Dot. I should be lonesome. I 'm going with you, Dorothy Dot."

And together they ran down to the one small sand-beach.

"Oh, Dorothy Dot!" and "Oh, Billy!" exclaimed the brother and sister, shocked at the sight before them.

For the huge claw of the stony monster had once more done deadly work! The leaping waves had hid the danger, and the deep seas surrounding the Crab had deceived the pilot, now the warning voice of the bell was mute. A ship riding on a rising wave had struck, and, with her rudder gone, was helplessly beating shoreward among the jagged rocks.

"Oh, if Father was only here," cried Dorothy, in despair. "They are going to launch the boats, and the current there will carry them on the rocks as soon as they reach the water. Oh! oh!"

Not only were Dorothy's fears verified by the loss of the boat launched, but at this moment the ship, plunging wildly, struck again on the claw, and was jammed between the head and neck of the monster Crab, and for a moment was still.

"Now 's the time," shouted Dorothy, waving her arms wildly to attract the attention of the crew. "Oh, I see a woman on board!"

"And a baby! There 's a baby in her arms," cried Billy. "And there 's a boy just my size there, too."

The boats one after another were lowered and broken to pieces by the jagged rocks. Dorothy looked around almost frantic, wondering what she could do to help them. Her father would have rowed out to the wreck, but — could *she*, all alone? She saw Billy's eager eye glance toward the boat, high on the beach. With his help she could push it down to the water's edge, and perhaps Father would soon be home, and then—



"AS IT ROSE ON THE NEXT WAVE, THE SAILOR MANAGED TO CLIMB IN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

By this time her thoughts had become actions. Billy was helping her with the boat.

"I 'm going with you, Dorothy Dot," said he.

The boat was now ready to be launched. The children stood on the beach, however, waiting to see what they could possibly do to help the people in the wrecked ship. Dorothy knew quite well that she dared not venture near the currents which swept round the Old Crab.

Just then a sailor appeared on the bulwarks. He had a rope tied round his waist, and it was evident that he meant to swim ashore. The chil-

dren watched him breathlessly for a moment, and then they looked at one another as the same thought flashed through their minds. For it was quite plain, now, what they must do, and Dorothy pushed at the boat with all her strength as the man's head came above the waves after his plunge from the ship. He was a magnificent swimmer, she could see, but it was a long distance to the shore, and the water was very cold at this season. If only she could reach him before he became exhausted, fighting with the waves!

Billy came splashing into the shallow water, but his sister was too quick for him; she pushed off, leaving the little fellow dancing with rage on the beach.

"For Billy will be safe, if I don't get back," Dorothy was saying to herself as she rowed toward the sailor. "Father would wish me to do this, I know, as he can not come himself."

She had seen her father risk his life in the performance of his duty too often to doubt that he would have her also do so. She was not afraid. True, she had never taken the boat out alone, in such a sea as this, but then she knew every rock on the reef—knew, too, where she would escape the roughest part of the tide, and how best to meet the breakers that unceasingly beat against this rock-bound coast. Besides this, she was as much at home in a boat as ashore, and her father had trained her to row a steady stroke. Her chief difficulty lay in the fact that she could barely see, over the tossing, swirling waves, whether she was steering straight toward the sailor, who made his way on by diving through some of the breakers, and thus was frequently lost to view. Her boat was less manageable, too, than it would have been with some one astern to keep the balance true. But if she did not see the sailor, he was quick to see her, as he came up on a wave, and the people on board the ship cheered as he struck out more vigorously than ever in the direction of the boat.

Dorothy in the boat and the sailor in the water together held the lives of the crew in their hands. But at the present moment all the girl's anxiety was merged in the fear that the man's strength would give out before she reached him; and he was only afraid that she, a mere child, would lose command of the boat as it came further out into the heavier breakers.

The people clinging to the wreck, who included the captain's wife and children, in addition to the crew, watched the boat as it tossed up and down, with agonized expectation. Could it live in such a sea?

Dorothy gave a cry of joy as she saw two brown hands suddenly clutch the stern of the boat; and as it rose on the next wave the sailor managed to climb in. He was very much exhausted, for the water was bitterly cold, and had not the boat been opportunely driven near to him, he must soon have given up all hope of reaching shore alive.

Dorothy steered for the little sand-beach, where poor Billy was still rushing up and down in excitement. The waves helped her now, though in extremely rough fashion. Presently the sailor, recovering his breath, took one oar, and in a short time the boat was beached.

"God bless you, little girl!" cried the man, as he ran up to the rocks with his rope, which he pulled tight and fastened securely. Upon it another sailor crossed, hand over hand, bearing a slighter rope which was fastened to a basket on the wreck. In this basket two of the captain's children were securely tied, and by means of a block and tackle were carried over on the large rope in safety.

Would there still be time to save the mother and baby? The sailors looked doubtfully at the huge waves, which reared their mighty crests high above the claw, and broke over it upon the deck of the vessel. If those waves should lift the ship from the rock and set her adrift again, all on board must be lost.

Dorothy thought she would never forget those anxious minutes while the woman was being brought off in the basket. It seemed as if the waves, jealous of losing their prey, strove fiercely to outleap one another as they surged and foamed angrily round the basket.

"Oh, she must be drowned, after all," cried Dorothy. "Can't we do anything better than this?"

The men did not answer. Their steady, strong arms held the rope and they were drawing the basket nearer and nearer.

A few more minutes of suspense, then a cheer rose from the wreck; the sailors ashore had hold of the basket. Dorothy unclasped her hands to

receive a tiny baby muffled up in wraps. She sat down on the beach to peep at it.

"It is alive!" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, I was afraid it would be drowned."

"And the mother 's alive too, but wet to the skin. I 'd take 'em in to the fire, if I was you," said the sailor.

But the captain's wife, regardless of her wet garments, would not leave the beach until she could see her husband safe at her side.

The crew did not wait to be carried in the basket; they clambered along on the rope, and at last only the captain was left on the wreck.

He seemed to be hunting for something on the decks, but finally appeared on the bulwarks with a bundle tied upon his breast.

The delay almost cost him his life, for when he was half-way across, the rope parted, as a huge billow, lifting the wreck, set it adrift among the rocks, at the will of the waves. The sailors manned the boat, and pulled toward their captain with a will. As he was a strong swimmer, he managed to keep up until they arrived to help him. His poor wife watched and prayed by turns, almost beside herself with anxiety.

When at length he stood safely at her side, he opened the bundle on his breast. Out flew the ship's cat, more than indignant at the soaking to which she had been subjected, and ungratefully scratched her kind friend as she wildly sprang out of his arms, and rushed away with tail held high in air.

As Dorothy led the way to the cottage, she explained that the absence of her father was the reason she had taken the boat out alone.

It was growing dark. The captain pointed to the light-house.

"Give us the keys, daughter. We 'll take care of the lamp for him."

"Oh, Father will be back," she replied, tranquilly. "He has had to go a long way round to avoid the currents, or he would have been here long ago."

The captain and sailors glanced sadly at one another; they feared the little maid's father would never be able to reach the island alive, in so terrible a sea.

But five minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Protheroe came in. Dorothy never knew the deadly peril in which her parents had been during that half hour.

Little need to tell of the cordial welcome they gave their unexpected guests, or of their joy when they found their brave Dorothy had done her duty so well. When her father put his hand on her head, and said, "You did well, my Dot. God bless you!" she felt happy and, gay as a lark, she went singing about her work. All the praises and thanks of the guests seemed worth nothing in comparison with such rare words from her reticent father. Billy too was in a gay mood; he was busy interviewing the captain's little boy, but his powers of expression were a little modified, as he had screamed himself as hoarse as a heron in the afternoon.

The gale increased in fury during the night, and raged throughout Thanksgiving Day. No one could get to the mainland, so Dorothy's desire for a "real live party" was amply fulfilled. After dinner the old folks played games with the children, and the captain played Billy's mouth-organ so musically that the sailors danced in their very best manner. Once or twice Dorothy pinched herself to make sure all this was really happening: that it was not a dream, nor one of mother's lovely stories of the olden days at the homestead.

But no! The solemn voice of the Storm Spirit rang from the ocean. The winds howled; the waves broke into cataracts of foam over the "Old Crab's" hideous claw, and roared sullenly amid the rocky clefts in the gullies.

Yet, indoors there was the true Thanksgiving spirit of cheer. Dorothy Dot, as night drew on, sat at her father's feet, the flames from the drift-wood fire flashing on her golden curls, her rosy cheeks glowing with excitement. And as the sailors began to spin their wonderful yarns, she gave a sigh of perfect contentment.

Happy "Dorothy Dot!"

A STORY OF A HORSE.

By Captain C. A. Curtis, U. S. A.

I.

I MAKE HIS ACQUAINTANCE.

I was acting-quartermaster of a command composed of two companies, which garrisoned a log fort near Prescott, Arizona, during the years 1864 and 1865. The fort was an inclosure of some three hundred feet square, built of thick pine-logs set up vertically in the ground, with regular block-house bastions, of the colonial period, at diagonal corners; and it had huge gates of hewn timber that swung ponderously on triple iron hinges. The fort stood on a slight elevation overlooking the post corral, a structure built of the same material and in the same general manner as the fort, but inclosing a much larger space. In this corral were gathered nightly the horses of the cavalry troop, the horses and mules of the quartermaster, and the three hundred head of cattle and one thousand sheep of the commissary.

The presence of these animals grazing through the days on the hill-sides and plains about our reservation was a special and alluring temptation to the marauding Apaches and Navajos, and frequent chases and skirmishes were necessary in order to protect our stock.

The garrison consisted of one company of regular infantry and one troop of New Mexican volunteer cavalry. The men composing the troop were, with a few exceptions, Mexicans, speaking the Spanish language, and using tactics translated into that tongue.

The troop had arrived in January, after a long and fatiguing march of seven hundred miles, and two days after their arrival their captain had turned over to me sixteen worn-out, broken-down, sick, and generally decrepit horses. According to custom in such cases, I receipted for them, and in due time ordered them sold at public auction to the highest bidder.

On the morning of the day appointed for the sale to take place, the fifer of the infantry company, a neat Irish soldier, known among his comrades as Joe Cain, who acted as my attendant and a general guardian of my belongings, paused in the doorway, and, raising his right hand to his cap-visor, asked if he "could spake t' the Liftinent?" As I nodded, he asked:

"Would the Liftinent like to buy a fine horse?"

"No, Cain. I have no use for two horses, and I can not afford the expense of another."

"But you can buy this one for little or nothing, sor."

"How much?"

"If the Liftinent will let me have five dollars, I 'll buy him the bist horse in the post."

"The best horse in the post for five dollars! What kind of nonsense are you talking, Cain?" and I turned to some papers on my table which demanded my signature. But Cain lingered in the doorway at a respectful "attention," and when I signed the last paper his hand went up again to his visor and remained there until I said:

"Well, what more have you to say?"

"If the Liftinent will buy the horse I spake of, he will niver repint of his bargin. I 've known the baste for tin years, sor,—from the time I jined as a music b'y at Fort Craig, sor."

"He must be an exceedingly old horse, then," I said.

"Nobody knows his age, sor; he 's a viteran; but he 's a fine horse, all the same, sor."

"But I do not need another horse for my duties, Cain, as I told you just now; and I should have to buy his hay and grain, and that is an expense I do not care to be put to, with no prospect of a profitable return."

"There nade be no expinse, sor. There is a sorplus of forage in the corral, and the forage-master 'll let me have all I 'm wantin' if the Liftinent will jist give him the laste bit of a hint."

More to please a valued and trustworthy attendant than with any hope of securing a good

horse, I gave Cain the desired five dollars. I learned, in further conversation, that the wonderful steed he proposed to buy for me was one of the lot to be sold at auction.

I did not attend the sale of the sixteen horses. I simply noticed that the Government money account had increased seventy-five dollars by the auction, showing plainly enough that the value of the whole number was a little less than five dollars each. A whole month had passed, and I had entirely forgotten that I had given Cain the five dollars for the purchase of a horse, when one day, as I again sat writing in my room, I heard the rapid clatter of hoofs approaching, and presently noticed that a horse had stopped outside. I stepped to the door and found Joe Cain awaiting my arrival, holding by the halter-strap a fine, large bay horse, in good flesh, smooth as satin, and bright-eyed as a colt. "Will the Liftinent plaze to come out and inspict his horse?" said Cain; and then he led him about on exhibition. I was pleased to find that the horse, while in no wise remarkable, showed many good points. In fact, the animal was a great surprise to me. I sat down on a log which had been rejected in the building of the fort, and looked long at the metamorphosed creature before I spoke.

"So that is the horse you bought for five dollars, is it, Cain?" I began.

"Four dollars and forty cints, sor. I bought the halter with the sixty cints that was lift, sor."

"But I don't see how such a horse could be had for that money. And this is really one of those miserable hacks we sold at auction?"

"Not a bit else, sor," said the delighted Cain, his face in a glow from the pleasure he was deriving from my wonderment and evident approval of the result of his venture.

"Has he a name?" I asked.

"'Two-Bits,' sor."

"'Two-Bits'—twenty-five cents!—how did he get that name, Cain?"

"He won it at Fort Craig, sor, in a race in '59."

In answer to further questions and after some irrelevant talk, Cain, having tied the horse to a tree, walked slowly backward and forward before me, and proceeded to give the history of the horse so far as he knew it, and his reasons for asking me to make the purchase. When he went into the corral one day, he said, he saw one of the stable-men kicking and beating an old steed to make him rise to his feet. The animal made repeated efforts to stand, but each time fell back through weakness. Cain approached, and, by certain saddle-marks and a peculiar star in the forehead, recognized an old acquaintance. He even insisted that the old horse knew him. From some knowledge of horses, picked up in a stable during a wandering life before he enlisted, the soldier perceived, after a careful examination, that the horse was not permanently disabled, but simply suffering from ill-treatment and neglect. He began his care of the beast at once, and as soon as the auction was ordered, he determined to ask me to buy him.

The first knowledge Cain had of Two-Bits, was that the horse belonged to the Mounted Rifles and was with them at Fort Craig in New Mexico, in 1859. On Fourth of July of that year, the officers of the fort and the civilians of the neighboring ranches got up a horse-race by way of celebrating the day. The races were to be, one for American horses, over an eight-hundred-yards straightaway course, and one for broncos, over a course of three hundred yards. On the day before the race, the first sergeant of the Rifles waited upon a lieutenant of the regiment and requested him to enter a "company horse,"—one which had been assigned as a mount to one of their number. The request was granted. All the horses were to be ridden by soldiers.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth the horses were assembled at the course to the west of the fort, Two-Bits being present and mounted by the boy-fifer, Joe Cain, of the infantry. The officers walked around the "company horse" with considerable curiosity, commenting on his appearance, and wondering how, if he possessed any merits, he had escaped their notice up to this time. Captain Tilford seemed to express the general sentiment of the officers, at the conclusion of the inspection, when he said, "I would not give two bits for that horse's chance of winning the prize."

The race came off, and the carefully groomed and gayly caparisoned horses of the officers and

civilians, and the plainly equipped favorite of the soldiers burst down the track in line, to arrive scattered and blown at the goal, with the despised "company horse" some three lengths ahead. And from that day the victor was known as "Two-Bits."

With the breaking out of the Civil War all mounted regiments were made cavalry. This wiped out of existence the two dragoon regiments and the rifle regiment, the latter being rechristened the Third Cavalry, and ordered from New Mexico to the East, for service in the field. Their horses were left behind, being turned over to the New Mexico volunteer cavalry. Two-Bits was assigned to the troop which was then a part of the garrison of Fort Whipple. In the march from the valley of the Rio Grande to the valley of the Rio Colorado he had succumbed to Mexican neglect and abuse, and fallen a victim to hard usage. And so, by a mere chance, the meeting took place between the veteran steed and his former jockey of the Fort Craig race. Cain had recognized his old friend of five years before, and knowing that he would not be allowed to own a horse, he did the next best thing,—made me his owner, which gave him the care of the animal, and frequent opportunities to take him out for an airing.

From this time on, I had many long rides on Two-Bits, in the weary and tiresome pursuit of the Indians, who never neglected to take advantage of the unprotected state of the Territory. I became very much attached to the horse and even took pains to win a place in his affections, often being much surprised at his wonderful intelligence and almost human discernment. He would never desert his rider in a place of danger, no matter what the temptation. Three or four times when taking him out for exercise, Cain had dismounted for some purpose and Two-Bits had immediately kicked up his heels like a colt and trotted back to his stall in the corral.* But once at a good distance from the post or train, or in a situation of danger, and he would stay by his rider when free to go. This statement may appear doubtful to many, but every man who was stationed at Fort Whipple during the time Two-Bits occupied a stall there, believed more than I have stated. Two instances, which I will relate, so impressed me that I can have but one opinion of this noble old horse. Once, when I had ridden down the valley of the Rio Verde, some thirty miles from the fort, on a solitary fishing excursion, I strolled along its banks for several hours, standing by pools and handling a rod, while a carbine rested in my left elbow and two revolvers hung at my waist. I looked over my shoulders for Indians more frequently than the fish favored me with bites. Suddenly, Two-Bits, who had been grazing close by, unpicketed, came trotting down to me in considerable excitement. Without stopping to inquire the cause I dropped fishing-tackle and basket, mounted and rode to an eminence, from which I saw, on the opposite side of the stream, half a mile away, a party of mounted Apaches who had not been visible from my fishing-place because of a fringe of willows. As soon as they discovered me they whooped and gave chase; but the long legs of Two-Bits made nothing of running away from them, and I was soon far beyond their reach.

The second incident occurred when I was returning from a visit of inspection to a hay-camp ten miles from the post. I was riding at a walk along a level road, which was skirted on my left by thick sage-brush. My left foot was out of the stirrup. A sudden shot from cover cut my coat-collar and caused the horse to jump suddenly to the right. Having no support on my left, and being taken off my guard, I toppled from the saddle and fell to the ground, but fortunately landed on my feet and facing the ambuscade, so I quickly covered the spot with my rifle. Two-Bits did not stir after I fell, and I walked backwards around to his right side, and mounted in reverse of custom, still covering the possible enemy, and rode away, first slowly and then at a run, until beyond rifle-range. Then I saw three Apaches rise from the brush.

Again, when Lieutenant R—— and myself, with ten men, had been four days in pursuit of a band of Indians that had run off the stock from a neighboring ranch, we found one of our men unable to sit in his saddle from wounds. We removed the saddle from his horse and bound him at length along the back, and did our best to make him as comfortable as possible. He rode along quietly for some time, and then asked to be put on Two-Bits. After this,

* To show that he was no respecter of persons, I must admit that he twice did the same thing for me.

the horse was a greater favorite than ever with the men. Not one of our party could have been made to believe that Two-Bits did not understand the necessity of treading gently with his sensitive burden; and I must admit that when our road lay down some bowlder-strewn declivity, the horse seemed careful to select the places for his feet, and certainly was tediously slow. I confess I am of the opinion of the men; I believe the horse fully understood the condition of his charge, and the necessity of going slowly and gently in rough places. The man reached the post hospital in safety and recovered; and from the day of his recovery Two-Bits had another devoted friend and guardian.

II.

HIS SECOND RACE.

As the Fourth of July, 1865, approached, in the dearth of other material and the abundance of horses, the citizens of Prescott determined to offer a series of horse and pony races as attractions, and there was at once considerable excitement in horse circles in consequence. Officers of the garrison caught the excitement and vied with the ranchmen and miners, and began looking over their favorites with a view to capturing the various bridles, saddles, etc., offered as prizes.

One race was to be for American horses only, this name being used to distinguish the cavalry horses and those brought from the East, from the mustangs, Texas ponies, and broncos. The gait for all horses was to be a run, under the saddle, over distances ranging from five hundred to eight hundred yards, according to whether the contestants belonged to one or the other of the classes mentioned,—the longer distance being for the American horses.

A few days after the conditions of the race were published, Cain proposed that I should enter Two-Bits for the eight-hundred-yards race, assuring me that if I would do so I was sure to win the prize. But I pooh-poohed the suggestion at once, and even ridiculed Cain for his folly in imagining for a moment that Two-Bits could compete with such steeds as were already entered. I soon found that I had plunged the ambitious fifer into the depths of despair. For several days he moped about his duties in a silent and dejected manner, until his evident misery aroused my compassion. So one morning after he had completed the housework of my quarters, I asked him to remain a few moments, and then referred to the subject, which I knew had full possession of his thoughts, with the question:

"You do not suppose, Cain, that so old a horse as Two-Bits would stand any chance in this race?"

"He would, jist, sor!" he answered with emphasis.

"But he is very old, Cain. He must be twenty, at the very least."

"Yis, sor, and he grows faster as he grows older, sor."

Evidently there was no use in arguing against Two-Bits, with a person so prejudiced as Cain; but I continued:

"Your love for your old favorite, Cain, misleads you as to his capabilities. I know him to be easy and free under the saddle, and the best horse I ever rode, but it is not reasonable to expect him, at his age, to beat young horses, after all the ill-treatment he has undergone."

"I wish the Liftinent would jist give me the thrial of him, that 's all. There 's not a baste in these parts can bate him!"

"But you are not reasonable about this, Cain. Because Two-Bits won a race five years ago, it does not follow that he can do so now. There is that fine black of King Woolsey's—what possible chance is there that any horse in Arizona can take the lead of him?"

"That 's jist it, sor. The consate of that man Woolsey nades a rebuke, sor. Two-Bits can give him one, asy. I know the horse, sor. If the Liftinent will pardon an ould soldier for makin' so bould as to sit up an opinion ag'inst his, I beg lave to remoind him that I have rode the winning horse at miny a race in the ould country and in this; and while I 'm free to admit that Two-Bits does not aquel the racin'-stock o' the quality and gintry, he is far beyant anything this side o' the wather."

"Well, Cain, leave me now to consider the matter, and call again in an hour."

Left alone, I was not long in coming to the conclusion that the soldier should be indulged in his wish to enter Two-Bits for the race. Ac-

cordingly, when the fifer returned for my decision, I said:

"I am going to allow you to run him, Cain. I look upon the horse as your discovery. He has cost me literally nothing."

"Thank you, sor, and you 'll win the prize," said Cain.

"No; I don't care for the prize. I will pay the entrance fee, and if you win the race the prize shall be your own."

When I recalled the many evidences I had had of Two-Bits' speed in pursuit of Indians, and in retreats when the Indian in turn was pursuer, and my life had depended upon his gait and his endurance, I could not but hope he would win.

On the day of the race I sat, by no means a calm and disinterested spectator, on a bench near the goal. After the race of ponies, mustangs, and broncos, came the principal race—that of American horses. I will spare the reader details of the race further than to say that, to the surprise of everybody but Joe Cain, it ended as at Fort Craig. Two-Bits came in with dilated nostrils and blazing eyes, amid the thundering cheers of the soldiers, fully two lengths ahead. Cain led him back to the fort, escorted the whole distance by admiring blue-coats. At the stables, Cain sat on an inverted grain-measure and told over for the hundredth time the way the horse received the name Two-Bits, and how he had discovered the old horse, friendless and broken down, in the Whipple corral, and having built him up to his present beautiful proportions, had once more ridden him to victory.

I have related the foregoing incidents in an attempt to interest the reader in the personality of my horse. He is the hero of the story—the men are only accessories. The incident to which all this is a preface must have a chapter by itself.

III.

HE RUNS COURIER.

In the fall of the year 1865, the Indian troubles became so serious that only with the greatest difficulty could we maintain our communications with the outer world. Every little while an express-rider would fail to make his appearance when due, and an expedition sent in search of him often found his body in the road, in some rugged defile or thick chaparral, stripped, scalped, and disfigured, the contents of the express-pouch scattered for yards around, all letters broken open, and the illustrated papers torn into shreds, while the newspapers were simply thrown aside. The peril became so great in time that single riders could not be hired for the service, and at last only cavalrymen in parties of five were sent on this dangerous duty. Even numbers was not always a protection, as I once found when, sent to look for a missing express, I discovered all the men dead together.

On the 20th of October a dispatch was received with accompanying instructions that it should be forwarded without delay to Santa Fé. Accordingly, I advertised for an express-rider, offering the highest pay allowed for the service. The route on the northeast was not considered to be so dangerous as those lying to the east, south, or west. Still there was no response to my offer, and I began to consider the expediency of asking for a detail from the cavalry, when a proposition came from an unexpected quarter. The man whom I have before mentioned as having been wounded during an Indian expedition and brought to the fort on the back of Two-Bits, came into my office, and offered to carry the dispatch, provided I would let him ride Two-Bits.

This man's name was Porter. He was a Londonderry Irishman by birth and was now sergeant in the infantry company. Years afterwards we learned that he was of gentle descent, and a graduate of Edinburgh University. He was a handsome, soldierly fellow, of refined features, gentlemanly bearing, good height, and undoubted courage. He entered my office, as I before stated, and said he would take the mail to Fort Wingate if I would lend him Two-Bits.

"But Two-Bits is my private property, Sergeant, and is not subject to such service," I replied.

"I know that, sir; but he has many qualities which fit him for it."

"Not more than half a dozen other horses in the corral, Sergeant."

"No horse has just his qualities, sir. He is

especially fitted for dangerous service such as this. He is fleet, he will not whinny nor do anything to attract attention in an Indian country. He will not desert his rider if turned loose, and he will not be stampeded if his rider sleeps while he grazes."

"You seem to have studied his character well."

"Yes, sir, I know Two-Bits very well; but not better than yourself, or most of the men of the garrison. He is a remarkable horse. He is well drilled and he is very intelligent. He always seems to understand what is expected of him."

"But really, Sergeant, I do not like to let him go on such a trip. I fear I should never see him again. The trip would be a tremendous strain upon the old horse."

"He shall have the tenderest care, sir. I will treat him as he deserves."

"I have no doubt of that, Sergeant. He would be treated well by all of our men. In fact, he is always made a pet of by every one. I will think of it. Call again later."

After Sergeant Porter went out, I walked over to the quarters of the commanding officer and told him of the proposition. He at once fell in with the plan and advised me to let the horse go. He said the horse could not be in better hands, and that doubtless he would go through safely, without fatigue, and return to me in a few weeks. He said he would convene a board of officers to appraise the horse, so that if he should be lost I could put in a claim for reimbursement. I agreed, and next day the board sat and appraised the value of my five-dollar horse at nearly $200 in gold.

On the morning of the 25th of October, Sergeant Porter, mounted on Two-Bits, rode out of Fort Whipple, amid the hearty good wishes and handshakes of men and officers. He carried a mail pouch weighing twenty pounds, an overcoat and three blankets, a carbine and two revolvers, and six days' rations.

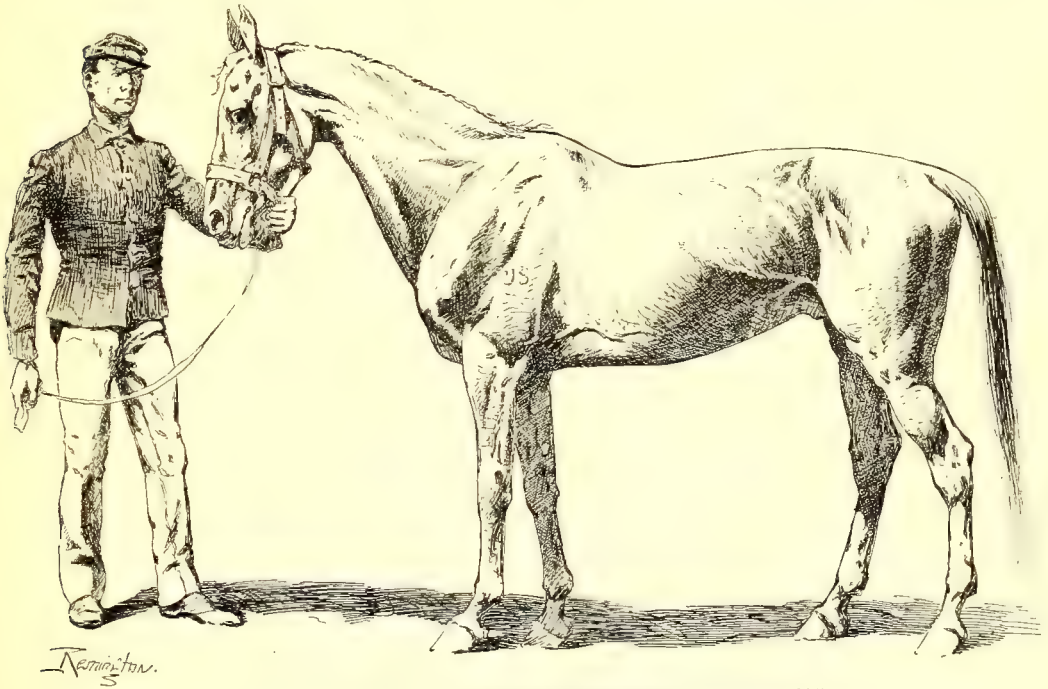
The adventures of horse and rider, after we saw them disappear behind the "red rocks," five miles below the fort, were related to me in 1867, at Fort Sumner, New Mexico, by Porter, who had in the mean time been appointed a lieutenant in the army. I had not seen him since he started on his journey.

For three days the ride was without incident worth relating. On the fourth he did not leave his stopping-place until one o'clock in the afternoon. At two o'clock he found himself on the crest of a range of hills overlooking a plain which extended right and left almost to the horizon, and in front at least twenty miles, to the broken and hilly country beyond. It was as level as the surface of a lake. From the edge of the plain stretched the narrow thread of the Military road, straight across to the foot-hills beyond. The road down the declivity to the plain being rough and stony, the sergeant dismounted and followed his horse, allowing him to pick his way and take his own gait. When he arrived at the foot of the range, he noticed that there lay between him and the plain, and parallel to its edge, a long low ridge. He halted in the ravine formed by the ridge and the foot-hills to tighten girth and straps and readjust his luggage before taking the road over the plain. While engaged in this operation, Porter noticed that, at the point where he stood, the road divided into two; these passed over the ridge a hundred yards apart, descended on the other side, and met again in one road about a mile out on the plain. The reason for this division was that the left-hand road had become badly gullied in one of the rare and violent rainfalls peculiar to that region, and the wagoners had made a new one to avoid its roughness.

Finishing the adjustment of the saddle and its attached parcels, the sergeant still postponed remounting, and followed his horse slowly up the ridge, leaving the choice of roads to the animal, it being a matter of indifference to a horseman whether the road was gullied or not. Two-Bits took the left-hand road, and moved leisurely up the slope, raising his head high as he approached the crest to look beyond it. Suddenly he stopped and stood perfectly rigid, his ears set forward and his eyes fixed upon some object, evidently in alarm. Porter crept carefully forward and looked beyond the ridge. Behind a mass of granite bowlders which skirted the left of the other road, four Indian ponies could be seen picketed. Evidently their riders were among the rocks watching for the express-rider they had seen descending from the range. They naturally supposed that he would pass along the

usually traveled road. Nothing but the accident that Two-Bits took the old road prevented the sergeant from falling into the ambuscade and ending his life there. From the old road the ponies were plainly visible in a nook among the bowlders; from the newer road they could not have been seen.

The sergeant backed Two-Bits sufficiently to put him out of sight of the Indians. When all was ready, Porter patted the old horse affectionately on the neck and said, "Now, old fellow,



"'WILL THE LIFTINENT PLAZE TO COME OUT AND INSPICT HIS HORSE?'"

everything depends upon your legs." Porter always maintained that Two-Bits understood the coming struggle as fully as he did himself.

When all was completed, Porter mounted and rode slowly over the ridge and slowly down the opposite slope. He was anxious that the Indians should not discover him until he should be well beyond the gullies in the road. These he passed safely, and, as he rose to the level ground beyond, he noticed that one of the mustangs in the bowlders was holding his head high, watching his movements. It occurred to the sergeant that to kill a pony would be equal to killing an Indian. He took a cartridge in his palm, so that he could reload without a second's delay, and, aiming carefully, fired, killing the pony instantly. He reloaded, and as an Indian sprang from cover to see where the shot came from, he caught the second bullet and fell across the dead pony. Not another Indian showed himself until Porter was well out upon the plain; then he heard the shrill staccato of the Navajo war-whoop, and glancing backward over his shoulder saw three Indians pursuing at the top of their ponies' speed. Two-Bits threw himself into the task of running away from the mustangs with all the elasticity and grace that had distinguished him on the racecourse, and had always led to victory. He settled down to a long and steady pace which promised soon to leave his pursuers far behind. The soldier was beginning to congratulate himself upon his wisdom in insisting upon having Two-Bits for his service. With every spring the old horse seemed to be fast widening the distance between the Indians and their intended victim; and this continued for about half a dozen miles, when Porter reluctantly observed that no further change in his favor was evident. In fact, it soon became evident that

the Navajos were slowly and surely closing up on him.

This was not at all strange. Two-Bits was an American horse, accustomed in garrison and camp to his twelve pounds of grain daily; a kind of horse that will invariably run down in flesh on a grazing diet. The mustangs lived entirely upon grass and grew fat and kept in good condition even when subjected to the roughest usage. Two-Bits was heavily loaded and had tasted no grain for four days; the mustangs were lightly mounted and filled with their accustomed forage. Two-Bits was old and the mustangs were young. The odds were decidedly against the veteran war-horse; but he kept on with his long powerful gallop, while the Indian ponies came on with a short, quick, tireless clatter which never changed its cadence and threatened to overtake the sergeant before he could gain the shelter of the hills, still many miles away.

The flight and pursuit over the plain had to be confined closely to the road. Outside of the track the vegetation would seriously wound and disable an animal attempting to go through its spiked obstructions.

At last an arrow flew between Porter's shoulder and ear. Turning in his saddle, he fired, breaking the leading Navajo's arm and causing him to fall into the road, while his riderless pony stopped by the wayside and began at once to graze. As the sergeant dropped his carbine by his right side to place a new cartridge in the breech, an arrow struck his right hand, his fingers relaxed, and the precious weapon dropped into the road. He could not stop to recover it,—it would be useless with a badly wounded hand,—so he plunged wearily on, looking at the broken fingers and flowing blood, with his first serious misgivings. His chances of getting out of this scrape alive seemed desperate indeed. With his skill as a marksman, he had all along thought that he should soon pick off all his enemies; but with no carbine and a useless right hand the chances were much against him.

Resolving, like a brave man, to die game, Porter hastily bound his handkerchief about his wounded hand, and drew a revolver in his left. Turning, he fired shot after shot, but without effect except to keep the two Indians hanging over the sides of their horses, until, conceiving a contempt for his inaccurate aim, they sat upright, and sent arrow after arrow toward him. The distance was still too great for these primitive missiles to be fully effective, but two pierced his shoulders, and the shafts of three could be seen switching up and down in the quarters of Two-Bits as he galloped wearily on. A lucky shot caused one of the Indians to rein up suddenly, dismount, and sit down by the roadside. The last Navajo kept on, however, with all the eagerness with which he began the chase apparently unabated, and soon he wounded Porter again, and this time along the ribs. In very desperation, the sergeant then suddenly turned his horse to the right-about, bore down quickly upon the Indian pony, and before his rider had time to recover from his surprise at the unexpected attack he sent his last remaining shot crashing into the brain of the mustang. The little horse swerved out of the track and fell headlong into a cactus, and before the Indian could extricate himself Two-Bits and his rider had wheeled and were out of arrow-range.

The pursuit was at an end, and it would no doubt be pleasant to the reader of this story of a horse if I could say that the sergeant and Two-Bits were now safe. But they were very far from safe. When well beyond any chance of pursuit from the last and ponyless Navajo, Porter slid painfully from his saddle to examine into his own and his horse's injuries. No arrows were left in his own body, but he was badly lacerated and had bled profusely, until he was scarcely able to stand. The horse had received seven wounds, and three arrows were still sticking in his flesh. These were not deeply in, and were easily removed; but a long cut along the ribs, from hind to fore quarters, had torn the skin badly and still bled profusely. Porter bound up his own wounds with fair success, but he could do nothing for the horse. Neither could he relieve Two-Bits by walking. The horse refused a ration of hard bread offered him, and there remained nothing to be done but for the sergeant to drag himself painfully into the saddle and resume his journey. Remounting was not accomplished without great difficulty, and only by the aid of a date-tree which forked, conveniently, two feet from the ground. Speed was now out of the question,

and the horse simply limped along at a feeble walk. The excitement of the chase was over, and the nerves of both man and beast had lost their tension.

When the pursuit ended, Porter found himself near the border of the plain from which the horse in a desert country without water might unfit him for further effort, and without a horse there was no hope for the man to pass over the long remaining distance to Wingate. It was this very hopelessness which caused the soldier to press on into the increasing darkness, putting



"TWO-BITS'" LAST DASH.

road led up into a rugged and hilly country, and it was already growing toward twilight. The miles stretched wearily out, and there seemed no better prospect than to dismount and try to find rest, even though rest for the off a halt which he felt must be final. Still creeping slowly along, he at last surmounted a height overlooking a narrow valley, and on the other side saw a bright fire burning, which occasionally disappeared and reappeared as if

persons were passing before it. The hopes of the soldier were at once revived at the prospect of reaching friends and assistance, but the hopes were as quickly depressed by the fear that the fire might be that of an enemy,—probably a party of Navajos, for this was their country. But even a foe might prove to be a friend to one in his plight, so he pressed on.

Two-Bits was so weak that he hardly more than moved, and hours elapsed before the valley was crossed and he brought his rider near the fire. He was ascending the hillside on which the fire was burning when the rattle of halter-chains over feed-boxes—a sound familiar to a soldier's ears—came plainly through the evening air, and Porter knew that he was near a Government train. With the welcome sound he grew faint and fell from the saddle to the ground senseless. Two-Bits kept on into camp, approached the camp-fire, looked into the faces of the guard which sat about its cheerful blaze, turned, as if to retrace his steps, staggered, fell, and died.

The unexpected appearance of a horse, saddled and bridled, a mail-bag strapped on his back, his saddle covered with blood, his body wounded in half a dozen places, his sudden fall and death, started the whole camp into activity. The military escort was soon under arms, horses and mules were quickly saddled, and lanterns were soon hurrying down the road. The searchers had not far to go before they came upon the sergeant, lying apparently lifeless. He was taken into camp, tenderly cared for, and next day taken to Fort Wingate, the place for which the train was bound.

Was Two-Bits left to be food for the coyotes? No. Sergeant Porter told his story, and the command being of the company stationed at Fort Craig at the time of the first race mentioned in these columns, it was not difficult to find a few sympathetic old soldiers who yielded to the earnest request of the wounded express-rider and buried his equine friend and comrade deeply, and heaped a mound of stones over his grave.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL IN AMERICA.

By Walter Camp.

The rules governing American foot-ball are an outgrowth or development of the English Rugby foot-ball game, the very name of which at once recalls to every reader the well-beloved "Tom Brown."

The credit of introducing these rules among our colleges belongs entirely to Harvard, who had learned them from the Canadians and were at the outset won by the superior opportunities offered by the new game for strategy and generalship as well as for clever individual playing. After Harvard had played for a year or two with our northern neighbors, Yale was persuaded to adopt these English rules, and in 1876 the first match between two American college teams under the Rugby Union rules was played. Since that time the code has undergone many changes, the greater number being made necessary by the absolute lack of any existing foot-ball lore or tradition on American soil. The English game was one of traditions. "What has been done can be done; what has not been done must be illegal," answered any question which was not fully foreseen in their laws of the game.

For the first few years, our college players spent their time at conventions in adding rules to settle vexed problems continually arising, to which the English rules offered no solution. In this way the rules rapidly multiplied until the number was quite double that of the original

code. Then followed the process of excision, and many of the old English rules which had become useless were dropped. During the last few years the foot-ball law-makers have changed but two or three rules a year. The method of making alterations has also been perfected.

In order to avoid the petty dissensions incident to contests so recent that the wounds of defeat were yet tender, an Advisory Committee of graduates has been appointed and all alteration of rules is in their hands. They meet once a year to propose any changes that appear to them necessary. They submit such propositions to the Intercollegiate Association for discussion and approval. Provided this Association approve of them, they are then, by the Secretary of the Advisory Committee, incorporated in the rules for the following season. In case the Association take exception to any, they are returned to the Advisory Board, and if they then receive the votes of four out of the five members, they become laws in spite of the disapproval of the Association. This has never yet occurred, nor has there been anything to mar the harmony existing between the two bodies.

No change, then, is possible unless suggested by a body of men, not immediate participants in the sport, who have had the benefits of past experience. This most excellent state of affairs was the result of suggestions emanating from an informal conference held some years ago in New York, at which were present members of the Faculties of Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. These gentlemen were at that time carefully watching the growth of the sport, and were prepared to kill or encourage it according to its deserts. Their suggestions have rendered most substantial aid to the game, and made its law-making the most conservative and thoroughly well considered of all rules governing college contests.

"How does the English game differ from the American?" is a very common question, and in answering it one should first state that there are two games in England,—one "the Rugby" and the other "the Association." These differ radically, the Association being more like the old-fashioned sport that existed in this country previous to the introduction of the Rugby. In the Association game the players can not run with the ball in their hands or arms, but move it rapidly along the ground with their feet—"dribble the ball," as their expression has it. Of course, then, a comparison between our game and the Association is out of the question. To the Rugby Union, however, our game still bears a striking resemblance, the vital point of difference being the outlet to the "scrimmage" or "down." In the English game, when the ball is held and put down for what they call a "scrummage," both sides gather about in a mass, and each endeavors by kicking the ball to drive it in the direction of the opponents' goal. Naturally, there is a deal of pushing and hacking and some clever work with the feet, but the exact exit of the ball from the "scrummage" can not be predicted or anticipated. When it does roll out, the man who is nearest endeavors to get it and make a run or a kick. The American scrimmage, while coming directly from the English play, bears now no similarity to it. Instead of an indiscriminate kicking struggle we have the snap-back and quarter-back play. The snap-back rolls the ball back with his foot; the quarter seizes it and passes it to any man for whom the ball is destined in the plan of the play. In other respects, with the exception of greater liberties in assisting a runner, it would not be a very difficult task to harmonize our game with the British.

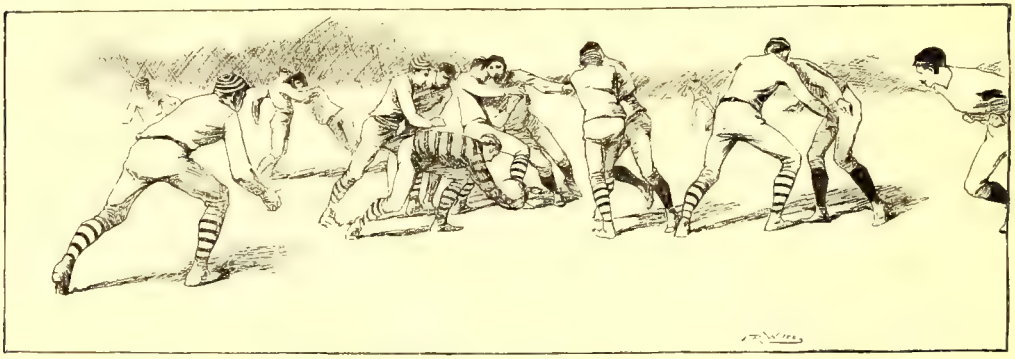
While the game has in the last ten years grown rapidly in popular favor, it would not be fair to suppose that all of the ten or fifteen thousand spectators who gather to witness one of the great matches have clearly defined ideas of the rules which govern the contest. Many of the technical terms they hear used are also Greek to them, and it would undoubtedly add to their enjoyment of the game to give a few clues to chief plays of interest.

While awaiting the advent of the players, one looks down on the field and sees a rectangular space a little over a hundred yards long and a trifle more than fifty yards wide, striped transversely with white lines, which give it the aspect of a huge gridiron. These lines are five yards apart, and their only purpose is to assist the referee in judging distances. There is a rule which says that in three attempts a side

must advance the ball five, or take it back twenty yards under penalty of surrendering it to the opponents. The field is therefore marked out with these five-yard lines, by means of which the referee can readily tell the distance made at each attempt. The gallows-like arrangements at the ends of the field are the goal posts, and in order to score a goal the ball must be kicked over a cross-bar extending between the posts by any kind of a kick except a "punt." That is, it must be by a "drop kick," which is made by letting the ball fall from the hand and kicking it as it rises from the ground; by a "place kick," which is from a position of rest on the ground; or finally even from a rolling kick. A "punt" is a kick made by dropping the ball from the hand and kicking it before it strikes the ground, and such a kick can under no circumstances score a goal. Scoring is only possible at the ends of the field, and all the work one sees performed in the middle of the ground is only the struggle to get the ball to the goal.

There are two ways in which points may be made: By kicking the ball, as above described, over the goal, and by touching it down behind the goal line. A "safety" is made when a side are so sorely pressed that they carry the ball behind their *own goal line*, and not when it is kicked there by the enemy. In the latter case, it is called a "touchback," and does not score "down." Such a play entitles his side to a "try-at-goal," and if they succeed in kicking the ball over the bar, then the goal only scores and not the touchdown; but if they miss the try, they are still entitled to the credit of the touchdown. A goal can also be made without the intervention of a touchdown; that is, it may be kicked direct from the field, either from a drop kick or a place kick, or even when it is rolling or bounding along the ground. This latter, however, is very unusual. In the scoring, the value of a field kick goal is only five, of a goal kicked from a touchdown, six; if the touchdown does not result in a goal it counts four, and a safety by the opponents counts the other side two.

When the game begins, the ball is placed in the center of the field and put in play, or kicked off, as it is termed, by the side which has lost the choice of goal. From that time forward, during forty-five minutes of actual play, the two sides struggle to make goals and touchdowns against each other. Of the rules governing their attempts to carry the ball to the enemies' quarters, the most important are those of off side and on side. In a general way it may be said that "off side" means between the ball and the opponents' goal, while "on side" means between the ball and one's own goal. A player is barred from taking part in the play or handling the ball, when in the former predicament. When a



QUARTER-BACK TAKING THE BALL.

either for or against the side making it. A "touchdown" is made when a player carries the ball across his *opponents' goal line* and there has it down, *i. e.*, either cries "down" or puts it on the ground; or if he secures the ball after it has crossed his opponents' goal line and then has it ball has been kicked by a player, all those of his side who are ahead of him, that is, between him and his opponents' goal, are off side, and even though the ball go over their heads they are still off side until the ball has been touched by an opponent, or until the man who kicked it

has run up ahead of them. Either of these two events puts them on side again. Any player who is on side may run with or kick the ball, and his opponents may tackle him whenever he has the ball in his arms. It is fair for them to tackle him in any way except below the knees. They must not, however, throttle or choke him, nor can players use the closed fist. The runner may push his opponents off with his open hand or arm, in any way he pleases, and ability to do this well goes far toward making a successful runner.

When a player having the ball is tackled and fairly held so that his advance is checked, and he can not pass the ball, the player tackling him cries out "Held!" The runner must say "Down," and the ball is then put on the ground for a scrimmage. Any player of the side which had possession of the ball can then put it in play. Usually the "snap-back," as he is called, does this work. He places the ball on the ground, and then with his foot (or hand) rolls the ball back, or kicks it forward or to one side, generally for a player of his own side to seize. When the ball is rolled or snapped back, the man who first receives it is called the quarter-back, and he can not run forward with it. When, however, it is kicked sideways or ahead, any one except the snap-back and the opposing player opposite him can run with it.

"Free kicks" are those where the opponents are restrained by rule from interfering with the ball or player until the kick is made. At the commencement of the game, the side which has lost the choice of goals has a free kick from the center of the field; and when a goal has been scored the side which has lost it has a free kick from the same location. Any player who fairly catches the ball on the fly from an opponent's kick, has a free kick, provided he makes a mark with his heel on the spot of the catch. A side which has made a touchdown has a free kick at the goal, and a side which has made a safety or a touchback has a free kick from any spot behind the twenty-five-yard line. This line is the fifth white line from their goal, and upon that mark the opponents may line up.

A violation of any rule is called a foul, and the other side has the privilege of putting the ball down where the foul was made. Certain fouls are punished by additional penalties. A player is immediately disqualified for striking with the closed fist or unnecessary roughness. A side loses twenty-five yards, or the opponents may have a free kick, as a penalty for throttling, tripping up, or tackling below the knees. For off-side play a side loses five yards. A player may pass or throw the ball in any direction except toward his opponents' goal. When the ball goes out of bounds at the side, it is "put in" at the spot where it crossed the line by a player of the side first securing the ball. He bounds or throws the ball in; or he may, if he prefers, walk out with it any distance not greater than fifteen paces, and put it down for a scrimmage.



A FAIR TACKLE.

Of the two individuals one sees on the field in citizen's dress, one is the umpire and the other the referee. These two gentlemen are selected to see that the rules are observed and to settle any questions arising during the progress of the game. It is the duty of the umpire to decide all points directly connected with the players' conduct, while the referee decides questions of the position or progress of the ball. The original rules provided that the captains of the two sides should settle all disputes; but this, at the very outset, was so manifestly out of the question that a provision was made for a referee. Then, as the captains had their hands full in commanding their teams, two judges were appointed, and it was the duty of these judges to make all claims for their respective sides. These judges soon became so importunate with their innumerable claims as to harass the referee beyond all endurance. The next step, therefore, was to do away with the judges and leave the referee sole

master of the field. Even then the referee found so much that it was impossible for him to watch, that it was decided to appoint a second man, called an umpire, to assist him. This umpire assumed the responsibility of seeing that the players committed no fouls, thus leaving the referee's undivided attention to be devoted to following the course of the ball.

This has proved so wonderfully successful that the base-ball legislators are seriously considering the question of adopting a similar system of dividing the work between two umpires.



A TOUCHDOWN.

There are two general divisions of players, the "rushers" or "forwards," so called because they constitute the front rank of the foot-ball army; and the backs, called the quarter-back, the half-backs or halves, and the full-back or goal-tend. The quarter has been already described. The halves, of whom there are two, play several yards behind the rushers, and do the kicking or artillery work. The goal-tend is really only a third half-back, his work being almost the same as that of the halves.

The changes the game has undergone in its gradual development from the English Rugby, are peculiarly interesting, showing as they do the inventive faculty of our college players. The way in which the quarter-back play was suggested and perfected illustrates this very strongly. Our players began exactly as the Englishmen, by putting the ball on the ground, closing around it, and then kicking until it rolled out somewhere. In the first season of this style of scrimmage play, they made the discovery that far from being an advantage to kick the ball through, it often resulted in a great disadvantage, for it gave the opponents a chance to secure the ball and make a run. The players, therefore, would station a man a short distance behind the scrimmage, and the rushers in front would manage to so cleverly assist the kicking of the opponents as to let the ball come through directly to this player, who had then an excellent opportunity to run around the mass of men before they realized that the ball had escaped.

Soon an adventurous spirit discovered that he could so place his foot upon the ball that by pressing suddenly downwards and backwards

with his toe he would drag or snap the ball to the man behind him. At first, naturally, the snap-back was not sufficiently proficient to be always sure in his aim, but it did not take long to make the play a very accurate one, and in the games to-day it is unusual for the snap-back to fail in properly sending the ball to his quarter.

Originally the quarter was wont to run with or kick the ball, but now as a rule he passes it to one of the halves or to a rusher who has come behind him, instead of making the run himself. The quarter then directs the course of the play, so that scientific planning is possible; whereas in the old method the element of chance was far greater than that of skill.

One frequently hears old players speak of the "block game" and its attendant evils. This was a system of play by which an inferior team was enabled to escape defeat by keeping continual possession of the ball, while actually making but a pretense of play. So great did the evil become, that in 1882 a rule was made, which has already been mentioned, to the effect that a side must make an advance of five yards or retreat ten* in three scrimmages. The penalty for not doing this is the loss of the ball to the opponents. A kick is considered equivalent to an advance, even though the same side should, by some error of the opponents, regain the ball when it comes down. The natural working of this rule, as spectators of the game will readily see, is to cause a side to make one or two attempts to advance by the running style of play, and then, if they have not made the necessary five yards, to pass the ball back to a half for a kick. The wisdom of this play is evident. If they find they must lose the ball, they wish it to fall to their opponents as far down the field as possible, and so they send it by a long kick as near the enemies' goal as they can.

One other rule, besides this one, has had a development worthy of particular attention. It is the one regarding the value of the points scored. At first, goals only were scored. Then touchdowns were brought in, and a match was decided by a majority of these, while a goal received a certain equivalent value in touchdowns. Then the scoring of safeties was introduced; but only in this way, that in case no other point was scored a side making four less safeties than their opponents should win the match. A goal kicked from a touchdown had always been considered of greater value than a field-kick goal, but it was not until the scoring had reached the point of counting safeties, that it was decided to give numerical values to the various points in order that matches might be more surely and satisfactorily decided. From this eventually came the method of scoring as mentioned earlier in this article.

A few diagrams illustrative of the general position of the players when executing various maneuvers will assist the reader in obtaining an insight into the plays. As there are no hard and fast rules for these positions they are dependent upon the judgment of each individual captain; nevertheless the following diagrams indicate in a general way the formations most common.

The first diagram shows the measurements of the field as well as the general position of two teams just previous to the kick-off, or opening of the game. While the front rank are all called forwards or rushers, distinctive names are given to the individual positions. These also are noted on this first diagram.

The forwards of the side which has the kick, "line up" even with the ball, while their opponents take up their positions ten yards away. They are not permitted to approach nearer until the ball is touched with the foot. Formerly, when it was the practice at kick-off to send the ball as far down the field as possible, the opponents were wont to drop two forwards, near the ends of the line, back a few feet; thus providing for a short kick. The quarter took his place in a straight line back from the ball some sixty or seventy feet, while the two halves and the back stood sufficiently distant to be sure of catching a long kick. The positions of the side kicking the ball were not so scattered. All their forwards and the quarter stood even with the ball, ready to dash down the field; while the halves and back stood only a short distance behind them, because as soon as the ball was sent down the field they would be in proper places to receive a return kick from the opponents.

The kick-off of the present day is more apt to be a "dribble," or a touching the ball with the foot and then passing or running with it. The

* This was altered recently to twenty yards.

result of this is that the opponents mass more compactly, the halves and quarter not playing far down the field and the rushers at the ends not dropping back. The side having the kick, the man who is to play the ball. Diagram 2 illustrates the position at the moment of the kick-off. The kicker touches the ball with his foot, picks it up and hands it to the runner who is

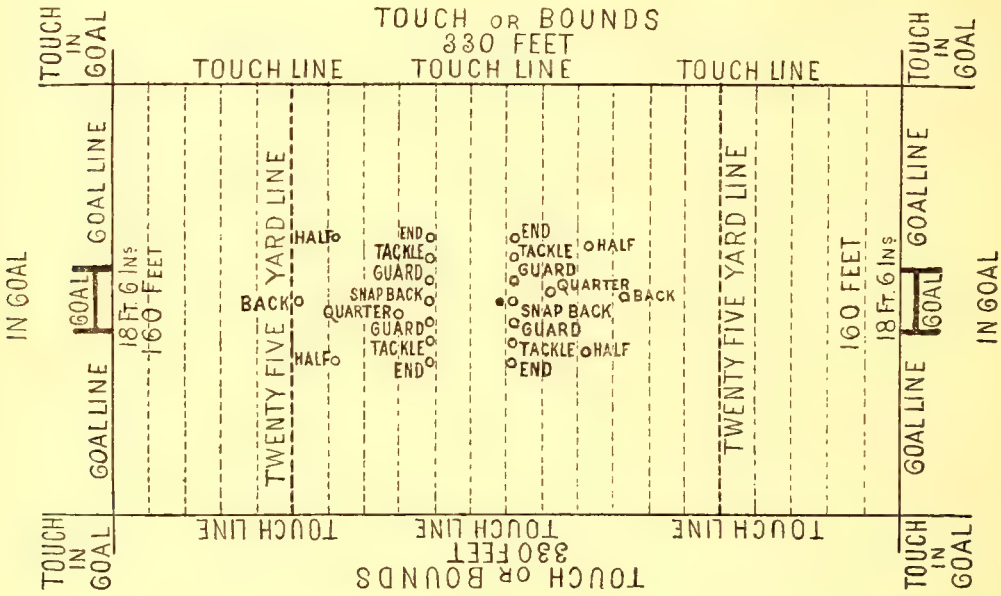


DIAGRAM 1.

keeping in mind, of course, the particular play they intend to make, assume positions that shall the most readily deceive their opponents, if possible, and yet most favor the success of their maneuver.

For instance, an opening play quite common last year was the "wedge" or "V." In diagrams 2 and 3 are shown the positions in this play. As the players "line out" they assume as nearly as possible the regular formation, in order

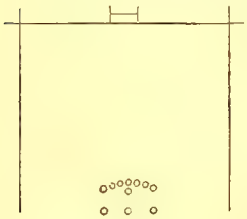


DIAGRAM 2.

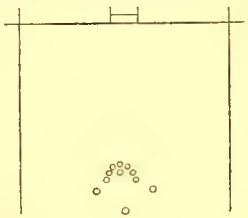


DIAGRAM 3.

that their opponents may not at once become too certain of their intention. As soon, however, as play has been called, one sees the rushers closing up to the center and the player who is to make the running, dropping in close behind coming just behind him. The forwards at once dash forward, making a V-shaped mass of men just within the angle of which trots along the runner. Diagram 3 shows them at this point.

But this wedge no sooner meets the opposing line, than the formation becomes more or less unsteady, exactly in proportion to the strength and skill of the opponents. Against untrained players the wedge moves without great difficulty, often making twenty or thirty yards before it is broken. Skillful opponents will tear it apart much more speedily.

Now comes the most scientific part of the play; namely, the outlet for the runner and ball. There are two ways of successfully making this outlet. One is to have a running halfback moving along outside the wedge, taking care to be a little behind the runner so that the ball may be passed to him without committing the foul of passing it ahead. When the wedge begins to go to pieces, the ball is dexterously thrown out to him and he has an excellent opportunity for a run, because the opposing rushers are so involved in breaking the

wedge that they can not get after him quickly. Diagram 4 illustrates this. The second, and by far the most successful when well played, is for two of the forwards in the wedge to suddenly separate and in their separation to push their opponents aside with their bodies, so that a

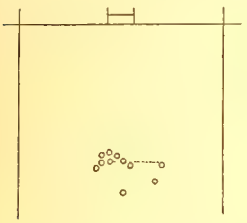


DIAGRAM 4.

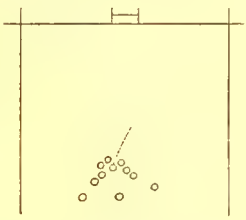


DIAGRAM 5.

pathway is opened for the runner, so he can dart out with the ball. Diagram 5 shows this.

The wedge formation is a good play from any free kick, because the opponents are so restrained by being obliged to keep behind a certain spot, that time is given for the wedge to form and acquire some headway before they can meet it.

The formation of the side which has the ball in a scrimmage, next occupies our attention. As stated before in this article, it is customary for them to make two attempts to advance the

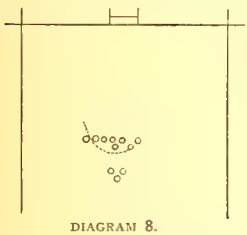


DIAGRAM 8.

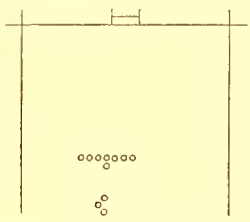


DIAGRAM 9.

ball by a run before resorting to a kick. There is some slight difference in the ways they form for these two styles of play. Diagram 6 shows the formation just previous to the run. The forwards are lined out, blocking their respective opponents, while the halves and backs generally bunch somewhat in order to deceive the opponents as to which man is to receive the ball, as well as to assist him, when he starts, by blocking off the first tacklers.

Diagram 7 shows the line of a half-back's run through the rushers. A and B endeavor, as he comes, to separate (by the use of their bodies, for they can not use their hands or arms to assist their runner) the two rushers in front of them, that the runner may get through between them.

Diagram 8 shows still another phase of the running-game, where a rusher runs around behind the quarter, taking the ball from him on the run and making for an opening on the other side, or even on the very end.

Diagram 9 shows the formation when, having

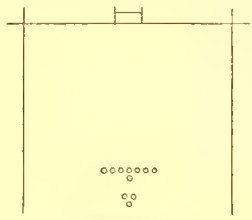


DIAGRAM 6.

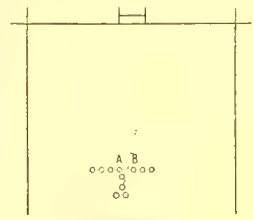


DIAGRAM 7.

made two attempts and not having advanced the ball five nor lost twenty yards, the side prefers to take a kick rather than risk a third failure, which would give the ball to the opponents on the spot of the next "down." The formation is very like that for the run, except that the distance between the forward line and the halves is somewhat increased and the three men are strung out rather more.

Let us now consider the formation of the opposing side during these plays. There is but

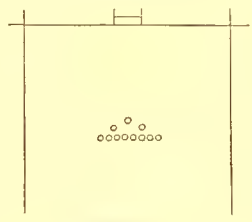


DIAGRAM 10.

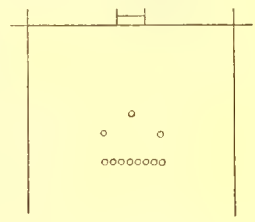


DIAGRAM 11.

one formation for the opponents in facing the running-game, and that is according to diagram 10. Of course they alter this whenever they have the good fortune to discover where the run is to be made, but this is seldom so evident as to make much of an alteration in formation safe. Their forwards line up, and their quarter goes into the rush-line wherever he finds the best opening. Their halves stand fairly close up behind and their back only a little distance further toward the goal. The formation, after the two attempts to run have failed, is, however, quite different in respect to the half-backs and backs. They at once run rapidly back until they are all three at a considerable distance from the forwards. The back stands as far as he thinks

it possible for the opposing half to kick, under the most favorable circumstances, while the two halves stand perhaps forty or fifty feet in advance, ready to take the ball from a shorter kick. Diagram 11 illustrates this.

In a "fair" or putting the ball in from the

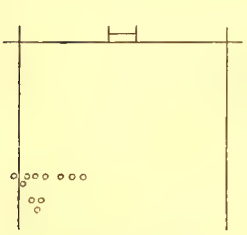


DIAGRAM 12.

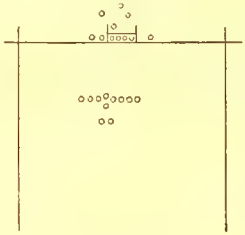


DIAGRAM 13

touch (see diagram 12), the same general formation prevails as in the ordinary scrimmage, for it is really nothing more than a scrimmage on the side of the field instead of in the middle. It counts the same as an ordinary "down" in respect to the necessity of advancing five yards; that is, if a side has made one attempt, from a down, to advance and has carried the ball out of bounds, and then makes another unsuccessful attempt to advance but is obliged to have the ball down again, without accomplishing the five-yard gain, it must on the next attempt make the distance or surrender the ball.

After a touchdown has been made, if a try-at-goal is attempted by a place-kick, the formation is somewhat similar to a kick-off. (See diagram 13.) The man who is to place the ball lies flat on his stomach with the ball in his hands, taking care that until the kicker is ready it does not touch the ground, as that permits the opponents to charge. The forwards line up even with the ball, ready to run down when it is kicked, in order that they may have a chance of getting it, in case he misses the goal. The other half and the back stand a few feet behind the kicker. The position of the opponents in this play is necessarily limited, for they are obliged to stand behind their goal until the ball is kicked. The same diagram (13) shows the position they assume. Their rushers undertake to run forward and stop the ball, while their halves and back are ready, in case it misses, to make a touchback.

These diagrams cover the most important plays of the game and give one an insight into the general manipulation of players during match.

ANN LIZY'S PATCHWORK.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

Ann Lizy was invited to spend the afternoon and take tea with her friend Jane Baxter, and she was ready to set forth about one o'clock. That was the fashionable hour for children and their elders to start when they were invited out to spend the afternoon.

Ann Lizy had on her best muslin delaine dress, her best embroidered pantalets, her black silk apron, and her flat straw hat with long blue ribbon streamers. She stood in the south room —the sitting-room—before her grandmother, who was putting some squares of patchwork, with needle, thread, and scissors, into a green silk bag embroidered with roses in bead-work.

"There, Ann Lizy," said her grandmother, "you may take my bag if you are real careful of it, and won't lose it. When you get to Jane's you lay it on the table, and don't have it round when you 're playin' outdoors."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ann Lizy. She was looking with radiant, admiring eyes at the bag — its cluster of cunningly wrought pink roses upon the glossy green field of silk. Still there was a serious droop to her mouth; she knew there was a bitter to this sweet.

"Now," said her grandmother, "I 've put four squares of patchwork in the bag; they 're all cut and basted nice, and you must sew 'em

all, over and over, before you play any. Sew 'em real fine and even, or you 'll have to pick the stitches out when you get home."

Ann Lizy's radiant eyes faded; she hung her head. She calculated swiftly that she could not finish the patchwork before four o'clock, and that would leave her only an hour and a half to eat supper and play with Jane, for she would have to come home at half-past five. "Can't I take two, and do the other two to-morrow, Grandma?" said she.

Her grandmother straightened herself disapprovingly. She was a tall, wiry old woman with strong handsome features showing through her wrinkles. She had been so energetic all her life, and done so much work, that her estimation of it was worn, like scales. Four squares of patchwork sewed with very fine even stitches had, to her, no weight at all; it did not seem like work.

"Well, if a great girl like you can't sew four squares of patchwork in an arternoon, I would n't tell of it, Ann Lizy," said she. "I don't know what you 'd say if you had to work the way I did at your age. If you can't have time enough to play and do a little thing like that, you 'd better stay at home. I ain't goin' to have you idle a whole arternoon, if I know it. Time 's worth too much to be wasted that way."

"I 'd sew the others to-morrow," pleaded Ann Lizy faintly.

"Oh, you would n't do it half so easy to-morrow; you 've got to pick the currants for the jell' to-morrow. Besides, that does n't make any difference. To-day's work is to-day's work, and it has n't anything to do with to-morrow's. It 's no excuse for idlin' one day, because you do work the next. You take that patchwork, and sit right down and sew it as soon as you get there — don't put it off — and sew it nice too, or you can stay at home — just which you like."

Ann Lizy sighed, but reached out her hand for the bag. "Now be careful and not lose it," said her grandmother, "and be a good girl."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Don't run too hard, nor go to climbin' walls, and get your best dress torn."

"No, ma'am."

"And only one piece of cake at tea-time."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And start for home at half-past five."

"Yes, ma'am."

Little Ann Lizy Jennings, as she went down the walk between the rows of pinks, had a bewildered feeling that she had been to Jane Baxter's to tea, and was home again.

Her parents were dead, and she lived with her Grandmother Jennings, who made her childhood comfortable and happy, except that at times she seemed taken off her childish feet by the energy and strong mind of the old woman, and so swung a little way through the world in her wake. But Ann Lizy received no harm by it.

Ann Lizy went down the road with the bead bag on her arm. She toed out primly, for she had on her best shoes. A little girl, whom she knew, stood at a gate in every-day clothes, and Ann Lizy bowed to her in the way she had seen the parson's wife bow, when out making calls in her best black silk and worked lace veil. The parson's wife was young and pretty, and Ann Lizy admired her. It was quite a long walk to Jane Baxter's, but it was a beautiful afternoon, and the road was pleasant, although there were not many houses. There were green fields and flowering bushes at the sides, and, some of the way, elm-trees arching over it. Ann Lizy would have been very happy had it not been for the patchwork. She had already pieced one patchwork quilt, and her grandmother displayed it to people with pride, saying, "Ann Lizy pieced that before she was eight years old."

Ann Lizy had not as much ambition as her grandmother, now she was engaged upon her second quilt, and it looked to her like a checked and besprigged calico mountain. She kept dwelling upon those four squares, over and over, until she felt as if each side were as long as the Green Mountains. She calculated again and again how little time she would have to play with Jane — only about an hour, for she must allow a half-hour for tea. She was not a swift sewer when she sewed fine and even stitches, and she knew she could not finish those squares before four o'clock. One hour! — and she and Jane wanted to play dolls, and make wreaths out of oak-leaves, and go down in the lane after thimble-berries, and in the garden for gooseberries — there would be no time for anything!

Ann Lizy's delicate little face under the straw

flat grew more and more sulky and distressed, her forehead wrinkled, and her mouth pouted. She forgot to swing her muslin delaine skirts gracefully, and flounced along hitting the dusty meadow-sweet bushes.

Ann Lizy was about half-way to Jane Baxter's house, in a lonely part of the road, when she opened her bead bag and drew out her pocket-handkerchief — her grandmother had tucked that in with the patchwork — and wiped her eyes. When she replaced the handkerchief, she put it under the patchwork, and did not draw up the bag again, but went on, swinging it violently by one string.

When Ann Lizy reached Jane Baxter's gate, she gave a quick, scared glance at the bag. It looked very flat and limp. She did not open it, and she said nothing about it to Jane. They went out to play in the garden. There were so many hollyhocks there that it seemed like a real flower-grove, and the gooseberries were ripe.

Shortly after Ann Lizy entered Jane Baxter's house, a white horse and a chaise passed down the road in the direction from which she had just come. There were three persons in the chaise — a gentleman, lady, and little girl. The lady wore a green silk pelerine, and a green bonnet with pink strings, and the gentleman a blue coat and bell hat. The little girl had pretty long, light curls, and wore a white dress and blue sash. She sat on a little footstool down in front of the seat. They were the parson's wife's sister, her husband, and her little girl, and had been to visit at the parsonage. The gentleman drove the white horse down the road, and the little girl looked sharply and happily at everything by the way. All at once she gave a little cry — "Oh, Father, what 's that in the road?"

She saw Ann Lizy's patchwork, all four squares nicely pinned together, lying beside the meadow-sweet bushes. Her father stopped the horse, got out, and picked up the patchwork.

"Why," said the parson's wife's sister, "some little girl has lost her patchwork; look, Sally!"

"She 'll be sorry, won't she?" said the little girl whose name was Sally.

The gentleman got back into the chaise, and the three rode off with the patchwork. There seemed to be nothing else to do; there were no houses near and no people of whom to inquire. Besides, four squares of calico patchwork were not especially valuable.

"If we don't find out who lost it, I 'll put it into my quilt," said Sally. She studied the patterns of the calico very happily, as they rode along; she thought them prettier than anything she had. One had pink roses on a green ground, and she thought that especially charming.

Meantime, while Sally and her father and mother rode away in the chaise with the patchwork, to Whitefield, ten miles distant, where their house was, Ann Lizy and Jane played as fast as they could. It was four o'clock before they went into the house. Ann Lizy opened her bag, which she had laid on the parlor-table with the "Young Lady's Annuals" and "Mrs. Hemans' Poems." "I s'pose I must sew my patchwork," said she, in a miserable guilty little voice. Then she exclaimed. It was strange that, well as she knew there was no patchwork there, the actual discovery of nothing at all gave her a shock.

"What 's the matter?" asked Jane.

"I 've — lost my patchwork," said Ann Lizy.

Jane called her mother, and they condoled with Ann Lizy. Ann Lizy sat in one of Mrs. Baxter's rush-bottomed chairs and began to cry.

"Where did you lose it?" Mrs. Baxter asked. "Don't cry, Ann Lizy, maybe we can find it."

"I s'pose I — lost it comin'," sobbed Ann Lizy.

"Well, I 'll tell you what 't is," said Mrs. Baxter; "you and Jane had better run up the road a piece, and likely as not you 'll find it; and I 'll have tea all ready when you come home. Don't feel so bad, child, you 'll find it, right where you dropped it."

But Ann Lizy and Jane, searching carefully along the road, did not find the patchwork where it had been dropped. "Maybe it 's blown away," suggested Jane, although there was hardly wind enough that afternoon to stir a feather. And the two little girls climbed over the stone walls, and searched in the fields, but they did not find the patchwork. Then another mishap befell Ann Lizy. She tore a three-cornered place in her best muslin delaine, getting over the wall. When she saw that she felt as if she were in a dreadful dream. "Oh, what will Grandma say!" she wailed.

"Maybe she won't scold," said Jane, consolingly.

"Yes, she will. Oh dear!"

The two little girls went dolefully home to tea. There were hot biscuits, and honey, and tarts, and short gingerbread, and custards, but Ann Lizy did not feel hungry. Mrs. Baxter tried to comfort her; she really saw not much to mourn over, except the rent in the best dress, as four squares of patchwork could easily be replaced; she did not see the true inwardness of the case.

At half-past five, Ann Lizy, miserable and tear-stained, the three-cornered rent in her best dress pinned up, started for home, and then — her grandmother's beautiful bead bag was not to be found. Ann Lizy and Jane both remembered that it had been carried when they set out to find the patchwork. Ann Lizy had meditated bringing the patchwork home in it.

"Aunt Cynthy made that bag for Grandma," said Ann Lizy in a tone of dull despair; this was beyond tears.

"Well, Jane shall go with you, and help find it," said Mrs. Baxter, "and I 'll leave the tea-dishes and go too. Don't feel so bad, Ann Lizy, I know I can find it."

But Mrs. Baxter, and Jane, and Ann Lizy, all searching, could not find the bead bag. "My best handkerchief was in it," said Ann Lizy. It seemed to her as if all her best things were gone. She and Mrs. Baxter and Jane made a doleful little group in the road. The frogs were peeping, and the cows were coming home. Mrs. Baxter asked the boy who drove the cows if he had seen a green bead bag, or four squares of patchwork; he stared and shook his head.

Ann Lizy looked like a wilted meadow reed, the blue streamers on her hat drooped dejectedly, her best shoes were all dusty, and the three-cornered rent was the feature of her best muslin delaine dress that one saw first. Then her little delicate face was all tear-stains and downward curves. She stood there in the road as if she had not courage to stir.

"Now, Ann Lizy," said Mrs. Baxter, "you 'd better run right home and not worry. I don't believe your Grandma 'll scold you, when you tell her just how 't was."

Ann Lizy shook her head. "Yes, she will."

"Well, she 'll be worrying about you if you ain't home before long, and I guess you 'd better go," said Mrs. Baxter.

Ann Lizy said not another word; she began to move dejectedly toward home. Jane and her mother called many kindly words after her, but she did not heed them. She kept straight on, walking slowly until she was home. Her grandmother stood in the doorway watching for her. She had a blue-yarn stocking in her hands, and she was knitting fast as she watched.

"Ann Lizy, where have you been, late as this?" she called out as Ann Lizy came up the walk. "It 's arter six o'clock."

Ann Lizy continued to drag herself slowly forward, but she made no reply.

"Why don't you speak?"

Ann Lizy crooked her arm around her face and began to cry. Her grandmother reached down, took her by the shoulder, and led her into the house. "What on airth is the matter, child?" said she; "have you fell down?"

"No, ma'am."

"What does ail you then?—Ann Lizy Jennings, how come that great three-cornered tear in your best dress?"

Ann Lizy sobbed.

"Answer me."

"I — tore it gittin' over — the wall."

"What were you gettin' over walls for in your best dress? I 'd like to know what you s'pose you 'll have to wear to meetin' now. Did n't I tell you not to get over walls in your best dress? — *Ann Lizy Jennings, where is my bead bag?*"

"I — lost it."

"Lost my bead bag?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you lose it, eh?"

"I lost it when — I was lookin' for — my patchwork."

"Did you lose your patchwork?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When?"

"When I was — goin' over to — Jane's."

"Lost it out of the bag?"

Ann Lizy nodded, sobbing.

"Then you went to look for it and lost the bag. Lost your best pocket-handkerchief too?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Old Mrs. Jennings stood looking at Ann Lizy.

"All that patchwork, cut out and basted jest as nice as could be, your best pocket-handkerchief, and my bead bag lost, and your meetin'

dress tore," said she; "well, you 've done about enough for one day. Take off your things and go upstairs to bed. You can't go over to Jane Baxter's again for one spell, and every mite of the patchwork that goes into the quilt you 've got to cut by a thread, and baste yourself, and to-morrow you 've got to hunt for that patchwork and that bag till you find 'em, if it takes you all day. Go right along."

Ann Lizy took off her hat, and climbed meekly upstairs, and went to bed. She did not say her prayers; she lay there and wept. It was about half-past eight, the air coming through the open window was loud with frogs, and katydids, and whippoorwills, and the twilight was very deep, when Ann Lizy arose and crept downstairs. She could barely see her way.

There was a candle lighted in the south room, and her grandmother sat there knitting. Ann Lizy, a piteous little figure in her white night-gown, stood in the door.

"Well, what is it?" her grandmother said, in a severe voice that had a kindly inflection in it.

"Grandma —"

"What is it?"

"I lost my patchwork on purpose. I did n't want — to sew it."

"Lost your patchwork on purpose!"

"Yes — ma'am," sobbed Ann Lizy.

"Let it drop out of the bag on purpose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, you did a dreadful wicked thing then. Go right back to bed."

Ann Lizy went back to bed and to sleep. Remorse no longer gnawed keenly enough at her clear childish conscience to keep her awake, now her sin was confessed. She said her prayers and went to sleep. Although the next morning the reckoning came, the very worst punishment was over for her. Her grandmother held the judicious use of the rod to be a part of her duty toward her beloved little orphan granddaughter, so she switched Ann Lizy with a little rod of birch and sent her forth full of salutary tinglings to search for the bead bag and the patchwork. All the next week Ann Lizy searched the fields and road for the missing articles, when she was not cutting calico patchwork by a thread and sewing over and over. It seemed to her that life was made up of those two occupations, but at the end of a week the search, so far as the bead bag was concerned, came to an end.

On Saturday afternoon the parson's wife called on old Mrs. Jennings. The sweet, gentle young lady in her black silk dress, her pink cheeks, and smooth waves of golden hair gleaming through her worked lace veil entered the north room, which was the parlor, and sat down in the rocking-chair. Ann Lizy and her grandmother sat opposite, and they both noticed at the same moment that the parson's wife held in her hand — *the bead bag!*

Ann Lizy gave a little involuntary "oh"; her grandmother shook her head fiercely at her, and the parson's wife noticed nothing. She went on talking about the pinks out in the yard, in her lovely low voice.

As soon as she could, old Mrs. Jennings excused herself and beckoned Ann Lizy to follow her out of the room. Then, while she was arranging a square of pound-cake and a little glass of elderberry wine on a tray, she charged Ann Lizy to say nothing about the bead bag to the parson's wife. "Mind you act as if you did n't see it," said she; "don't sit there lookin' at it that way."

"But it 's your bead bag, Grandma," said Ann Lizy in a bewildered way.

"Don't you say anything," admonished her grandmother. "Now carry this tray in, and be careful you don't spill the elderberry wine."

Poor Ann Lizy tried her best not to look at the bead bag, while the parson's wife ate pound-cake, sipped the elderberry wine, and conversed in her sweet, gracious way; but it did seem finally to her as if it were the bead bag instead of the parson's wife that was making the call. She kept wondering if the parson's wife would not say, "Mrs. Jennings, is this your bead bag?" but she did not. She made the call and took leave, and the bead bag was never mentioned. It was odd, too, that it was not; for the parson's wife, who had found the bead bag, had taken it with her on her round of calls that afternoon, partly to show it and find out, if she could, who had lost it. But here, it was driven out of her mind by the pound-cake and elderberry wine, or else she did not think it likely that an old lady like Mrs. Jennings could have

owned the bag. Younger ladies than she usually carried them. However it was, she went away with the bag.

"Why did n't she ask if it was yours?" inquired Ann Lizy, indignant in spite of her admiration for the parson's wife.

"Hush," said her grandmother. "You mind you don't say a word out about this, Ann Lizy. I ain't never carried it, and she did n't suspect."

Now, the bead bag was found after this unsatisfactory fashion; but Ann Lizy never went down the road without looking for the patchwork. She never dreamed how little Sally Putnam, the minister's wife's niece, was in the mean time sewing these four squares over and over, getting them ready to go into her quilt. It was a month later before she found it out, and it was strange that she discovered it at all.

It so happened that, one afternoon in the last of August, old Mrs. Jennings dressed herself in her best black bombazine, her best bonnet and mantilla and mitts, and also dressed Ann Lizy in her best muslin delaine, exquisitely mended, and set out to make a call on the parson's wife. When they arrived they found a chaise and white horse out in the parsonage yard, and the parson's wife's sister and family there on a visit. An old lady, Mrs. White, a friend of Mrs. Jennings's, was also making a call.

Little Ann Lizy and Sally Putnam were introduced to each other, and Ann Lizy looked admiringly at Sally's long curls and low-necked dress, which had gold catches in the sleeves. They sat and smiled shyly at each other.

"Show Ann Lizy your patchwork, Sally," the parson's wife said presently. "Sally has got almost enough patchwork for a quilt, and she has brought it over to show me," she added.

Ann Lizy colored to her little slender neck; patchwork was nowadays a sore subject with her, but she looked on as Sally, proud and smiling, displayed her patchwork.

Suddenly she gave a little cry. There was one of her squares! The calico with roses on a green ground was in Sally's patchwork.

Her grandmother shook her head energetically at her, but old Mrs. White had on her spectacles, and she, too, had spied the square.

"Why, Miss Jennings," she cried, "that 's jest like that dress you had so long ago!"

"Let me see," said Sally's mother quickly. "Why, yes; that is the very square you found, Sally. That is one; there were four of them, all cut and basted. Why, this little girl did n't lose them, did she?"

Then it all came out. The parson's wife was quick-witted, and she thought of the bead bag. Old Mrs. Jennings was polite, and said it did not matter; but when she and Ann Lizy went home, they had the bead bag, with the patchwork and the best pocket-handkerchief in it.

It had been urged that little Sally Putnam should keep the patchwork, since she had sewed it, but her mother was not willing.

"No," said she, "this poor little girl lost it, and Sally must n't keep it; it would n't be right."

Suddenly Ann Lizy straightened herself. Her cheeks were blazing red, but her black eyes were brave.

"I lost that patchwork on purpose," said she. "I did n't want to sew it. Then I lost the bag while I was lookin' for it."

There was silence for a minute.

"You are a good girl to tell of it," said Sally's mother, finally.

Ann Lizy's grandmother shook her head meaningly at Mrs. Putnam.

"I don't know about that," said she. "Own-in'-up takes away *some* of the sin, but it don't *all*.

But when she and Ann Lizy were on their homeward road, she kept glancing down at her granddaughter's small face. It struck her that it was not so plump and rosy as it had been.

"I think you 've had quite a lesson by this time about that patchwork," she remarked.

"Yes, ma'am," said Ann Lizy.

They walked a little farther. The golden-rod and the asters were in blossom now, and the road was bordered with waving fringes of blue and gold. They came in sight of Jane Baxter's house.

"You may stop in Jane Baxter's, if you want to," said old Mrs. Jennings, "and ask her mother if she can come over and spend the day with you to-morrow. And tell her I say she 'd better not bring her sewing, and she 'd better not wear her best dress, for you and she ain't goin' to sew any, and mebbe you 'll like to go berryin', and play outdoors."



THE PRINCE AND THE BREWER'S SON.*

By Elizabeth Balch.

A BEAUTIFUL old place called Hinchingbrooke, situated near the ancient town of Huntingdon, was in a flutter of excitement one bright sunny morning two hundred and eighty-six years ago, in the year 1603.

King James I. of England, with a large retinue of the nobles of his court, was to visit the more distant possessions of his kingdom; and in order to break the journey from London to the north, a very long and trying one in those days, he had announced his royal will and pleasure that a halt should be made over night at Hinchingbrooke, a favorite resting-place for the sovereigns of that time when making a "royal progress," as their journeys were generally called.

With the King was to come the little Prince Charles, a delicate boy four years old, and this fact had given old Sir Henry Cromwell, the "Golden Knight," who was the owner of Hinchingbrooke, more anxiety than anything else connected with the royal visit.

"His Majesty can ride and hunt, and amuse himself with the noble game of chess, or with the sprightly conversation of the fair dames who will be only too proud to entertain him; but how we are to amuse a baby prince, is more than I can imagine."

To every one he met the good knight would repeat this dismal exclamation; but at last a happy thought came to his mind, and summoning a lad, he hastily penned a few lines, and bade the page carry them to his son, Robert the brewer, in the town of Huntingdon.

"Be off with you," the knight cried cheerily to the page, "and let not the weeds grow between the stones of the old wall before you are back again with grandson Oliver." Oliver was a little boy not much older than the prince himself.

As the page quickly sped away upon his errand, a well-satisfied expression came over the countenance of the doughty knight, and he rubbed his hands contentedly together while he mused to himself aloud.

* The illustrations of Hinchingbrooke House, and of the old Gateway, are drawn, by permission, from photographs by A. Maddison, Esq., Huntingdon, England.

"Not so badly devised, by my troth. The lads may take kindly to one another, and if Oliver makes a friend of the little Charles—who knows?—a king's son is not half a bad friend for a young fellow to have."

Flags were flying from the towers and battlements of Hinchingbrooke, while the royal standard of England floated proudly above the gray old buildings which formerly had been a nunnery; and in the spot where holy women once had prayed, soldiers in gay uniforms now laughed and joked, while richly dressed courtiers and numberless attendants crowded the court-yards and corridors, and horses in rich trappings filled the stables. Every part of the establishment showed signs of unusual life and excitement, all being anxious that the King should be pleased, and that the pale little prince, who looked so fragile and delicate, should play happily under the grand old trees, where perhaps the warmth of the golden sunshine might bring a more generous color into the pallid face.

In striking contrast to the delicate prince was the lad Oliver. Strong and sturdy, with bright red cheeks and a round fat face healthily browned by fresh country air, he came gravely and slowly through the old arched gateway, not in the least intimidated by the glittering uniforms and gay attire of all these grand people, and quietly advanced to the spot where the King stood, holding the hand of the little Charles.

Sir Henry, the "Golden Knight," with a deep reverence to his sovereign, presented his grandson Oliver. The baby prince took off his velvet

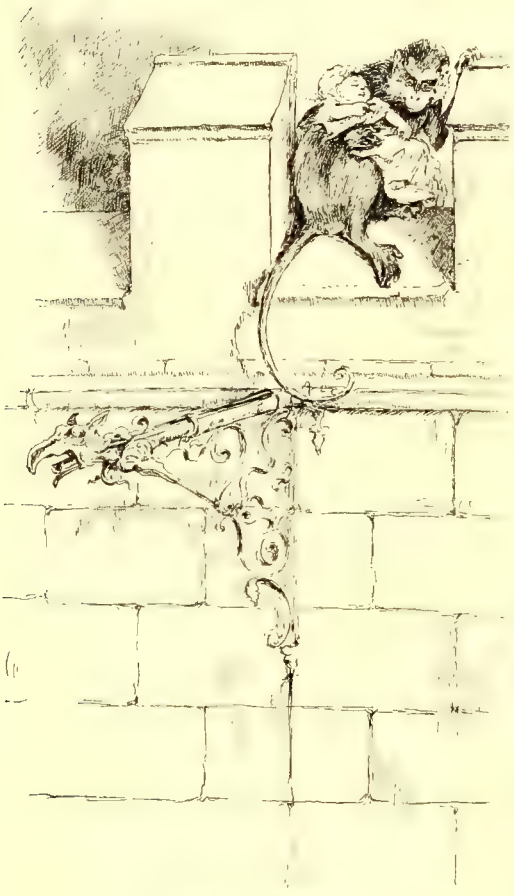


"'BE OFF WITH YOU,' THE KNIGHT CRIED CHEERILY TO THE PAGE."

hat with its long white plume, and bowed graciously to the boy who looked so strong and healthy, yet who was so curiously grave. Oliver could not bow in a courtly way as Charles

did, but only went awkwardly forward, when his grandfather, placing a hand upon his shoulder, tried to make him bend his short, fat legs before youthful royalty.

The King with one hand patted the closely



THE PET MONKEY AND THE BABY.

cropped head of the knight's grandson, while the other rested on the golden curls of the baby Charles, his heir, and with a cheery smile he bade the boys go play together, and told them to be friendly one with another.

Holding out his tiny hand to the silent, sturdy Oliver, the little prince clasped the other's strong, brown fingers in childish confidence, and the two passed out under the gray stone gateway with its carved figures of ancient Britons supporting the arch. Out they went into the lovely park beyond, where the sunshine danced merrily in and out among the branches of the trees, playing hide-and-seek with the quivering leaves, and the grass was spread out like a soft green carpet, upon which the children could play as merrily as the birds above them sang.

The attendants talked among themselves, casting glances every now and then toward the daintily clad little prince, whose curls were shining like gold in the sunshine, and whose pale cheeks flushed with pleasure as the other boy told of the rabbits which sometimes ran across the park, and promised that, if the little visitor would keep very still, some of these rabbits would surely come, and then they could jump at them, frighten them, and chase them across the grass.

Young princes are not taught to be patient, and Charles soon tired of waiting quietly for the rabbits. He proposed that Oliver should be harnessed with some fine silk reins and driven with a silver-mounted whip which was among the toys the prince's attendants had brought from London.

But Oliver was unwilling to be harnessed and flatly refused to be whipped. Unused to opposition, the prince grew petulant and, at last, in a teasing way, half struck young Oliver across the shoulders with the lash of the new whip.

Oliver's brown face grew crimson, and doubling his fist in a threatening manner, he turned upon the royal child saying angrily:

"You shall *never* drive me, nor whip me with your stupid little whip! I will not allow it!" And then, before the prince could answer, the angry boy struck him full in the face with his clenched fist. A moment later the attendants, startled by loud cries, came running up, and were horrified to see the blood streaming from the prince's nose over his pretty lace collar and velvet frock.

Oliver was sent home to Huntingdon in disgrace, and all the pleasant visions of good Sir Henry faded away, for surely now his grandson could never make a friend of Charles Stuart.

And yet, many great things had been predicted for the boy. When he was an infant asleep in his cradle, one summer day at Hinchingbrooke, a pet monkey had crept into the room, and, carefully lifting up the baby from his bed, had carried him to the roof of the house. All the household were terrified, and quickly brought beds and mattresses, that the child might

fall unharmed should the monkey drop him. The sagacious animal, however, brought the little fellow safe back again. But had he dropped the baby over the stone battlements upon the rough ground below, the fate of King Charles might have been a very different one.

The wise men of the day professed to believe that this extraordinary adventure with the monkey was a sign that the child would do great things; and when, some years later, Oliver insisted that in a dream he had seen a tall man who came to his bedside, and, opening the curtains of his bed, told him he should one day be the greatest person in the kingdom, these wise men were more than ever convinced that a great future was in store for the remarkable boy. His father told him that it was wicked, as well as foolish, to make such an assertion, for it was disloyal to the King to even hint that a greater than he could exist in the land; but Oliver still persisted in saying that the vision was true, adding that the tall figure had not said that he should be King, but only "the greatest person in the kingdom." So vexed was his father with



OLIVER AND THE PRINCE QUARREL.

him about this silly tale, that he told Dr. Beard, the Master of the free grammar-school which Oliver attended in Huntingdon, to punish him well, and see whether flogging would not drive these foolish ideas out of his head. Even after floggings, however, the boy continued at times to repeat the story to his uncle Steward, although his uncle also told him that it was little less than traitorous to relate the prophecy.

While Oliver was at this grammar-school, according to ancient custom a play was acted by the pupils. The one chosen was an old comedy called "Lingua," and no part in it would satisfy Oliver Cromwell save that of "Tactus," who had to enact a scene in which a crown and other regalia are discovered. This scene seemed peculiarly to fascinate him.

During this period, when Oliver's mind was thus dwelling upon mimic crowns, the boy whom he had once struck that hasty blow under the shady trees at Hinchingbrooke, had become heir to a real crown, by the death of his elder brother Prince Henry.

Having now grown from a sickly child to be a high-spirited, handsome youth, with his friend the Duke of Buckingham he had traveled to Spain in search of adventure, and also in order to see the young Spanish princess whom the King, his father, wished him to marry. On their way the two young men stopped in Paris. There, at a masked ball, they saw the lovely Henrietta Maria, sister of the French king; and after this there was no possibility that the Spanish Infanta should become Queen of England, for Prince Charles could not forget the fair face of the French beauty; and in course of time Henrietta Maria became his wife.

All this time the boy Oliver, also grown to man's estate, lived on in the quiet town of Huntingdon, near the beautiful park where he had played with the baby prince, and where he had refused so stoutly to be the child's horse, and to be driven with the silken reins and the whip with the silver bells.

The good old grandfather, the "Golden Knight" Sir Henry Cromwell, was dead and buried, long since, and could no more rebuke his grandson for his hasty, unyielding temper. There had been another royal visit to Hinchingbrooke, with great feastings and ceremonials; but it was Oliver Cromwell (not the boy Oliver, but a son of the doughty knight, Sir Henry) who now reigned over the lordly house and lands, and this time the King had come without the prince, and the two boys who once fought under the shade of the branching oaks were pursuing each his own life, little dreaming how those lives should influence one another.

It was while the King was at Hinchingbrooke, upon his second visit, that Oliver Cromwell's father, the brewer Robert, lay grievously sick, "somewhat indifferent to royal progresses," and in 1617 he died, leaving his son — then about eighteen — as head of the little household at Huntingdon. Not long after, Oliver also, as well as Prince Charles, brought home a smiling young wife, and as the years passed on baby children played under the trees where he and the little prince had played — but let us hope there were neither doubled fists nor bleeding noses.

While Charles's life was a gay and stirring one, Oliver's was grave and quiet, and Oliver himself grew more and more solemn and silent, and finally he and other serious-thinking men decided that the King was a tyrant; the country, he thought, would be better without him, and he joined these other discontented ones who thought the same, and who determined to make war against Charles, and the too merry, careless life which they thought he was leading.

Sometime before, while yet a boy, Oliver had fallen into the river Ouse, which runs sleepily by the old town of Huntingdon; and the curate of a church near by, in the village of Connington, who was walking on the river-bank at the time, pulled him out of the water, and saved his life. Afterward, when Cromwell marched through this town at the head of his troops, going to fight Charles Stuart, he saw and recognized the curate who had been his rescuer, and asked, smilingly:

"Do you not remember me?"

"Yes," answered the loyal curate; "but I wish I had put you in the river rather than have seen you in arms against the King!"

Cromwell thought it right to overturn the throne, and he did so. Whether his acts were all inspired by a desire to carry out the will of a Supreme Being, as he asserted them to be, is to

this day a disputed point of history and will probably remain so until the end of time.

In 1627, beautiful Hinchingbrooke passed out of the hands of the Cromwells, and became the home of the noble family of Montague; and, some four years later, Oliver Cromwell left Huntingdon and went to live at St. Ives, where



CROMWELL AND THE CURATE.

can still be seen the bridge across the Ouse about which was written the quaint old puzzle:

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks;
Every sack had seven cats;
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?"

During many weary years the struggle went on between King Charles and his Parliament—Oliver Cromwell joining with the latter, and becoming one of the principal opponents of his sovereign. Perhaps he thought of his boyhood's dream, and the vision of the tall man beside his bed who promised that he should become the "greatest man in the kingdom"; and ambition may have tempted him along the bold path he had chosen. Perhaps he thought that he was really doing right in thus trying to make away with the authority of the King — who can tell? It is always difficult to understand men's motives. Certain it is that the royal cause went from bad to worse; the army of Charles was defeated and repulsed on every side, and the army of the Parliament, to which Cromwell belonged, was triumphant everywhere.

Poor King Charles! He was no longer gay and happy, but sad and very miserable. His Queen secretly left England, and in a foreign country sold the beautiful crown-jewels which had been worn at so many splendid fêtes and entertainments, in order to obtain money for her husband's soldiers. But it was all of no use; the Parliament, with Oliver Cromwell at the head

of its armies, finally conquered, and at last the King himself fell into the hands of his enemies and was held a prisoner. And now Cromwell determined that Charles Stuart, with whom he had once played as a little boy, should die.

Before his death Charles was allowed to see his children,— the two at least who were in England at the time,— the Princess Elizabeth and the little Duke of Gloucester. After sending a message by his daughter to his wife, Henrietta Maria, whom he could never see again, the King took his little son upon his knee and said gravely to him: "My dear heart, they will soon cut off thy father's head. Mark it, my child, they will cut off thy father's head, and perhaps make thee a king. But, mark what I say, thou must not be a king so long as thy brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." The brave child replied, "I will be torn in pieces first!" Then the unhappy father gave the two his blessing and said good-bye. Even the stern soldier Oliver was touched by the grief of the wretched King and of the poor little prince and princess, who knew that they should never again sit upon their father's knee, or hear his voice, or see his face. After this came a dark and dreadful day when the King was led out from the palace of Whitehall to die upon a scaffold.

History has made the rest of the story familiar; and very likely many of you have read the warrant ordering the execution of the King, and have seen among the first of the signatures to it, the name of the King's former playmate, the son of the brewer of Huntingdon.

As Oliver Cromwell signed his name in firm, clear characters to that cruel document, did he recall the sunshiny day at lovely Hinchingbrooke, and the pale little prince who had held out his baby hand in such friendly fashion, and laughed so gleefully when the sturdy, brown-faced boy, with whom his father had bid him "be friends," told of the rabbits that sometimes scampered over the grass under the spreading trees? Or did he remember the angry words he had spoken when the little child in turn had told of his silken reins, and his whip with silver bells? And the blow he had dealt which made the blood flow and drew forth a cry of pain? Then the cry had been soon hushed, but on that gloomy January day, in 1648, the King's head lay severed from his body, and Charles Stuart was silent for ever.

The brewer's son continued his career until his dream came true; for the day came when he could write his name as "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland."

He was the "greatest person in the kingdom."



THE CRICKET.

By Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

Dainty Allis, here 's a cricket,
  Trim and nimble, brave and bold,
Caught a-chirping in a thicket,
  When the year was growing old.

He 's a patient little hummer,
  Though he only knows one song;
He 's been practicing all summer,
  And he never sings it wrong.

He was piping under hedges
  After all the birds had flown,
Trilling loud from stony ledges,
  Making merry, all alone.

If the bearded grasses wavered
  Underneath the lightest foot,
His sharp murmur sudden quavered
  Into silence at the root.

Now the cricket comes to bring you
  Cheery thoughts in time of frost;
And a summer song he 'll sing you
  When the summer sunshine 's lost.

You 'll be listening till you 're guessing
  Pleasant meanings in the sound,
May the cricket's good-night blessing
  Bring the happy dreams around!

Many and many a year hereafter
  You will hear the same blithe tune,
For though you should outlive laughter,
  Crickets still will chirp in June.

If some future summer passes
  Homesick, in a foreign land,
There 'll be speech among the grasses,
  That your heart will understand.

As you listen in the wild-wood
  To that merry monotone,
It will bring you back your childhood
  When you are a woman grown.

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.

By Sophie Swett.



HILE the other boys in Bloomboro' were saving up their pennies to buy whistles and pop-guns and caramels, or base-ball bats and bicycles, according to their various ages and tastes or to the seasons, Tom Pickernell was always saving up to buy tools. Sometimes they were of one kind, sometimes of another. He had bought even farming tools, although he had the lowest possible opinion of farming. His grandfather seemed to think that farming was the chief end of man; he was determined that Tom should be a farmer whether he liked or not; but he believed in good old-fashioned ways, and refused to buy any "new-fangled" machinery. Tom argued and argued, but his grandfather would not listen. He was scornful of all Tom's great undertakings in the mechanical line, and even Grandma, who usually had some sympathy with a boy, laughed until she cried at his idea of inventing a machine which should "instantly separate milk into its component parts." No tedious waiting for cream to rise, no slow and back-aching churning process. (Tom had reason to feel deeply on this point.) Almost in the twinkling of an eye the milk, as it came from the cow, was to be changed into butter and buttermilk. Cynthy, the hired girl, said it was "flyin' in the face of Proverdunce to talk like that," and was sure that a boy who did n't believe in churnin' would "surely turn out an infiddle."

Tom knew that the great creameries had improved upon the old-fashioned churns, but their improvements were only child's play compared to what he meant to do. He kept on thinking over his plans, and experimenting as far as he could, in spite of every one's jeers, although he became so exasperated sometimes, when people *would n't* understand him, that he would lie down on his face in the pine grove, and dig his fingers into the soil, and kick. But that was when he was younger. He was fourteen now, and had discovered that it was better to fight manfully against obstacles than to kick the empty air. He had also begun to learn that he did n't know so much as he thought he did; and this was a very hopeful sign for Tom, for it is n't taught in the grammar-school books, and seems to be a neglected branch even at the universities.

He had begun to understand, also, why he was "a trial," as Grandma and Cynthy said. He could n't see but that a boy had a right to take things to pieces, if he put them together again; but sometimes, quite unexpectedly, they failed to go together as they were before. This (as in the case of the alarm-clock, and Grandma's long-cherished music-box) was annoying, Tom candidly acknowledged. He felt so unhappy about those failures, that he forbore to remind them, when they scolded him, that he had made Grandma's worn-out egg-beater better than when it was new, and repaired Cynthy's long-broken accordion, so that now she could enjoy herself, playing and singing "Hark, from the Tombs," on rainy Sunday evenings.

It was a discouraging world, in Tom's opinion, but he was, nevertheless, still determined to invent, some day, The Instantaneous Butter-maker. Many, many times, in imagination, he had gone over all the details of a wonderful success with that invention, even to Grandpa's noble and candid confession (generally accompanied by tears) that he had misunderstood and wronged Tom; but the details were becoming modified as he grew older; he had begun to strongly doubt whether any such thing could ever be expected of Grandpa. There had been a schoolmaster at

Bloomboro' for one winter, who held the consoling belief that a boy might not be altogether a dunce although he was so "mixed up" in geography as to declare that Constantinople was the capital of Indiana, and was unable to regard English grammar as anything but a hopeless conundrum. Out of school he taught Tom geometry, and was astonished at his quickness. He even confided to Grandpa that he should not be surprised if Tom turned out a genius.

But this had anything but the desired effect upon Grandpa; for to his mind a genius was an out-at-elbows fellow who played on the fiddle, and eventually came to the poor-house. Grandma's idea was even worse: she said that if Tom's father had lived he would know how to bring Tom up so that he would n't turn out a genius, but she was afraid they should n't;—she thought it all came of his mother being a Brown.

But Grandma was too kind and sympathetic to be hard upon a boy, as Grandpa was. She laughed at him, and sometimes sighed dreadfully,—that was almost the hardest thing for Tom to bear,—and occasionally confided privately to Grandpa that she "was n't going to believe but that Tom would turn out as well as any boy, he was so kind-hearted and affectionate; and as for smartness, what other boy could make a fox-trap out of his own head?" Sly Grandma knew that Grandpa valued that fox-trap because it was useful on the farm, and so she kept it in remembrance. Tom had no sympathizers among the boys. He liked Jo Whipple best of any, but Jo was a famous scholar; he could recite whole pages of history without missing a word; in dates you could seldom catch him tripping; he could see sense in grammar, and he was going to study Greek with the minister. And Tom shrewdly suspected that Jo secretly thought him a fool. Jed Appleby was the only boy in Bloomboro' who had any interest in Tom's favorite pursuits, and Tom had painful doubts of his honesty and thought Jed meant to steal his inventions. So it happened that when Tom wished for that sympathy which is a necessity to most of us he was forced to seek it from Caddy Jane.

Caddy Jane was his cousin, and she was an orphan, too, and was being brought up by Grandpa and Grandma. It was Tom's opinion that that process was less hard upon a girl than upon a boy—and perhaps he was right; nevertheless, Caddy Jane had her private griefs. Grandma dressed her as little girls were dressed when she was young, and the other girls jeered at her pantalettes. Then, too, Grandma did n't approve of banged hair; she said Nature had given Caddy Jane "a beautiful high forehead," and she was n't going to have it spoiled; so she parted Caddy's hair in the middle and strained it back as tightly as possible into the tightest of little braids at the back. Tom wondered, sometimes, with a sense of the hollowness of life, if it were not that straining back of her hair which gave Caddy Jane's eyes the round, wide-open look which he took for wonder and admiration, when he showed her his machinery or told her his plans. It was certainly quite doubtful whether Caddy Jane understood, at all. Tom, in his heart, suspected her of being a very stupid little thing, but she had this agreeable way of looking with round-eyed, open-mouthed wonder at one's productions, and would listen silently and with apparent interest to the longest outpouring of one's interests and plans; and if this is not sympathy it is certainly not a bad substitute for it. And if Caddy Jane *was* a little stupid, well,—it would be uncomfortable not to be able to feel superior to a girl, Tom thought; and if she had been quick at her lessons he knew he should not have liked her half so much. Caddy Jane not only found geography hard, but she was struggling with skepticisms as well. She did not believe that the earth was round, because, if it were, why did not the Chinamen fall off? Once when Grandpa had taken her with him to market, at Newtown, she had slipped, all by herself, into a Chinaman's laundry and asked him if he could walk head downward, like a fly, and the Chinaman had positively disclaimed any such ability. This (to Caddy Jane's mind the only possible solution of the mystery) having failed, she felt that there was nothing for a rational mind to do but to resign itself to a bold and dreadful doubt of the Geography. This seemed so reckless, and her trouble was so great, that she confided in Tom; although she was, as her grandmother said, "a dreadful close-mouthed little thing." The doubt grew still more painful when she discovered, through

Tom's jests and evasions, that he knew no more about it than she. He said he could n't stop to explain it, and a girl need n't bother herself about such things, but she might ask Jo Whipple. Jo Whipple!—who made most unpleasant faces at her through a hole in the fence, and whooped dismally in the dusk while she ran across the field to carry the Scammons' milk! Caddy Jane felt that it would be quite impossible to ask him, and, moreover, she did n't believe that he knew any more than Tom, and said so, which was very gratifying to Tom. When one is conscious of being generally regarded as a dunce, it is agreeable to have even a silly little thing like Caddy Jane believe in one. So Caddy Jane was a real consolation to Tom, and there was no drawback to the pleasure of their meetings, except the fact that Caddy Jane's boots were almost always squeaky (Grandma believed in good, stout, economical ones), and Tom's enterprises were so strongly disapproved of that he was obliged to carry them on in the privacy of the old granary, which had been abandoned to rats and mice and weather.

It made a great stir at the farm when, one day, a letter came from Cousin David Creighton, asking if his wife and daughter might spend the summer there. He was going to Europe, and his wife wanted to be where she could have perfect rest from excitement and gayety, and he wanted Dulcie ("that is the little girl, I suppose," Grandma said, adjusting her glasses for the twentieth time in her excitement as she read the letter, "though of *all* the names I ever heard of—!") he wanted Dulcie to have cows' milk and country fare generally, and to get acquainted with Bloomboro', where he had been a boy.

Cousin David Creighton had been a very poor boy in Bloomboro'. He had been fatherless and motherless and homeless, sheltered here and there, where any one would have him, and "bound out" to the miller; he had picked berries to pay for his winter shoes, and known the physical and mental trials of outgrown jackets and trousers. And then, suddenly, he had taken his fortunes into his own hands, and slipped away from Bloomboro'; and scarcely any one cared to inquire where he had gone, and for years no one knew. The miller's wife had a theory that he had died of overeating, for she never knew a boy to have such an appetite. When his name began to appear often in the New York papers that found their way to Bloomboro', the old men would look at one another and wonder if it could be the one. The doubt was ended when a commercial traveler, who knew all about David Creighton, appeared at the Bloomboro' hotel. It *was* their David, and, according to the commercial traveler, he could buy a gold mine every morning before breakfast, if he cared to, and carried two or three of the great railroads in his pocket. Grandpa said he 'most wished he had given David a dollar when he went away. He had thought of it, when he saw him tying up his bundle, but he was only a kind of second cousin, and he had been afraid, too, that he would n't make a good use of it. And Grandma said David's story was "like a made-up one in a picture-paper, and it seemed kind o' light-minded to listen to it." But the Bloomboro' boys listened, and the heart of many a one burned within him.

David's wife was a fine city lady; the commercial traveler had heard wonderful reports of her diamonds and her turnouts. Grandma was afraid she would put on airs, and not be satisfied with anything; but Grandpa said he did n't "see how they could refuse, bein' 't was relations"—besides, crops had been poor for two years and the bank-account was running low. Grandpa thought much about that.

So the letter was sent, saying that David's wife and daughter might come; and Caddy Jane scarcely slept a wink three nights, for thinking and wondering about Dulcie, who was just nine, as she was; but Tom did n't trouble himself in the least about the expected guests, having weightier matters on his mind.

He had been at work for months, in his spare time, on a miniature threshing-machine of his own invention. Grandpa was so discouragingly old-fashioned as to believe in a boy and a flail as a threshing-machine. In Tom's opinion the horse-power threshing-machines, which some of the Bloomboro' farmers boasted, were not much better. His machinery was somewhat complicated, and he had not yet quite decided whether the motive power should be steam or electricity, though he had leanings toward the latter. He had kept many midnight vigils in the old gran-

ary, with no company except now and then a bright-eyed, inquisitive mouse, and he thought in about a week or two he should finish the machine to his satisfaction. It was disheartening to find that Caddy Jane had transferred her interest almost entirely to the expected guests. And Jo Whipple was continually urging him to go fishing. A boy who thought great thoughts must think them alone, Tom reflected, bitterly.

Cousin David Creighton came to Bloomboro' with his wife and daughter. They brought a French maid, their pug-dog, and a great amount of luggage; but, nevertheless, Caddy Jane and even Grandma herself were somewhat disappointed at the appearance of the party, for they did n't look in the least as if they came out of a fairy-book, as Caddy Jane expected, or even a picture-paper, they were so plainly dressed; and Grandma felt sure they had on their best clothes, because no one in Bloomboro' would think of wearing anything else on a journey. And Grandma thought Dulcie such a queer, "outlandish-looking" little girl, with her hair down to her eyes, and her dresses down to her shoes and far too short-waisted. Grandma hoped she could have the Bloomboro' dressmaker "fix her up a little" before the minister's wife called.

Although they were both nine, Dulcie and Caddy Jane looked askance at each other. It was only when, the day after the arrival, Dulcie needed sympathy in a great trouble that the ice was broken between them, and they immediately became great friends. Dulcie's dearest doll, Jacquetta, had been carelessly packed, and a heavy box pressing upon her had maimed and disfigured her for life.

Caddy Jane went flying through the woodshed that afternoon, with Jacquetta under her arm, to meet Tom. "O Tom, you *never* saw anything like her! Such a beauty! and she feels orfley! She cried and cried, and — you don't think you could mend her, do you, Tom? And anyway I want you to hear her talk; *that* was n't broken, and it 's almost enough to frighten you, and oh! Tom, what is the matter?"

Caddy Jane's tone suddenly changed, for she discovered, as Tom came nearer, that his face was pale and his eyes so dark that they looked unlike Tom's soft, blue ones, and his teeth were set tightly together; altogether he looked almost as if he were not Tom at all, as Caddy Jane said to herself. She had never seen him look so but once before, and that was when Samp' Peters set his fierce dog upon Tom's white kitten, and the kitten's back was broken.

"Do tell me what it is, Tom?" said Caddy Jane.

Tom set his teeth more tightly together, and then, suddenly, it came over him that it would be a relief to tell Caddy Jane. It always was,— perhaps because she was such a foolish little thing; she never gave any advice. Tom did n't like advice when he felt miserable.

"They were going over the farm, Grandpa and Cousin David Creighton," began Tom, in a strained, high-keyed voice, which he tried very hard to keep calm and steady. "Cousin David wanted to see the places that he remembered. I did n't think they would go into the old granary, it 's such a tumble-down old place, but they did, and Grandpa rummaged around. He saw some of my tools — I 've got careless since nobody ever goes there — and that made him suspect. I was away down on the edge of the swamp when I saw them in there; you 'd better believe I ran! When I got to the door Grandpa had my model in his hand. I screamed out. I don't know what I said, but I tried to tell him what it was. I thought if I could make him understand that it would do more in five minutes than two men in a week! — but it was of no use; he had that smile on his face that just maddens a fellow. He threw my model down on the floor and set his foot on it."

"Oh, Tom!" Caddy Jane stepped upon some wood to make her tall enough, and put her arm around Tom's neck. Tom shook her off, after a moment; he thought the fellows would call him "a softy" if they should see her. But Caddy Jane knew that he was not displeased, for he went on to say, not without a little choking in his throat:

"And that is n't the worst, Caddy Jane."

"O Tom, what *could* be worse?" cried Caddy Jane.

"That man — Cousin David Creighton — acted as if he meant to be kind; he picked up the pieces and looked them over; he stayed after Grandpa had gone out; and he asked me about the machine. And he said I had made a mis-

take. I did n't believe him at first, but he showed it to me. Caddy, it would n't have gone, anyway!"

"But you could have made it right, Tom! You can make it over and make it go!" cried Caddy Jane, with intense conviction.

"He said I did n't know enough: that I was too ambitious; that I must learn things first. And it 's true! That 's the very worst of it! I don't believe I shall ever make anything that will go. I may as well dig potatoes all my life, as Grandpa wishes me to."

"Oh, Tom, you will make things that will go! I *know* you will," cried Caddy Jane. "You would n't think such wonderful things unless you could do them. Things will go wrong just at first. I thought I should never learn to heel and toe off, and now you can't tell my stockings from Grandma's. And you are so smart," she added quickly, feeling it presumptuous to compare herself, in any way, to Tom. "And oh, Tom, there are so many troubles! Dulcie has cried and cried. Just look here! Her beautiful nose all flattened, her eye dropped out, her cheek crushed in, and her dear arm broken off!"

Caddy Jane held up the melancholy wreck of a golden-haired wax doll.

"Pooh! girls' rubbish," growled Tom, thinking that Caddy Jane was going to be much less satisfactory, now that this new girl had come.

"But listen, Tom!"

"Pa-pa!" "Mam-ma!" said the golden-haired doll, not in a faint voice, as one might expect from her condition, but quite distinctly.

Tom fairly jumped; talking dolls were quite unknown to Bloomboro'. Then he seized the doll eagerly from Caddy Jane's hands, and squeezed it again and again.

"I wonder how they do it! I wonder what the machinery is like!" he exclaimed. "She 's all smashed up, anyway. That girl would n't mind if I should take her to pieces, would she?"

Tom had quite forgotten his troubles for the moment; his face was all aglow.

"*Oh, Tom!*" Caddy Jane's accent was full of horror. "I don't know what she *would* say. She says she thinks just as much as ever of her. And she feels orfley because, she says, she has neglected her lately for a colored doll that was given her in Boston. She 's only made of kid, and she 's got raveled yarn for wool, and bead eyes, and she 's not so *very* much better-looking than my old Dinah; but she never saw a colored doll before, and she thinks she is perfectly fascinating; that 's what she says, 'perfectly fascinating'; and her name is Nancy Ray, and she says if she could only talk, like Jacquetta—"

Tom was gazing at Jacquetta with speculative and longing eyes.

"You might leave her here. I will mend her arm some time," he said, with an assumption of indifference.

"Oh, I could n't do that. You might take her to pieces — of course you would n't mean to, but you might without thinking — and perhaps she would n't go together again!" said Caddy Jane, with a vivid recollection of some of Tom's enterprises.

"You 'd better take her away just as quick as you can. She might get a scratch—such a handsome new doll!" sneered Tom.

Caddy hesitated. She could never bear to have Tom cross, and he was looking dejected again.

"I might ask Dulcie if she would like to have you mend her arm," she said.

"Well, go along, and don't keep talking about it. It is n't worth while," said Tom, crossly.

Caddy Jane was back in a minute.

"She says she does n't care. They 're making a new red dress for Nancy Ray, Dulcie and the French woman are, and I think Dulcie is almost forgetting about Jacquetta."

"Leave old Jacket here, then," said Tom, quite restored to good-nature. "And, I say, Caddy Jane, you might get up a little picnic for that girl. It would be nice to go down to Plunkett's pond and stay all day."

Caddy Jane caught readily at the idea. She said she would go, this very minute, and see what Grandma thought about it. She looked back wistfully at Jacquetta. Although she was nine, Caddy Jane still had the feelings of a mother toward dolls, and she strongly suspected that Jacquetta was about to be sacrificed to Tom's spirit of investigation. And there was the dreadful doubt whether she would go together again! But Caddy Jane struggled against her feelings, for Tom's sake—poor Tom, whose

precious model had been crushed under Grandpa's heel!

Tom, the moment he was alone, thrust Jacquetta under his jacket, as far as she would go, and set out for the old granary. A half-hour before, he had said to himself that he could never bear to enter that place again; but now he pushed aside the ruins of his model with only a dull pang of remembrance, so absorbing was his curiosity about this wonderful new machinery.

He mended the arm first. It seemed a great waste of time; but that girl might take it into her head to want the doll suddenly, and she might make a fuss and cry. She was evidently not a girl like Caddy Jane, whom a fellow could put in her proper place. It is to be feared that the mending of that arm did small credit to Tom's mechanical skill; it certainly was a very hurried performance. And when it was done he carefully locked the granary door, and proceeded to discover what made Jacquetta say "Papa" and "Mamma."

He worked for a long time, and sometimes his forehead was puckered up into a very hard frown, and several times he uttered a little exclamation of satisfaction. Once he longed so much for Caddy Jane that he was tempted to go in search of her. He had made a discovery which he wished so much to tell to some one.

He had taken the machinery all apart, and he could put it together again; he would have liked to have Grandma and every one know that; but it did seem a great pity to fasten it up again in that old ruin of a doll.

Suddenly so bright an idea struck Tom that he threw his cap up among the cobwebby beams of the granary. "I 'll go and stir Caddy Jane up about that picnic. I 'll make her have it to-morrow. I can't wait," he said to himself. "Nobody could blame a fellow for trying such a scientific experiment as that." He quite surprised Grandma by his zeal in making preparations for the picnic, as he was not at all in the habit of being attentive to guests, and had shown a strong inclination to run away from "that girl." When the morning of the picnic came, Grandma thought he seemed more like himself, for he steadfastly refused to go.

"That boy is up to something; 't is n't any use to tell me!" Cynthy sagely remarked, as Tom prowled restlessly about the house, evidently in search of something.

At length, in a secluded corner of the piazza, he seemed to find what he sought and ran off with it to the old granary; and nothing more was seen of him for that day.

The picnic party returned late, and although it was plain to Caddy Jane's experienced eye that Tom had something on his mind, he did not confide in her. She observed that he continually cast anxious glances at a certain corner of the piazza; and when Grandma had sent him out to find a stray chicken which was peeping disconsolately in the tall grass, she went to see what there could be in that corner. But she found nothing except Nancy Ray, sitting in the carriage which had been poor Jacquetta's, just as her mistress had left her. She did not think it possible that Tom could have any interest in Nancy Ray; it was not long ago that he had terribly wounded her feelings by letting all the sawdust run out of her first doll, in an investigating spirit, and since then he had shown only scorn of dolls. She would have liked to ask him about Jacquetta, but he gave her no opportunity.

Early the next morning Dulcie went across the field with Caddy Jane, on an errand to Mrs. Scammon. As they passed the old granary, Dulcie caught sight of a bit of striped ribbon fluttering from the top of a tall thistle near the door. "It is Jacquetta's belt!" she exclaimed. "I should know it anywhere. Oh, my poor, dear Jacquetta! I wonder if he has mended her arm. This is the little house where you said he works, is n't it? Let us go in and see if we can find her."

Caddy Jane objected, but Dulcie had already pushed open the door. And it was quite useless, as Caddy Jane had found already, to object to anything that Dulcie wished to do. She opened drawers and peered into boxes and barrels, while Caddy Jane, filled with anxious forebodings, begged her to come away; and at last, at the same time, they both caught sight of some golden locks, a waxen cheek, a collapsed, dismembered body! These fragments lay on a table, in a heap of rubbish partially covered with shavings.

"Oh, oh, that cruel, wicked boy! he has broken her all to pieces! And she was the very dearest

doll I ever had! And you said he would mend her! Oh, how could I trust you! Oh, my poor, dear Jacquetta!"

Dulcie's grief waxed louder upon reflection. She heaped reproaches upon Caddy Jane. She ran toward the house, in spite of all Caddy's entreaties, crying with grief and rage. Caddy saw, with a sinking heart, that Grandpa and Dulcie's father were standing together upon the piazza. Grandpa would be very angry. Tom's passion for taking things to pieces was the one thing with which he had no patience. And he had especially enjoined upon both Tom and Caddy to be very polite and attentive to the guests. Oh, what *would* happen to Tom?

There he was now, coming around the corner of the house, just in time to see the doll's mangled remains in Dulcie's hands, and to hear her woful complaint, poured out with tears and sobs. Grandpa's face was like a thunder-cloud, and when he asked Tom, in a dreadful voice, what he had to say for himself, Tom would not answer a word. He was in one of his sullen moods, and, indeed, it was not of much use to try to answer Grandpa when he was in that state of mind. And Dulcie's father looked as if he were very sorry — for his little girl, of course, Caddy Jane thought.

"And I never knew a doll that could talk before, and he 's broken it right out of her!" sobbed Dulcie.

And then a sudden inspiration seized Caddy Jane; she had them sometimes, though she was such a foolish little thing.

She flew along the piazza and seized Nancy Ray out of the carriage, pressed her to her bosom, and uttered a cry of joy. She thrust her into Dulcie's arms, while Dulcie ceased her sobs in astonishment.

"Papa!" "Mamma!" said Nancy Ray.

"Oh, oh, she can talk!" cried Dulcie, becoming a rainbow. "What does it mean? She was the nicest doll I ever had, before,"—(Oh, false and fickle Dulcie!) "and now she 's perfect! Oh, did *you* do it?" (to Tom, who tried to look indifferent.) "It 's too bad that I called you an orfle boy when you are such a nice one, and can do such *wonderful* things. And Jacquetta was only a broken old thing."

Tom was beginning to talk to Dulcie's father; Grandpa had walked away, with something like an amused look upon his face. Tom was excited and talked eagerly. It was a comfort to explain that machinery to some one who seemed to understand and be interested. And there was one little point where he thought an improvement might be made — it might be less complicated. He hesitated before saying this, because he thought Cousin David might find some mistake again, or perhaps laugh at him. But he did n't; he seemed to consider the matter seriously, and asked a great many questions, and at last said that he should n't wonder if Tom were right, and if Tom would work up his idea so that it could be seen he might possibly secure a patent for it! He thought those talking dolls were not made in this country, but he would see what could be done with it abroad; sometimes a little thing like that amounted to a great deal. And, anyway, he had become so convinced of Tom's mechanical ability, that he was going to ask Grandpa's consent to Tom's going to New York in the fall, where he would give the boy a technical education.

Tom was so overcome that he only colored, and gasped, and looked at Caddy Jane. And Caddy Jane, being only a foolish little girl, cried. But I think Cousin David felt that he was receiving gratitude enough.

"I never expected anybody would believe in me till I 'd made an Instantaneous Buttermaker or an improved phonograph, or something great," said Tom; "and to think it 's come about through a silly old doll!"

Sir Rat.

A Comedy.

By Oliver Herford.

Persons of the Drama.

Mr. Thomas Cat. Master Tommy Cat.
Mrs. Thomas Cat. Miss Fluffy Cat.
Sir Rat.

Scene: *The barn. A basket in one corner.*

Master Tommy *(looking out of the basket).*

How very big the world is, after all!
Compared to it our basket seems quite small.
We never dreamed, dear Fluffy, till our eyes
Were opened, that the world was such a size.
I 'd like at once to see it all. Let 's go
And take a stroll around it.

Fluffy. No! No! No!
Mamma expressly told us not to stray
Outside the basket while she was away.
Something might happen if we disobeyed.

Tommy.

Oh, you don't dare, of course,—you are afraid!



Fluffy.

Suppose — oh, dear! — suppose we meet a Rat!

Tommy.

Suppose we do, dear Fluffy, what of that?
I will protect you with my strong right paw.
The sight of me would fill a Rat with awe.

Fluffy. Would it?

Tommy. Of course it would. I 'd rather like to see
The Rat who 'd dare to trifle once with me.
I do not think he 'd live to try it twice!

Fluffy.

You are so brave! It really would be nice
To see the world ——

Tommy. It will be grand. Here goes!
There, take my paw, and jump. So, mind your toes!
(Fluffy jumps.)
Now we are off. Tread softly, Sister dear,
If we 're not careful all the world may hear.



Fluffy *(starting).*

Oh, dear, what was that noise? I wish we 'd stayed —

Tommy *(trembling).*

Be brave, dear Sister,—see, *I 'm* n'-n'-not a'-afraid.
Whatever happens, do not make a row!



(Enter SIR RAT.)

SIR RAT. Aha! what 's this?

TOMMY. Help! Murder! Mi-ow-*ow*!

FLUFFY.

Tommy, be calm! *Dear* Mr. Rat, good-day.

SIR RAT *(jumping up and down).*

Enough! enough! I did not come to play!

FLUFFY.

Dear Mr. Rat, how beautifully you dance.

SIR RAT. You flatter me.

FLUFFY *(aside).* It is my only chance.

(To TOMMY.)

Run, Tommy! run! and bring dear Father-cat,
While I remain and flatter Mr. Rat.

(Exit TOMMY *in haste.)*

(To SIR RAT.)

It 's very plain you learned that step in France.
I wish, dear Rat, you 'd teach *me* how to dance.

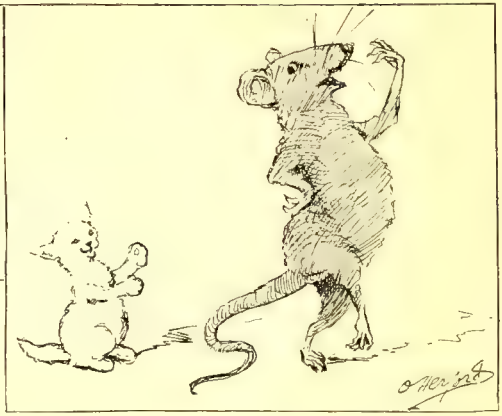
SIR RAT.

I do not often dancing lessons give;
But since you have n't very long to live,
And you are *so* polite, this once I 'll try.

FLUFFY. Thanks! thanks, dear Rat,—one dance before I die.

(Polka Music. Sir Rat dances and Fluffy applauds.)

FLUFFY. Bravo! Sir Rat, I never saw before
Such perfect dancing! Won't you dance once more?



SIR RAT. Be done with folly, Kitten! Now at last
Your time has come. Reflect upon your past!

FLUFFY.

It won't take long my past life to unfold!
In sooth, Sir Rat, I 'm only nine days old.



SIR RAT. Peace, Kitten! Hold thy peace!—thy time is past. *(Springs upon her.)*

FLUFFY. Miow! Miow!

(Enter MR. *and* MRS. CAT *and* TOMMY.)





MR. CAT. Aha! Sir Rat, at last
I have thee; and this barn will soon, I trow,
Be rid of such a Ruffian Rat as thou!

(They fight. Sir Rat falls.)

MR. CAT *(sheathing his claws)*.
'T is well I hastened; had I not, I fear
We soon had seen the last of Fluffy dear!

TOMMY.
Oh, dear, to think what might have been her fate!

FLUFFY *(aside)*.
I learned that polka step, at any rate.

MRS. CAT.
But luncheon 's waiting. Come into the house.
Your father caught to-day a fine spring mouse.
And, children, when I tell you not to stray
From home, in future do not disobey!



CURTAIN.



THE END OF SIR RAT

A RACE FOR LIFE.

By Emma W. Demeritt.

"SOMETHING must have happened. Father ought to have reached home two hours ago."

Tom Ely's face wore a troubled look as he glanced uneasily toward the door. He was sitting by a blazing fire in the rough room of a lumberman's log shanty upon the shore of one of the large Adirondack lakes. Beside the rough fireplace, at the head of a pile of skins and coarse, woolen blankets, stood Tom's gun, his Christmas present from his father. On the other side, with the polished steels glistening in the firelight, hung his skates, for this active lad of fifteen was the champion skater of the Saranac region. There was hardly anything which Tom could not do on ice. He could go forward or backward, wheeling and circling with all the ease of a swallow in mid-air. So swiftly could he skim along the ice that his father used laughingly to boast that—"while any other skater was going one rod, Tom could easily skate around him twice."

The lumbering-camp had broken up that very day. After weeks of hard work, the great trees had been cut down and the logs dragged to the water's edge, waiting for the yearly spring rise in the rivers to float them to the mills. There was nothing more to be done until the breaking up of the ice. Most of the men had gone directly to their homes in the settlements. Ten or twelve of them, however, had spoken of staying for a day or two at a shanty on the second lake below, with the hope of securing some deer, and Tom's father concluded to stay behind at the main camp for a few days, thinking that if he should set his traps he might succeed in getting a few skins to make warm tippets and muffs for Tom's mother and little sister.

Soon after dinner, leaving Tom to cook the supper and gather some firewood, the father shouldered his rifle and started out for a tramp. By sunset, Tom had piled up the wood in one corner of the cabin, and then he set to work to prepare supper. He placed the big tin plates and cups on the rough, pine table, and, taking down a ham which was hanging from the ceiling, cut off a few slices and put them in the frying-pan, and very soon an appetizing hot meal was smoking on the hearth; but still his father did not come.

Tom was a little homesick, sitting there all alone. He thought of his snug home in the settlement, and fancied just how his mother and little sister looked as they stood in the doorway watching him and his father setting out for the lumbering-camp. Even now, his mother's parting words rang in his ears—"Tom, my boy, take good care of your Father." What if anything had happened to his father!

Tom started to his feet and, running to the door, opened it and stepped out in the bright moonlight. It was a clear, cold night, and the full moon was just rising above the dark line of forest. He stood listening for a moment, and was turning to enter the cabin, when he heard a footstep. He raised a whistle to his lips and sounded a shrill, piercing note. It was the camp signal, and after a brief pause came the answering whistle. But it sounded strangely faint and quavering. Tom wondered at this, and wondered still more as he heard a halting, uncertain step on the frozen ground—a step utterly unlike his father's long, steady stride.

The next moment a tall figure tottered down the bank behind the shanty, and, by the light of the moon, Tom saw his father's pale, haggard face. "Don't be frightened," said the wounded man in a hoarse whisper as the boy darted up the bank and saw the scorched and blood-stained jacket-sleeve and the strong arm hanging limp and helpless. "My foot slipped—the rifle was loaded—and went off—the ball shattered my

arm and lodged in my side — I thought I never should get home."

Tom managed to lead his father into the cabin, where he sank down on the pile of skins in a sort of stupor. After rubbing the cold hand, and forcing a few spoonfuls of hot coffee between the white lips, Tom had the satisfaction of seeing the sufferer open his eyes and look up with an attempt at a smile.

"It 's pretty hard for you, Tom," he groaned. "I feel better now. The loss of blood made me dizzy. What are you going to do?"

"But if the men should n't be there?"

"Then I 'll keep on to the settlement."

"No — no — *no!*" came in quick, short gasps; "there 's another danger — *wolves.*"

Tom looked up with a sudden thrill of fear. "Have you seen them, Father?"

"Yes, Tom, — only a little way from here, — in some snow in a hollow there were tracks. Being an old guide I could n't mistake 'em. The winter has been long and sharp, and hunger has made them bold. It is many years since they have been seen around here."



"ALREADY THE LEAN, SHAGGY BRUTE WAS WITHIN A FEW YARDS"

"Going for help," replied Tom promptly. He rose, put on a thick, woolen jacket and took up his fur cap.

The father shook his head. "No, no; — it won't do, my son."

"But I *must*, Father! Don't look so worried. It 's only a step to the river; then down the stream, over the pond, and along the river again — then whiz! across the big lake to the shanty where the men are! That 's all."

Tom's cheeks blanched. He knew well that it was no play to face a hungry wolf, or perhaps a pack of them, in that grim, lonely wilderness. He hesitated, and then came the remembrance of his mother's charge, "Tom, take good care of your Father." His mind was made up.

"I can't take my gun," he said aloud, "for it would only be in the way, but the knife will be just the thing." He twisted a thick scarf

around his waist, and fastened the long-bladed hunting-knife securely in his belt.

"Tom, you must *not* go," moaned his father. "I can't let you risk your life to save mine!"

"I must go, Father, if there were forty wolves in my way." The boy knelt down by his father's side and stroked the cold hand. "It 's dreadful to leave you,"—here he nearly broke down, but managed to choke back the rising sobs,—"still, it 's the only way. You might die without help, and what could I say to Mother! Keep up your courage, Father. I 've fixed the fire so that it will last, and here 's the coffee right by your elbow. I 'll be back soon." Here the boy breathed the prayer, "God help me!"

In a moment more, Tom had fastened the door with a stout staple and was kneeling by the lake, buckling on his skates. As he glided from the shores he cast a hurried glance around. Both his eyes and ears were strained to the utmost. How black the shadows were along the shores! How sharp was the "click, click," of the skates, as they carried him on with the steady motion of a machine! The river was soon reached, and the half-mile over its frozen surface was easily made, as were the two miles across the little pond. When he followed again the frozen course of the river he skated backward, as his face was benumbed from going against the wind. He stopped several times for breathing-spells, so that he felt quite rested as he swept out of the river to the smooth, level floor of the great lake, at the lower end of which was the hunters' cabin. For two miles down the lake, Tom skated quite slowly, as he was keeping his strength for the final dash. With body erect, head thrown back, and arms crossed on his chest, he glided in long, easy curves now to the right, now to the left. As he reached the shelter of a little island he paused for a short rest. Then he buckled on his skates more firmly, but just as he was taking a long breath in order to start again, a prolonged mournful howl broke the stillness of the night air. It was the sound which he had been dreading and expecting! His first impulse was to save himself by climbing one of the large trees near by. Then he thought of his mother's parting charge. "That would be looking out for myself, and she told me to take care of Father," he murmured. He hastily pulled off his jacket, felt for his knife, and tightened the scarf around his waist. "You 'll have exercise enough to keep you warm, Tom Ely," he muttered between his set teeth; and then he shot forward like an arrow from the bow. How the ice rang under the quick, fierce strokes of the skates! How swiftly the shores glided by!

The boy paused a moment to look over his shoulder. On the ice near the shore was a small, black speck, growing rapidly larger. The wind had swept the last light fall of snow from the center of the lake into windrows on both sides, and there it had frozen, making a rough surface on which the wolf found a sure footing. Tom increased his speed, but that long, tireless gallop, never for an instant faltering nor loitering, was gaining rapidly on him. Already the lean, shaggy brute was within a few yards, and the boy heard an angry snarl as the creature made a fierce spring at him. Quick as thought, Tom wheeled suddenly to the right, and the wolf rolled over and over on the ice, while the skater sped on, gaining several rods by this trick.

In a moment, however, the furious beast was up again, and a second desperate race began, and a second time Tom escaped the sharp, white teeth. By this time the boy's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. His breath came in quick, short gasps, and he was conscious of a queer feeling of weakness about the knees. His heart sank within him as he looked back and saw his enemy again on his track. "I can't keep it up much longer," he thought. "A little twig or roughness on the ice—and it is all over with me." He raised his white, despairing face toward the heavens with a swift, short prayer. Just then he caught a glimpse of a low point of land at the left. Tom's blood tingled at the sight! Below were the hunters' cabin and the stout lumbermen! "What if the men had gone on to the settlement!"—and the boyish voice broke into a sob.

A few strokes of the skates brought him to the point, with the wolf close at his heels. Tom raised his whistle to his lips and blew a piercing blast. In another moment he had dodged the wolf again, and as he swept round the point he saw the open door of the cabin and the blazing fire within. He heard a dozen answering whistles, the hoarse baying of dogs, the sharp

crack of a rifle. He mustered strength to tell his story, and then a faintness came over him and he tottered into the arms of a strong lumberman.

The next that he knew, he was lying on a pile of skins by a bright fire, with several strong men bending over him. One of the hunters was saying, "I 'd give a good deal to own a boy like that. Talk of heroes — why that fifteen-year-old chap is the biggest hero of 'em all."

Tom looked up; he said only, "Father?"

"Four of the men have gone to the settlement for a doctor, half a dozen more, with old Hodge amongst 'em (and he 's as good as a doctor any time), are on the way to your father, and as soon as you are able, we 'll take you up with us."

"And the wolf?" Tom sank back shuddering.

"His hide is over yonder in the corner; one of the men says that he is going to dress the skin for you. It will be the proudest trophy of your life, I reckon."

JOKERS OF THE MENAGERIE.

By John Russell Coryell.

In one of the cages of the zoölogical gardens at Central Park, there is a miscellaneous and rather incongruous collection of birds, made up, as it would seem, of the odds and ends of the feathered portion of the menagerie; for it includes such dissimilar birds as the wood-duck, the egret, the sickle-bill, a chicken with no bill at all, a crow without any tail, a dilapidated adjutant-bird, a roseate spoonbill (which spends the greater part of its time in standing on one of its spindling legs), a curassow, and several other equally ill-assorted fellows.

Except a sulky heron, which seemingly passes its gloomy life in nourishing a passionate hatred for the tailless crow, these chance companions associate very amicably together, bearing each other's whims and fancies with philosophy and good temper. And it must need a large supply of both those virtues to get along in so mixed a company; for each bird follows the bent of his natural habits without regard to any other consideration.

Some of the results of this condition of affairs are more amusing to the spectator than to the actors; as, when the sickle-bill becomes possessed by the idea that something of great value to him is hidden under the hen without a bill, and that he must relieve his curiosity by removing the hen. Accordingly he thrusts his long bill under that patient bird and lifts her unceremoniously out of the comfortable dust-hole she has made for herself.

Many of the pranks played in that cage are, however, so imbued with an air of conscious humor and enjoyment that it is hard to believe that they are not meditated jokes. The crow, for example, is always a funny bird; but this particular crow has the manner of a bird that knows itself to be funny and even seems to consider the loss of its tail a very laughable thing. Not that it has any appearance of laughing. Far from it. Like a professional joker of the first order, it is solemnity itself. So, too, is the adjutant-bird, which combines with the crow to make fun for the cage. And when this incongruous pair are in a mischievous mood there is certain to be fun.

One day, when the crow was hopping about the cage in its misguided way,— misguided for lack of a tail,— it noticed the pair of pretty little wood-ducks contentedly eating some scraps of meat. The adjutant-bird stood in seeming slumber, a picture of solemn ugliness. The crow skipped by the adjutant once or twice, with a

knowing cock of the head, as if inviting that solemn bird to some fun; but the adjutant only opened one of its eyes in a way inexpressibly sly and then shut the eye again and took no further notice of its fellow mischief-maker. For a moment the crow looked doubtfully at its big friend, well knowing the adjutant's wily ways, and then with a series of sidling hops made up to the wood-ducks, cocked its head leeringly at them, snatched a piece of meat and scurried off. The crow buried that piece and came back for more and yet more, until there was no more to be had. Then the crow returned to his buried treasures and unearthed and re-buried them very gleefully. But now it was the turn of the adjutant. It slowly stretched itself and then stalked to where the crow was making his rounds of inspection. As the crow would bury a piece of meat, the adjutant would dig it up and leave it exposed; thus undoing the work of the crow as often as the latter would perform it. And so they continued around and around the cage, the one burying and the other unearthing, and all with such droll solemnity that the spectators about the cage were kept in roars of laughter. The hilarity they caused seemed to spur on both birds, as applause inspires actors, and the feathered comedians continued their drollery for round after round.

Of course there is always fun in the monkey cage, but probably the sense of humor is not more developed in the monkey than in many other animals. The elephant, for example, can enjoy a joke as much as any animal. Mr. Meredith Nugent, the artist, tells of one of these giant jokers noticed by him in the zoölogical gardens in Paris, while he was sketching there. This elephant had made friends with the hippopotamus and was permitted to visit the latter, and it was in the inclosure for the hippopotamus that he developed a fondness for practical joking, which seemed to give him peculiar pleasure.



"THE ELEPHANT WOULD CATCH ONE OF THE EARS OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AND GIVE IT A MISCHIEVOUS TWEAK."

He would reach over the big tank when the hippopotamus was lolling in the water, suddenly catch one of the little ears of the latter with the finger of his trunk and give it so mischievous a tweak that the huge river-horse would roar out and angrily open his huge mouth. Then the hippopotamus would be upon his guard and

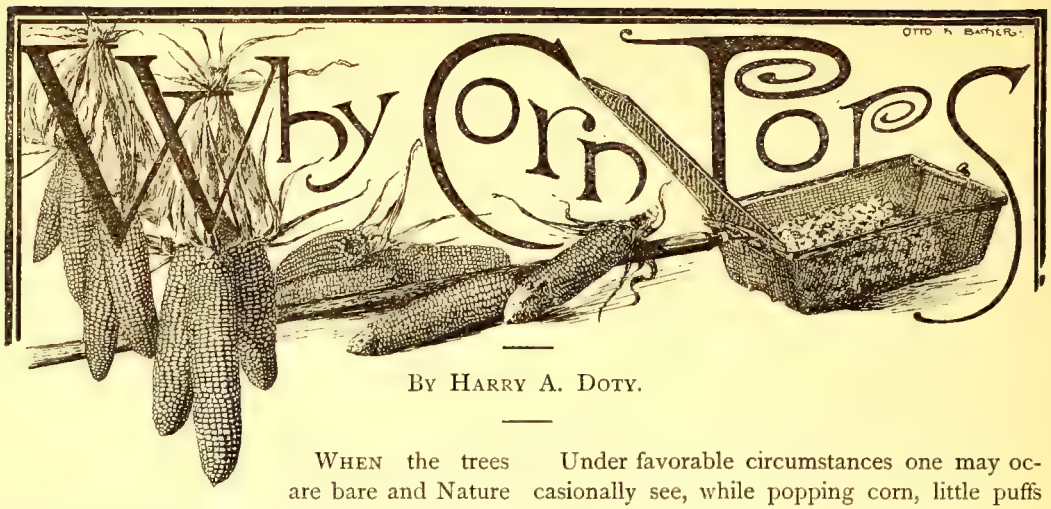
sink out of sight, to come up again further away. But, for all his seeming annoyance, he apparently liked the fun himself; for, when he had come up to the surface quite too far away for the elephant to reach him, he would sink and try again to reappear just out of reach of the waving trunk. The elephant evinced his enjoyment of the sport by swaying to and fro in the manner of his kind, and occasionally, too, he would open his mouth in a comical resemblance to a laugh,— though it must be said that the resemblance is purely accidental, for though the elephant may laugh he does not do it in that way.

Another joke enjoyed by this elephant was to stand over some particularly choice morsel meant for the hippopotamus, and thus prevent him from eating it — to tease him, in fact. So great was the elephant's enjoyment of this feat that he would not only sway to express his pleasure, but would make a rumbling sound which, with the elephant, is more than anything else indicative of delight. And the vexation of the hippopotamus was as evident as the enjoyment of the elephant. The hippopotamus knew he was powerless to coerce his friend, and so he would go away and sulk until it was the pleasure of the elephant to move from the coveted food. Occasionally, however, the elephant would pretend to leave it, and then return just in time to cheat the hippopotamus.

It was an Indian elephant that betrayed a taste for fun in this instance; but in the same menagerie there is another case known, in which an African elephant showed a similar disposition. Only, in this instance, the elephant caught a tartar and was temporarily cured of his jocular attentions. The African elephant had formed a friendship for a zebra; and, though the zebra was shy for some time, it yielded at last to the advances of its gigantic friend and permitted his caresses without giving way to paroxysms of fear. By and by the elephant became emboldened and grew a little rough, pulling the sensitive zebra's legs and tail and ears. One day the zebra wearied of its ponderous friend's teasing and incontinently caught one of the elephant's great, flapping ears between its teeth and bit so hard and pulled so sturdily, that the elephant was fain to sue for mercy in a series of shrill trumpetings. Thereafter the big elephant was respectful as well as affectionate to the zebra.

It ought to be said in the elephant's behalf, that he is not always so fond of joking at the expense of his friends. It is a singular fact that a friend or pet seems to be a necessity to a captive elephant. In most cases that friend is selected from among the smaller of the animals about it. Frequently the friend is a dog belonging to the keeper, and in many well-known instances a helpless, little human baby has been selected as the object of the elephant's affection. When the elephant's chosen friend is clearly helpless, the great beast has never been known to tease or injure it, even in fun. Its tenderness with a baby is one of the most pleasing sights imaginable.

Mr. Nugent tells also of a practical joke which he saw perpetrated by a tiger in the London Zoo, although it was really unintentional on the part of the tiger and rather grim in its results. In the cage next the tiger's, and hidden from his view by a board partition, was a tamandua, or ant-bear, a singular-looking creature that lives in its native country upon ants, capturing myriads of these little insects by means of an abnormally long tongue, coated with a sticky substance to which the ants adhere. This tongue the captive ant-bear often thrust out and moved about in an inquisitive way. In an evil hour it discovered a hole in the partition separating it from the tiger. The tiger was lazily stretched at length, one day, when this long tongue came into his cage. His first manifestation of displeasure was an ugly snarl, his next a quick blow with its claw-armed paw. The ant-bear never repeated its experiment.



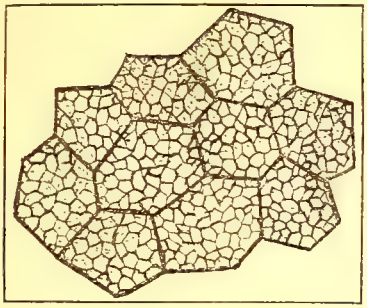
By Harry A. Doty.

When the trees are bare and Nature has drawn her fleecy snow-curtain over the spectacle of green field and flower-sprinkled hillside, we may naturally give a thought to the slumbering vitality under that soft white drapery. The tenderest hearts will feel almost pity for the thousands of seeds and roots doomed to an icy bed during a long winter; yet those same hearts will thrill with unalloyed delight at the snapping, crackling, frantic mass of popping corn,—a live seed, every one,—although at each pop a grain is forced into grotesque and unnatural blossoming. The ear of corn has perhaps suffered a harder fate by being garnered and housed only to be roasted alive. But, notwithstanding there is life in each seed, just as certainly as there is in a hen's egg, we may be sure that the sacrifice of its tiny vital existence is absolutely painless; and the more spiritual of us may reach a higher plane of satisfaction by accepting its pure white expansions, after the fatal heat, as metaphorical angels' wings.

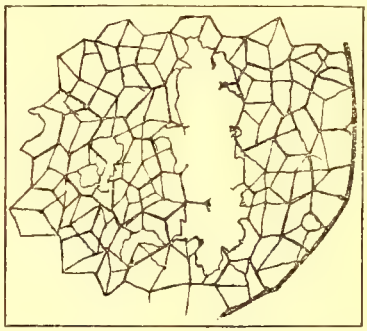
While we sit around the cozy hearth with reddened cheeks, after the bombardment in our popper has ceased and the munching has begun, let us listen to a short story about this transformation which, in a twinkling, changes the yellow, stony little kernel into a tender, white, delicious morsel, monstrous and ragged. What is the power and process of this fantastic jugglery? Like all white magic, it is simple when understood; and knowing the secret, we may find intellectual pleasure also in what is so fascinating to the eye and so grateful to the palate.

Under favorable circumstances one may occasionally see, while popping corn, little puffs of white vapor issuing from the popper. One might reasonably presume this to be steam or water-vapor; but, in order to make sure of it, I popped half-a-dozen grains in a small beaker, the mouth of which was stopped loosely with a cork, holding the beaker over a gas flame. The result was the generation of so much steam that it hissed out around the cork and gave my fingers a lively sensation of heat. This seemed almost conclusive on that point, but it occurred to me to weigh the corn before and after popping, and this led to the discovery that more than ten per cent. of the weight of the corn is lost in the process, and this loss is doubtless the water which escapes. So that our popperful of corn—a bulk between fifty and one hundred times as great as it was originally—really weighs less than when we started! But this only half explains what takes place when the grain explodes. It is not quite plain why the expanding steam should puff the corn out into a crisp white mass instead of blowing it to atoms, and the real inwardness of the matter will be apparent only by comparing the structure of the seed as Nature has finished it with its structure after it is popped. To do this, we must cut a very thin slice, thinner than this paper, through the middle of the grain of corn, and magnify it very highly. Figure 1 shows a very small part of such a slice as it appeared under my microscope. If the whole grain could be seen enlarged to the same extent, it would stand higher than one's head and look like an immense bowlder. Now the whole grain

is made up of little sacs, or bags, which botanists call "cells," and the figure represents a group of these cells from the center of a grain of rice-corn as they appear in a slice, much in the same way as we see the sacs in a thin slice of lemon, only in the corn they are, of course,



far too small to be seen by the naked eye. The heavier lines show the boundaries of the cells. Each cell, of which there are thousands in the entire grain, is packed tightly with little granules of starch. These are shown in the figure completely filling up the cells, and it is to this compact arrangement of starch-granules that the corn owes its hardness. Much the greater part of the grain consists of these cells crowded full of starch, although the remainder is really the most important, vital part: that is, the embryo, which under proper conditions initiates the growth of the seed; the starch being merely a little store of food upon which the young shoot feeds until it is established and able to take care of itself. And, by the way, the cereals which are so extensively used as food are, like the corn, largely composed of this same substance, starch. Understanding now what there is in the kernel of corn, let us look at a thin slice of the same corn after it is popped, and see if we can make out what has become of the cells and the starch. Figure 2 shows such a slice, magnified to the same extent as the first, as well as it can be represented by a diagram, for its delicacy and transparency can not be readily represented on paper. Here we have apparently a similar structure of cells; but compare their size with the other slice. They are smaller than the original cells and much larger than the starch-granules, so it is reasonable to conclude that these apparent cells are the starch-granules themselves swelled up by the steam. This is the fact; so they are not cells at all in the botanical sense. Simple chemical tests prove that they are starch. But the granules are no longer solid; they have been blown up into vesicles, or balloons, and the steam in forcing its escape not only ruptures many of the vesicles, but splits and tears its way all through the mass, making rifts and channels leading to the air. Most of them are too minute, however, to be seen with the naked eye. The figure shows one of these rifts, and the ragged edges of the ruptured vesicles can be seen. On the right side, part of the broken cell-wall is in-



dicated. Only the starchy part pops; the embryo, of which I have spoken, simply shrinks and turns brown.

We may yet speculate on the details of the process. In what condition is the interior of the grain just before it explodes? The common experience of the kitchen and laundry will help us here. In making up the mixture for stiffening clothes, the laundress puts starch into water and boils it, and we all know that in this process the starch loses its powdery character and becomes blended with the water into a pasty, translucent mass. The effect upon the individual starch-granule is a softening and considerable increase of its bulk and, finally, its rupture and diffusion through the water. While we can not see the inside of the grain at the critical moment when it has all but burst, we may, in view of what we now know, probably surmise the truth. Is it not very likely that, as the grain gets hotter and hotter, the moisture present in the cells, or in the starch-granules themselves, softens them first, and then, when the heat becomes too great to permit its remaining in the fluid state, it suddenly turns to steam, and the now plastic starch ex-

pands in every direction forming the little vesicles shown in the figure, losing at the same time, of course, the moisture and thus becoming firm and brittle again?

This is the conclusion to which I have been brought, and I think of the wonderful physics of popped corn with great satisfaction whenever I shake my popper over the glowing coals.

WINTER APPLES.

By Hattie Whitney.

What cheer is there that is half so good,
In the snowy waste of a winter night,
As a dancing fire of hickory wood,
And an easy-chair in its mellow light,
And a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek?

A russet apple is fair to view,
With a tawny tint like an autumn leaf,
The warmth of a ripened corn-field's hue,
Or golden hint of a harvest sheaf;
And the wholesome breath of the finished year
Is held in a winesap's blooming sphere.

They bring you a thought of the orchard trees,
In blossomy April and leafy June,
And the sleepy droning of bumble-bees,
In the lazy light of the afternoon,
And tangled clover and bobolinks,
Tiger-lilies and garden pinks.

If you 've somewhere left, with its gables wide,
A farm-house set in an orchard old,
You 'll see it all in the winter-tide
At sight of a pippin's green-and-gold,
Or a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek.

KITTIE'S BEST FRIEND.

By M. Helen Lovett.



"MAMMA! Mamma!" cried Kittie Perry, running into the house early one afternoon and throwing down her school-books, "the new people are moving in next door."

"So I see, Kittie," said Mrs. Perry.

"And, Mamma, there 's a little girl there just about as big as me. I just saw her going in. I 'm awfully glad! I 'm 'most crazy for some one to play with since the Cooks went away. May Kingsley 's the only other girl on the block, and we 're having a tiff now. I 'm going right in to see that girl and find out what her name is."

"Kittie!" said her mother, catching her just in time as she was flying out of the room, "you must not go. The little girl's mother would n't like it. I 'm sure I should n't have wished the neighbors' children to come in here the day we moved. We had confusion enough without that."

"But, Mamma, I *must*, for I need some one to play with, and May Kingsley and I are angry at each other and I can't speak to her for a week."

"I 'm afraid you will not be able to do that, Kittie," said Mamma, laughing.

"I 'm afraid not," said Kittie, with a sigh. "I 'll tell you how it was. I wanted to play jackstones, and May wanted to play paper dolls, and —" Mamma was trying to write a letter, but Kittie's tongue kept on pitilessly for ten minutes. Then she paused to take breath. "Well, that 's the reason I can't speak to her for a week, Mamma, and I must have *some one* to play with. So, Mamma, why can't I go in and see the girl next door?"

"I 've told you why, Kittie. And now you must not talk to me any more until I 've finished this letter."

But Kittie kept on talking as she stood by the window, for to talk to herself was better than nothing. "There 's a sled; that 's a girl's sled, and I don't see any other, so I suppose it 's the girl's. There are a doll's carriage and two dolls' trunks. Why does n't the man turn them so I can see better? There! Why, there 's a name on the end! C-a — oh, I see, Carrie; no, Clara, — Clara L. Parsons. That 's a pretty name. Oh, dear! I wish to-morrow 'd come."

To-morrow did come, — that is, the next day did (some people say "*to-morrow* does n't"), — but it rained, and Kittie could n't go out in the afternoon. Thursday, however, when she came home from school, her new little neighbor was sitting on the piazza with one of the trunks open before her, and a beautiful doll on her lap. Kittie glanced at her, and the little girl looked so friendly that Kittie nodded. Her neighbor nodded in reply. Kittie went up the steps. "Would n't you like me to come and play with you?" she asked.

The little girl looked as if she would, but did not make any reply.

"She 's shy," said Kittie to herself. "How funny." Then aloud, "I 'll get my doll; only it is n't nice as yours. Shall I?" The girl nodded.

Kittie ran into her own home, and up to the play-room, where she snatched up her best doll, rejecting the second best as not grand enough to associate with Clara L. Parsons and her family.

"Mamma," she called out, "I 'm going to play with the girl next door."

"Did she ask you, Kittie?" said Mrs. Perry, coming into the hall.

"Yes, Mamma; at least, I asked if I should come, and she said yes. She would have asked me, I know, but she seems shy!"

"Well, you can go for a few minutes. Don't stay long." Kittie rushed off.

The little girl was sitting with her back turned, and did not move until Kittie came all the way up the steps; but then she gave a pleased look of welcome.

"Here 's my doll," said Kittie, sitting down. "It is n't as nice as yours, is it?" Clara nodded. Kittie thought her a very polite girl, for Bella was only two-thirds the size of Clara's doll. "Her name 's Bella," she announced. "What is your doll's name? I suppose Clara Parsons is your name, is n't it? I see Parsons there on your door-plate. Oh, may I look at the things in your trunk? What a lovely party-dress! Did you make it? No, I guess you did n't, 'cause I see part of it 's made on the machine, and I don't suppose you can sew on the machine. Mamma won't let me touch ours. I made that blue dress, though,— almost all myself. What darling dolls' handkerchiefs, and oh, what lovely little visiting-cards! 'Stella Parsons'; is that her name? Stella rhymes with Bella, does n't it? they ought to be friends; let 's introduce them."

She held Bella up toward Stella, and Clara held up Stella and made her shake hands with her visitor and then kiss her.

"Now they 're acquainted," said Kittie. "Let us pretend they have taken a great fancy to each other, as I have to you. I wish you 'd be my best friend, for I have n't one now. Fanny Cook used to be, but she 's moved away; she lived in that yellow house across the way; and May Kingsley is n't; we get mad at each other; and she talks so much; if you tell her a secret, everybody is sure to know it. Oh, my name 's Kittie Perry; I did n't tell you, did I? My brother's name 's Frank, and my sister's name is Amy, but they 're both big, nearly grown up, so I don't have any one home to play with. That lady at the second-story window is your mother, I suppose? That 's my mother in a blue dress — on our stoop just now. That lady in brown that went in with her is Mrs. Fraim. She 's deaf and dumb. Did you ever know anybody who was? It 's so funny to see them talk. I can say a few words. See. This means man; this means woman; this means dinner; this means a bouquet of flowers."

Kittie made the motions as she spoke, and Clara, smiling brightly and looking pleased, made them too, but much more deftly and gracefully than Kittie.

"And this means a baby with long clothes," continued Kittie. Clara shook her head, and made a motion a little different.

"Oh, yes, that *is* it," said Kittie. "How quick you learn! I 'll teach you some more some day; then, if you ever meet a deaf person, you can talk to them. But it must be dreadful, must n't it? — to be deaf and dumb, and not to be able to talk. Why, *I 'd die!*" (I almost believe Kittie would.) "And their language — why I could n't talk as much in a minute as in a week in our way — no, no, I mean in a week as in a minute. Oh, what are you doing?"

Clara had taken Bella and removed her dress. She then picked up the dress that Kittie had admired, and holding it against Stella showed that it was too small; then buttoning it on Bella she laid the doll back in Kittie's lap and looked up with a smile.

"Do you mean to give it to me?" cried Kittie, delighted. "Oh, you darling! It 's awfully pretty. Kiss the lady, Bella, my child. Now I ought to do something for Stella. Let me see,— when she has the measles, you send for me, 'cause I 've had experience. She 'll be sure to get them; they 're very *relevant* this spring. Oh, dear, there 's Mamma calling me. Wait here, and I 'll be back soon."

Mrs. Perry had called Kittie to go upstairs and try on her new dress, and this occupied nearly half an hour. When she returned to the piazza next door, Clara had gone and so had Stella and her trunk. Only Bella remained, sitting on the doorstep in the party-dress which had been presented to her, and holding in her lap a piece of paper on which was written, in a round, childish, but neat and legible hand: "I can't wait any longer for you. I 'm going out with Mamma. Come again to-morrow."

Kittie came late to the tea-table that evening, and did not notice at first that everybody was very much amused at something.

"Kittie," said Frank, "did you get acquainted with the girl next door?"

"Yes; she 's awfully nice; her name 's Clara Parsons. What made you call me in, that time,

Mamma? She said she could n't play much longer, she had to go out with her mother; and when I came back she was gone."

"Did you have much conversation with her?" asked Papa.

"Yes, Papa; I think I was there half an hour."

"It was more than an hour," said Amy. "I saw you. But I think you did all the talking yourself."

Kittie was indignant at this accusation, although it was not a new one. "It would n't be very polite to go and see a person and never say a word, would it?" she said.

"You 'll never be so impolite, certainly," said Frank.

"And she gave me the prettiest dress for Bella. It was one that was in her doll's trunk, but it was too small for her doll. I 'll show it to you after tea."

"Now, Kittie," said Mamma, "try to remember the exact words she said about the dress, or about anything else you talked of."

"The exact words," repeated Kittie, slowly. She looked thoughtful, then perplexed. "It 's queer, but somehow I forget the exact words."

"Well, Kittie, we don't blame you. Mrs. Fraim was here this afternoon, and she was speaking about the family next door, the Parsons. She knows them very well; and this little girl — her name *is* Clara — is deaf and dumb. She can't speak a word."

Kittie dropped the biscuit she was eating, and the blankness which overspread her face was too much for the gravity of the family. They all laughed.

"So, Kittie," said Papa, "you *must* have had all the talk to yourself, and, if I know you, you must have enjoyed it exceedingly!"

Kittie still looked so dazed that Mamma came to her assistance.

"What did she say about going out with her mother?"

"Why — she wrote that; but that was because I was away."

"And what did she say when she gave you the doll's dress?"

"She put it on Bella and handed it to me. *Maybe* she did n't say anything."

"And did she tell you her name was Clara Parsons?"

"Yes — why — well, I asked her and she said yes; — no, I believe she nodded. She nodded quite often. But if she can't hear how could she tell when to nod?"

Kittie asked this triumphantly.

"Mrs. Fraim says she is a bright little thing, and often can tell what people are saying by watching their lips; and then perhaps she thought it was polite to agree with you even when she did n't understand."

"Now perhaps you 'll believe how much you talk," said Frank. "I promise you ten cents if you keep quiet all the rest of tea-time, because I know you can't."

"Yes, I can," said Kittie; "but I 'm not going to."

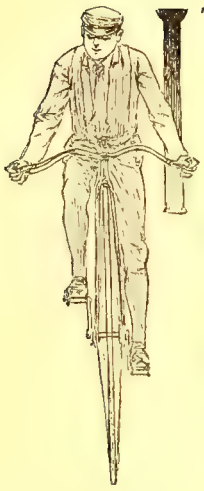
The other day, when I was calling on Mrs. Perry, I asked, "How is the little girl next door whom I heard about, Kittie?"

"She 's lovely," said Kittie. "I 'm going to have her for my best friend; I don't care who laughs. I can tell all my secrets to *her*."



A RACE WITH A WOODEN SHOE.

By Frederick E. Partington.



I TELL of a shoe and a boy; of a bicycle and the river Rhine,—of the Rhine that creeps through a town where years ago the mayor and corporation, all for love of the children and the fear of a chance false note, banished all the hand-organs and the hurdy-gurdies beyond the city walls. And yet there is music still in the streets of the old town,—that same familiar, incessant, ringing melody rising forever from all the pavements of Northern Europe,—the music of the wooden shoes. It was Gretchen who played on them as she galloped across the court-yard before sunrise; it was the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker who played on them as they clattered so early along the gabled streets of the city; it was surely the fish-wives and the flower-girls and the milk-maids and blue-bloused *Dienstmänner* who pounded them on the pavements of the market-place and sent up a symphony of clickity-clicks and laughter; but better than all the rest, it was a thousand children, on a glorious afternoon, who rushed out of school—a common *Volkschule*—and made earth and air and sky ring with the music of their wooden shoes.

The rain was over, the sun was bursting forth in floods of strange yellow light, and torrents of water rushed madly along the gutters. Verily, was there ever a river so mighty and delightful to boys as this swollen street-tide after the storm? How they go plunging to the depths of it! And how these hundreds of lads, with knapsacks on their backs, yelled with glee when they saw it. It was the work of a second to strip off the stockings and cram them into pockets along with the strings and the marbles,—the work of a second to do this, and, with a wooden shoe in either hand, rush to the flooded street and cry, "Who 'll have a race?"

"*Ich!—Ach-ja!—Ich auch!—Ich—Ich!*" rang through the streets like the cries of the hot crusaders. Every boy and a hundred girls accepted the challenge. And so, on either side the way, they ranged themselves, and into the rushing gutters launched their wooden shoes! It was a sight for St. Nicholas! Never since the carnivals of Venice or the day of the great Armada had there floated a fleet so wonderful as this! Hundreds and hundreds of shoes,—large ones, small ones, broad ones, and narrow ones, black and red and yellow and gray, some bright with the trappings of leather and brass, some hastily rigged with a pencil for mainmast and paper for a sail, but all of them buoyant and whizzing and careering along like the bouncing galleys of the olden time. The street rocked with excitement, and the excitement rose to battle-cries when, as in all great races, the shoes began to show individual qualities and fall into classes—the great craft scudding ahead and the smaller ones forging along in one mad mob behind.

The course lay through the gutters of a long narrow street, unbroken by cross-ways for an eighth of a mile, when the rain-river suddenly ended by turning abruptly and diving into a sewer. This seemed to be generally known by the children, for they took good care to follow the shoes to the corner and snatch them up in time to save them from a very yawning and horrible abyss.

The race of the big boats had finished; the owners had rushed back to the start again, and now down the foaming torrent came bobbing and bumping away the fleet of younger craft. Little mattered it to the children—the question of center-board sloops and cutters! It was simply a fleet of chubby little smacks with

pointed noses and fluted decks, and gay leather, and brazen nails around the gunwales. On came the yachts, on flew the children. A hundred feet, and the race is over.

"Juch!" screamed the boys, "Oswald wins! Now grab thy shoe or thou 'lt lose it!"

It was the acme of genuine excitement. There followed a wild scramble for the shoes. Oswald



THE FLEET OF WOODEN SHOES.

"See the little red-trimmed shoe," yelled a boy with eyes like saucers! "See!—it 's mine!"

"And see the black one with a sail!" cried a girl, joyfully. "That 's mine!"

The race was clearly between the two. Fifty feet—thirty feet—twenty feet—ten!—and the red-trimmed one was far ahead!

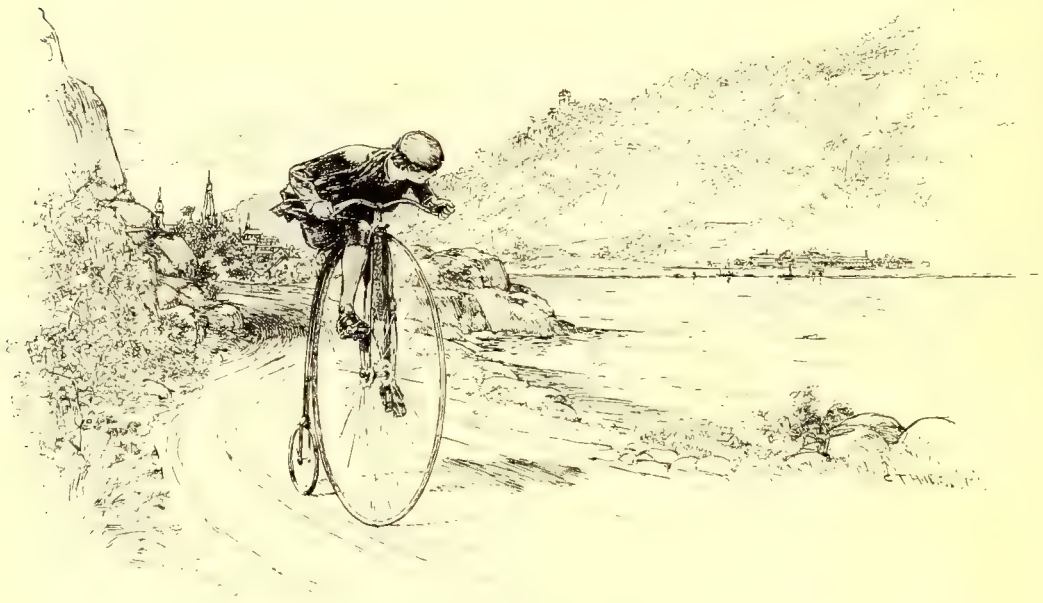
the winner, frantic with joy, sprang forward to catch his own, when alas! alas! he tripped and fell; and alas! and ten times alas! away shot the shoe, turned the fatal corner, and swish!—disappeared through the great black hole of the sewer! Poor Oswald and his fellows stood dazed. Never in his whole nine years of life had Oswald known a calamity such as this.

"It 's gone! It 's lost! Ach! It 's lost!" he cried, wringing his hands while the tears rained down his cheeks.

And there was no help for it. What mattered it to Oswald even if some tender-hearted boys and with the confused and liberal prompting of the excited throng, he quickly told the story.

Seth listened perplexed, till suddenly, all like a flash, came a thought to his bright little mind.

"Hurrah!" he cried almost aloud. And then,



THE RACE. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

did offer him their marbles? What mattered it even if a sweet little maiden *did* try to console him and wipe the tears from his eyes with the corner of her checkered apron? Nay, the whole world was nothing, compared to that shoe. It was lost; and if he had to go home without it, he knew that he might as well have been lost himself. His grief was desperate, and still he stood weeping and still the children vainly offered sympathy, when round the corner appeared Seth Hardy on his bicycle. It was about the only one in the whole town where Seth was attending school, and there was not a boy or a girl to whom the magic wheel and its rider were not well known.

"See the *Amerikaner!*" cried the crowd, as Seth came whirling along.

He spied the troop of children, noticed Oswald in tears, and stopped to learn the cause.

"Ach! mein Herr, it 's gone — lost!"

"What is gone?"

"My shoe, my shoe!" And between the sobs, with right forefinger in the palm of his left hand, —just as Herr Dr. N. of the school always did,— he reasoned it out so quickly that the German boys stood dumb with wonder. "Also!" he continued, half in German, "gutter to sewer —sewer to— it must turn into Schumann Strasse, run along Wilhelm Strasse, and then, bang! into the Rhine!"

And before a lad of them could say Jack Robinson in German, off flew Seth on his bicycle toward the river. Scores and scores of children rushed panting and shouting after him, while little Oswald Keller, with a lone shoe under his arm, dashed the tears away, and, though hardly realizing what it all meant, sped like a deer two rods ahead of them all. A whirl to the left, a spin of a block, a whirl to the right, and Seth had reached the Rhine. The rains of many days had swollen it to the danger point and the water was still rising. Another foot and, instead of the sewers rushing into the Rhine, the Rhine would be rushing into the sewers.

Jumping from his wheel, Seth ran to the bank, peered up and down and caught the spot where, whirling in muddy commotion, the sewer met the river. Thither he flew,—the crowd with him,—when, just as he had snatched an oar for stopping the fugitive the moment it appeared, a hundred throats yelled in a tremble of excitement, "Ach! The shoe! The shoe!" And lo! out from the black hole and far into the stream shot the wooden shoe. Seth had not been quick enough, and now it was beyond his reach. He saw it whirl and whirl, and dally in an eddy; and then, to his dismay and the grief of them all, saw it slowly enter the main current and speed away to the north.

"Stay here," cried Seth excitedly to Oswald and the rest. "Stay here—I 'll soon be back," and jumping on the bicycle again, he laid his head close to the very handle and vanished down the road that wound along the river.

"'T is a race with the Rhine," he thought, "and it 's a poor wheel that can't win it!" And away he went, till after a stretch of two miles he came to the bend and the village of L——. The banks were lined with boats and the men were busy bailing out and scouring.

"It 's a shoe!" screamed Seth, as he came flying among them. "It 's a shoe! It 's coming yonder—this side the middle of the river—and I 'll give five marks to any man that picks it up!"

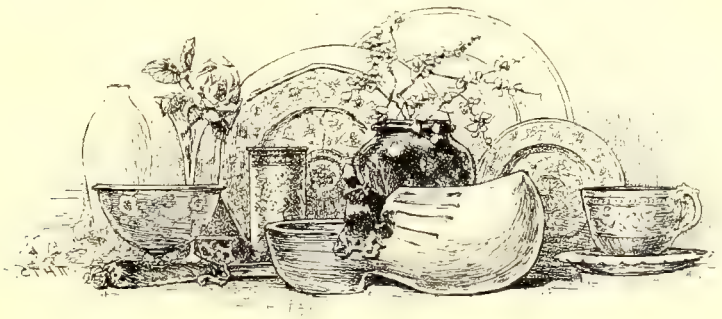
How many men leaped into their boats, and how many boats shot into the Rhine, or what the wives, and the people, and the kind old village priest, and the burly fat mayor all thought will never be known; but the women stood wringing their hands, and the priest said something solemn in Latin, and the mayor took out his note-book as if, indeed, a man were drowning. But Seth saw nothing except the boats. He saw them scatter, and it seemed to him as if they stretched away for miles. He saw them stemming the current and darting back and forth like fish; and then of a sudden he heard a cry and saw the boats all pulling for the shoe. He saw—ah! joy of earth!—it was the shoe! and the boatmen coming reverently forward and mumbling, and bowing, and stammering, and placing at last in his hands the precious little red-bound runaway.

The mayor stared, the priest stared, the women stared. "And the body?" they gasped. "Where is the body?"

Seth was too excited to explain. He flung the five marks to the man, jumped to his wheel again, and, while the people chattered and shook their heads, he vanished, it seemed to them, into the very skies above.

And so he came speedily to where the children waited, and amid the shouts of *bravo!* and blessings he restored the shoe to little Oswald; and then with the happy owner he went to the humble home and, telling the tale to the mother Gretchen, begged the shoes away for the price of a new and a better pair.

And it came to pass after many, many months, when Seth had left school and had returned to his home in America, that everybody would ask about a funny little shoe that stood with the cups, and the vases, and the beautiful bric-à-brac in the nooks of a fine old library. It was the same wonderful shoe of which you have just been reading. I am sure it is the shoe, for here it is before my very eyes, with the same pointed toe, and the same fluted upper and the same gay leather and shiny brass nails that it had on the day when it sailed in the streets and under the ground and raced with a bicycle down the swollen Rhine.





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A WELCOME to us all, my hearers! We all have been parted for a time, and now that November brings us together again in her crisp, sudden way, we may as well proceed to business as if nothing had happened.

The birds, as you know, bring many pleasant letters to your Jack from friends all over the world, but seldom has so pleasant a letter been dropped on this pulpit as this which you now shall hear:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Are you aware that you have an Italian cousin, who lives at Mentone, and is called *Il Capuccino?* (the little friar.) There is a cloister near by, where some Capuchin friars dwell, and look out at the gay world from beneath their brown hoods. But this cousin seem to be a hermit as well as a friar, for he lives out-of-doors, all by himself. When he preaches it certainly is in the Italian language. But he is not so fortunate as to possess a department of his own in a charming magazine; and therefore it is probable he knows much more than he ever tells. His name is Brother Arum Arisarum; and he has intrusted to me a little rhymed letter of greeting to his American cousin.

E. C.

I am a little friar.
Beneath a wild-rose brier
  I tell my beads of dew.
My cousin, I admire
Your preaching, and desire
  To write some words to you.

All in my pulpit green,
Quite like yourself, I 'm seen
  When little people go
Playing their games between
The lemon boughs that lean
  From slopes of Monaco.

'Tis strange they never task
My skill, nor questions ask
  Such as to you they bring.
My cowl might be mask
Of zany, or a cask
  Empty of everything!

They leave me here alone,
A hermit by a stone,
  The shadowy woods within;
I think they have not known
A friend to every one
  Is the poor Capuchin.

Now if you should intend
Some words to me to send,
  The birds, flying south, will bear 'em;
How gladly will I bend
My hood to hear! Your friend,
  Fra Arum Arisarum.

I thank you very much, Cousin Arisarum, for this fair greeting, and commend to you these thousands of good children who, like myself, have become true friends of yours through your gentle message. No longer shall you feel alone, "a hermit by a stone," for crowds and crowds of listening children will be near you, "the shadowy woods within," ready to catch the nod of your little brown hood.

THE KNOWING WOODPECKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR JACK: In one of your pleasant talks I learned how Mexican birds store acorns for winter use. Here is an extract from a newspaper, in which it seems to me the birds show even more intelligence than their Mexican cousins. Do any of your California readers know it to be true? AVIS.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away although he never eats them. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but, becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

HAVE any of my hearers ever seen a live frigate-bird? It is said that this bird is the swiftest flyer known. Read about him, my friends, and tell your Jack how he obtained this nautical name. Give, too, his highest record of speed according to good authorities.

THAT BICYCLE PATH.

CERTAIN boys hereabout have asked your Jack about a proposed bicycle road,—or, rather, path—from New York to Connecticut, for which they have been anxiously waiting; but this pulpit could give them no information on the subject. Practical bicyclers generally skim by so rapidly that it is not worth while to ask questions of them; and beginners usually are too much occupied, in picking themselves up and getting on again, to take much interest in very long roads—so tidings of

this new project have been hard to obtain. Here comes a letter from Troy, however, which throws either light or darkness upon it, according to the way one takes it.

TROY, N. Y.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am a boy and a bicycler, and therefore I hailed with delight a paragraph which I saw in the *Portland Transcript*, a good paper which sometimes is sent to us by a down-east relative. This is it:

"Mr. A. G. Fisher, of New Haven, Conn., proposes to build a cinder path from New York to New Haven for the benefit of bicycle riders. It is to be three feet in width and laid at the side of the present road; to be built, however, only where the existing roads are not good. The path will be about seventy miles in length, and the average cost of building is estimated at $75 per mile, or a total of $5250. A little over ten per cent. of the amount has already been subscribed. The various bicycle clubs are expected to assist the enterprise."

Now, I 'd like to know how this proposed road is getting on, and, instead of bothering Mr. A. G. Fisher, of New Haven, with the question, I think I 'll ask the wide-awake crowd around your pulpit if they can tell me anything about the project. Is it alive or not? and if it 's alive, how is it? Your young friend, T. G. H——.

RED SCHOOLHOUSE QUERIES.

WHO among my hearers can tell the origin of the words TINKER and ALMANAC? And why is an inn-keeper often called a LANDLORD?

A VETERAN ROSE-BUSH.

DEAR JACK: I have read lately that the oldest rose-bush in the world, of which there is authentic record, grows in a church-yard, and against the old church at Hildesheim, Germany. The main stem is thicker than a man's body, but it has required over eight hundred years to attain this remarkable size.

Have any of your "chicks" ever seen this huge rose-bush in bloom?

Yours respectfully, A BIG BOY.

A NEBRASKA SHOW.

A FRIEND, to whom many thanks are due, has sent you all the way from Nebraska a photograph of a dozen or more of the finest pumpkins that ever gladdened human hearts on Thanksgiving day.

There is no need of your Jack giving you any agricultural rhetoric on this occasion. The pumpkins speak for themselves. One of them (probably the fine specimen in the lower left-hand corner) measured, I am told, exactly eight feet in circumference; that is, it would take a string eight feet long to go around it. Well, well! Thousands of you might have been supplied with pies, this month, from this one Nebraska field alone!

Before turning to another subject, let us thank the cheery-looking Nebraskan, in the corner, for giving us an opportunity to compare the relative sizes of vegetable and man.



BIG PUMPKINS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A NEBRASKA PUMPKIN-FIELD.)



"A CONSTANT READER."

OVER THE WALL.

By Anna H. Branch.

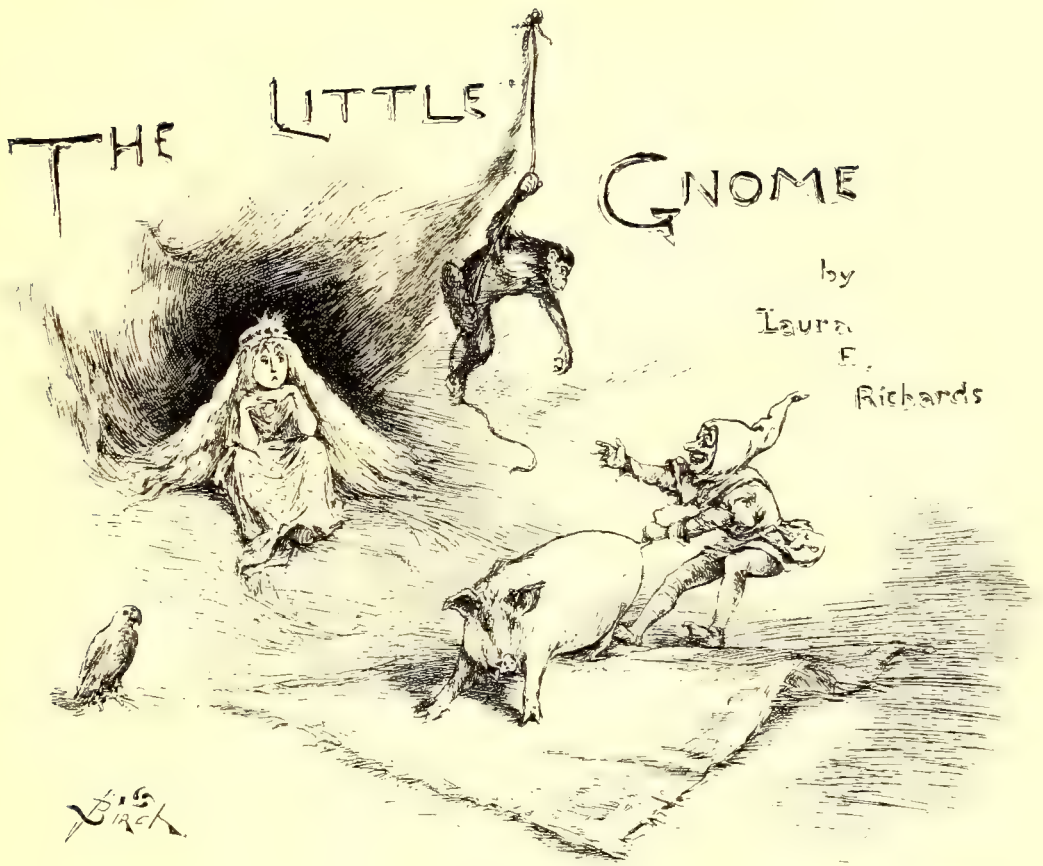
I like to sit beside a wall
Among the grasses green,
And think, if over I should peep,
What things might there be seen.

Perhaps I 'd see bold Robin Hood,
With arrows, bow, and brand;
He 'd fix his outlawed eyes on me
And shake a threatening hand.

Then, in some terror, I decide
That it can not be he;
But that some nymph from Fairyland
Is waiting there for me.

And then I think that—oh! perhaps—
The world has quite turned over,
And China and Japan have come
This side the sky's blue cover.

At that, I can not stand it more,
But over have to look,
And see—the dear old every-day
Green meadow, and the brook!



(Nonsense Verse.)

Once there lived a little gnome,
Who had made his little home
Right down in the middle of the earth, earth, earth.
He was full of fun and frolic,
But his wife was melancholic,
And he never could divert her into mirth, mirth, mirth.

He had tried her with a monkey,
And a parrot and a donkey,
And a pig that squealed whene'er he pulled its tail, tail, tail.
But though he laughed himself
Into fits, the jolly elf,
Still his wifey's melancholy did not fail, fail, fail.

"I will hie me," said the gnome,
"From my worthy earthy home,
I will go among the dwellings of the men, men, men.
Something funny there must be, that will make her say 'He! he!
I will find it, and will bring it her again, 'gain, 'gain."

So he traveled here and there,
And he saw the Blinking Bear,
And the Pattypol whose eyes are in his tail, tail, tail.



THE BLINKING BEAR.

He saw the Chingo Chee,
And a lovely sight was he,
With a ringlet, and a ribbon on his nose, nose, nose.



THE CHINGO CHEE.



THE PATTYPOL.

And he saw the Linking Gloon,
Who was playing the bassoon,



THE LINKING GLOON.

And the Baggle, and the Wogg,



THE BAGGLE. THE WOGG.



THE OCTOPUS AND WHALE.

And the Octopus a-waltzing with the whale, whale, whale.



THE CANTILUNAR DOG.

And the Cantilunar Dog,
Who was throwing cotton flannel at his foes, foes, foes.

All these the little gnome
Transported to his home,
And set them down before his weeping wife, wife, wife.
But she only cried and cried,
And she sobbywobbed and sighed,
Till she really was in danger of her life, life, life.

Then the gnome was in despair,
And he tore his purple hair,
And he sat him down in sorrow on a stone, stone, stone.
"I, too," he said, "will cry,
Till I tumble down and die,
For I 've had enough of laughing all alone, 'lone, 'lone."

His tears they flowed away
Like a rivulet at play,
With a bubble, gubble, rubble, o'er the ground, ground, ground.
But when this his wifey saw,
She loudly cried, "Haw! haw!
Here, at last, is something funny you have found, found, found."

She laughed, "Ho! ho! he! he!"
And she chuckled loud with glee,
And she wiped away her little husband's tears, tears, tears.
And since then, through wind and weather,
They have said "He! he!" together,
For several hundred thousand merry years, years, years.

THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

By Mary V. Worstell.

A rich man once said to me, "I have heard people say that if they had enough money they could easily select Christmas gifts. Now, for the last two hours, I have been trying to find something to suit my son-in-law. Finally, in despair, I have bought him a fifty-dollar bootjack that you could n't hire me to keep in the house."

A fifty-dollar bootjack! What a confused jumble my mind was for the next few minutes. Bootjacks, indeed! I was thinking of a bookstore I had visited that morning — of the many beautiful books, artistically printed and richly bound, which those fifty dollars would have purchased. Did not the son-in-law care for books? I fancy that he did. But the busy man who purchased that wonderful bootjack doubtless had given no thought to the matter of his Christmas gifts until nearly the 25th of December, that consummate flower of the whole year, and then he must needs buy one of the first things he saw, provided only that it did not cost too much or too little.

With the bootjack incident still in my mind, I shall suggest various gifts, just by way of benevolently preventing my fellow-creatures from receiving absurd or useless presents. Those who are wealthy can usually find lovely and artistic gifts at Tiffany's or stores of similar rank. My

suggestions are for those lucky individuals with whom money is not so plentiful as to make the wish for a thing and its possession synonymous.

The most puzzling task at Christmas is to select presents for fathers and brothers. Two years ago, a certain young woman (this by way of reminiscence) failed to find anything she thought suitable for her brother. But after much perplexity a coffee cup and saucer, daintily decorated, was selected, and it was gratefully used at about three hundred and sixty breakfasts during the following year. The next year a cut-glass salt-cellar and pepper-box were given. Besides these and similar articles, one might try canvas or linen slipper-cases, made to hang against the wall, inkstands and other articles for desks, silver match-boxes, razors (for which the traditional penny should be exacted), shaving-glasses, cases of shaving-paper, or, that always welcome friend, a silk muffler. A case for carrying collars and cuffs when traveling, is a useful present for many. The outside may be of any material available, and the lining should be of silk; but a stiff interlining of buckram should be inserted. In short, make it like a music-roll, but not so wide, and fasten it with a fancy leather strap and buckle. Decorate the outside with some pretty device,—the initials or monogram of the prospective owner.

I shall make no further suggestions of articles especially suitable for the sterner sex, but among the presents which will do equally well for either father or mother, brother or sister, may be mentioned umbrellas; umbrella-cases; chairs of more or less elaborate workmanship, from the pretty wicker or rattan chair to those which are profusely carved or richly upholstered; opera-glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs and handkerchief-cases, gold pencils, fountain pens, card-cases, napkin-rings, and books.

A little rule of mine in buying books may not come amiss. It is this: When a person's means will permit only a small library, never buy any book that will not bear *reading more than once*. Still, most of what is called "current literature" may be bought for a low price, the chances being that its flimsy binding will outwear its popularity.

This is what Charles Lamb says about the binding of books: "To be strong-backed and neat-bound is the desideratum of a volume. Magnificence comes after. This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately. I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit. The dishabille or half-binding (with Russia backs ever) is *our* costume. A Shakspere or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel. The possession of them confers no distinction. The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner. Thomson's 'Seasons,' again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared."

In regard to reading *good* books, Ruskin says:

"Do you know, if you read this, you cannot read that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourself that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the dead.

"'The place you desire,' and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there."

A small bookcase need not be expensive to be pretty, and a small revolving bookcase, made

especially for holding books of reference, is a delight to a reader.

Many of the large publishing houses keep on sale pictures of authors. Twenty-five cents will buy the portrait of almost any well-known author. These are usually wood-engravings and excellent of their kind, well printed on good paper, in size about ten by twelve inches. For the same picture on India paper (which, of course, is more durable and admits of a finer impression) one dollar may be asked, and the extra money will be well spent. A neatly framed portrait of the favorite author of a friend will make a charming gift at but small cost.

Other pictures — photographs of famous pictures, for instance — may be bought at a low figure and framed. But pictures are like books: there is an infinite variety to choose from, and the price for either can be made high enough to suit the most lavish giver.

Many make it a practice to subscribe to some favorite magazine or paper, as a Christmas gift; and those who wish to confer an ever new pleasure may well bear this in mind. With so many capital publications, devoted to all imaginable tastes and pursuits, a choice will not be difficult. Children, especially, enjoy receiving their own papers and magazines, and a present of this kind can, by a payment far from large, be guaranteed to last one year — a surety which can never be furnished with any toy, no matter how expensive or durable.

Very young girls have a weakness for ribbons, sashes, perfumery, bangles, and fancy pins, and one can do worse than to moderately indulge these innocent vanities.

Family servants should share the Christmas joy; and appropriate gifts, such as print or neat woolen dresses, aprons, or a pocketbook with perhaps a coin or bill in it, will never come amiss.

The mothers — the housekeepers — are the easiest to cater for at this season of puzzled shoppers. There are hundreds of dainty articles which the true home-maker will welcome. Anything to beautify the home can hardly fail to please; — silver, china, articles of cut-glass, or choice napery for the table, a Japanese umbrella-stand, a work-basket prettily fitted up and with perhaps a silver or gold thimble in its own little pocket, a linen scarf for the sideboard embroidered or finished with "drawn work," a shopping-bag, or embroidered scarfs of the pretty China silks now so much used in decoration. Other gifts might be vinaigrettes, silver glove-buttoners, crocheted slippers, dainty aprons, ivory brushes and combs, stationery, pocket-books, card-cases or address-books. In presenting any of the latter gifts it will show an added thoughtfulness on the part of the giver to have the name, or at least the initials, of the recipient printed in gilt letters on the article, if it be of leather. The added cost for this work is very trifling. In the same way the value of a box of stationery is much enhanced if the giver has had the address of the recipient stamped upon the upper right-hand corner of the paper.

A little time and thoughtful work may produce very delightful results. A lady of my acquaintance was greatly pleased with a certain beautiful story which appeared in a well-known weekly paper. It was not possible to obtain the story in any other form, so her niece bought two copies of the paper containing it, as it was printed on both sides of the page. After cutting the story out neatly in columns and pasting these into one long strip, the whole piece was measured and then carefully pasted in even double columns upon sheets of heavy paper of a size which left a broad margin. Then the margins were decorated with delicate sprays of flowers painted in sepia, and the name of the story in fancy letters appeared on the thicker sheet of paper which served as a cover. Round holes were made with an instrument which is manufactured for that purpose, and all the sheets, eleven in number, were tied together with a ribbon. On the last page a copy of a famous painting of the Madonna, prominently mentioned in the story, was mounted. The result was a really lovely little gift-book, sure to please her who received it.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

OUR readers will be interested in comparing the two descriptions of rabbit-hunting published in this number: "Coursing with Greyhounds in Southern California" and a "Pueblo Rabbit-hunt." Between the civilized "coursing" and the savage "drive" the contrast is certainly striking.

THE LETTER-BOX.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

I HAVE the honor, this morning, to be,
One of a committee, that numbers but three,
To ask you a question concerning the fate
Of one who wrote for your pages of late.
'T is "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," whose loss we bewail,
The parson who told us full many a tale,
Instructive and funny his sermons to all.
Now tell your "Dear Reader," has Jack had a fall?
Has he misused the funds that others have earned?
Has he taught us a lesson that *he* has n't learned?
Has he jilted the "School-ma'am," that lamb of his fold,
Or doctrines advanced that some thought too bold?
If you know where he is, you had best make it known,
Or suspicion will rest on old St. Nick alone.
When last Jack was seen with your authors renowned,
He seemed hale and hearty — in *every* way sound.
Now do solve the mystery that hangs over Jack,
And if it is possible please have him back.
Vive le St. Nicholas, in whom I delight.

Your ardent admirer, ETHEL P. WRIGHT.

This cheery correspondent, and all Jack's other friends, will see that he is again in his pulpit this month. Like other preachers, he must have a vacation now and then.

And, by the way, Jack-in-the-Pulpit requests us to convey his thanks to *Mollie U. F.*, *Nagrom*, *J. H. Darrell*, *May Waring*, *Dannie G.*, *Mildred D. G.*, and *Paul Gage*, for the good letters they sent him in reply to Aimée Lequeux D.'s question given in the May ST. NICHOLAS. The letters were cordially enjoyed, but were received too late to be acknowledged with the other letters on the banana question.

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not remember to have ever seen a letter from Athens in your "Letter-box," so I thought that some of your readers might like to know something about it. The people are very dark, and it is rare to find any fair ones. I was only nine years old when I left America, and now I am fourteen. Greek is very difficult, and a person not knowing the language might often think the people quarreling, they talk so very loud and use so many gestures. Greek girls do not, as a rule, go to school, but they have private teachers and governesses. Almost all the children speak several languages, and you often find a little child five or six years old who can speak Greek, English, German, and French. Perhaps some of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS may be surprised to know that the King, Queen and Princesses go about the town just like other people — sometimes in a carriage, or on horseback, and often walk about the streets unattended. But when there is any special ceremony, there is a gilt coach, with grooms in blue and silver liveries, and magnificent horses. But perhaps every one is not so much interested in royalty as I am, so I will talk of something else. There are a great many ruins here, the most beautiful being the Acropolis. But I must not attempt to describe them. Besides the ruins, there are very beautiful houses (really palaces) and magnificent streets. The pavement on the principal streets must be about thirty feet wide on each side, and the road still wider. I must say, before I stop writing, that, of all the stories I have yet read in the ST. NICHOLAS, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are my favorites. I have a little sister who enjoys the pictures very much.

Now, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, from your interested reader, MABEL M——.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine for nearly a year, and are very fond of it. We visited Europe about a year ago, and stayed there for six months. We were led to take your magazine by hearing such favorable comments passed upon it while we were in Athens, Greece. We visited various places of interest, among which were Geneva, Paris, London, Liverpool, Rome, and numerous other cities. While in Geneva we had quite a singular adventure. We were out driving, one sultry afternoon, when our carriage was stopped, and two fierce-looking men approached us, compelling us to give up all our valuables. Of course we were obliged to comply with their wishes, but very reluctantly. Hoping to see this letter published in your next number,

Your admiring readers, MAY AND FLORA.

LILY BAY, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in your August number an article about "Flower Ladies." I have often played it, only rather more elaborately. Perhaps you would like to know my way.

I used to take a bud or seed-vessel, leaving about two inches of stalk. A daisy bud or a very green poppy-seed is the best, using the bud or seed-vessel as a head, and slipping the stalk through the petal of a morning-glory flower. We did not always use morning-glory flowers, but sometimes nasturtium blossoms with enough of the little tube cut off to allow the stalk to pass through, so making a girl doll with a full skirt.

A still gayer dress was one I made by taking the petals of a poppy and fastening them around the waist of the doll with grass or thread, and then putting on the leaves of a different-colored poppy arranged as a cape.

Hats were made by taking the blossom of a sweet-pea and opening the lower petals wide enough to insert the head, and running a pin or stiff piece of grass through from the calyx, which is left on, into the head. A simpler way of making hats is to take a blossom of the butter-and-eggs (Antirrhinum) and open the mouth wide enough to inclose the head. We used to call them "riding-hats." Faces can be made by pressing the point of a pin into the seed. I have never seen this done except with a poppy-head.

Hoping that my ST. NICHOLAS girl friends who are interested in the "Flower Ladies" will improve and enlarge on my pattern-book, I remain, sincerely yours,

ELEANOR M. F——.

CANTON, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for nearly five years, I have never written to you before, and I hope this letter will have the honor of being printed in the "Letter-box," for the reason that it is from a "Johnstown flood sufferer," if for no other.

Our family was (with the exception of myself, I being two miles from town visiting) in the thickest part of the flood. They were on the roof of the house when it floated from its foundation and directly opposite the school-house, which was a block away from us before the flood.

They then climbed over houses, débris, etc., and got in the school-house. This was about five o'clock in the evening of that disastrous day. They did not get out until six o'clock the next evening. During all that time they did not have a bite to eat. I had my ST. NICHOLAS all bound, but the books went with our house in the flood. I have not seen but one copy of ST. NICHOLAS since May 31, 1889, and do not expect to see one of my own for a great while.

Your interested *non*-reader, ALICE L. S——.

P. S.—Not one of my relatives was lost in the flood, but many friends were. We are going back to Johnstown in the fall.

GREENWOOD LAKE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy having my Papa read to my sisters and my brothers and myself the stories in ST. NICHOLAS.

I will tell you a funny story. At our house, whenever we are naughty, we have another name.

We don't belong to our family at all, but to the Hopscotch family. My big sister is Peggerty, the next one Betsy, or Elizabeth Jane, and my big brother is Jedediah, and my little brothers Obediah and Abimeleck, and my sister, that 's only a little older than I, whose letter you printed in your September ST. NICHOLAS, is Malinda, and Papa and Mamma, if they were ever naughty, would be Ahasuerius and Semarimus, and my name is Melvina.

If we are naughty, my Papa says, "Peggerty, Elizabeth Jane, Jedediah, Malinda, Melvina, Obediah, and Abimeleck, go right to your rooms and stay there until I send for you!"

I tell you we do not, any of us, like to be called a member of the Hopscotch family!

NORA MCD——, seven years old.

FORT WADSWORTH, STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I promised to write to you some time ago, but have never done so. I am an army girl, and am constantly moving about. I love to travel. The last time I wrote to you, I was in Virginia. I intended to write and tell you about New Orleans, when I lived there. The trip down South was a very pleasant one to us. We went down in the latter part of October, just when the cotton is being picked. It is very interesting to see the negroes picking; they hold a large basket on their heads, with one hand, and with the other they pick the cotton. When one hand is quite full they reach up and put the contents in the basket. The prettiest sight that I saw in my three-days' journey south, was the Florida moss which hangs from the trees; this moss is of a dull, dusty gray; when picked it will sometimes turn black.

I have stood on the battle-ground at New Orleans, and have also been on top of Jackson Monument. This monument is built of white stone, and is not complete; some of the stones on top are loose and liable to fall at any moment. When in the South I used to amuse myself by watching the little lizards running up and down the trees. They are very peculiar; when running up the bark of a tree, they turn dark, but as soon as they touch the green leaves they are green.

The prettiest cemetery that I ever saw is the Chalmette National Cemetery; in June (the month of roses) it is a bower of flowers. Flowers of every kind and description grow in profusion. Among the flowers are banana-palms and orange trees; the latter, when in bloom, scent the whole cemetery.

Just before you get to the cemetery is an old, old powder-house, that was built before the war; it is so old that it is nearly tumbling over.

Attached to Jackson barracks is a large magnolia grove, where the magnolias blossom and fade. They perfume the whole barracks.

I have taken you for three years and could not do without you. Every month, when it draws near the time for your arrival, the mail is carefully watched.

I was born in the West, but I love the South. This is the first time I have been North. I remain, your devoted reader and admirer, M. T. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a "Martha Washington Fancy Dress Party" which I attended on the Centennial Day.

It was given by a friend of mine, and I wore a gown my great-grandmother wore on the day of Washington's Inauguration. It was made of a dark red, of an ordinary material, and a part of it was lined with bed-ticking. The boys took different characters in American history, as the girls did, and looked very old-fashioned in their white wigs, smallclothes, shoe-buckles, and military coats.

We danced the minuet and other old dances, and the ice-cream was served up in two different forms,— one the head of Martha, and the other of George Washington.

I enjoy your magazine so very much, and can hardly wait for it to come every month. Your loving friend and admirer, AÏDA ST. CLAIR D——.

WE acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of pleasant letters from the young friends whose names follow: Lilian M., E. P., Eleanor M., Alice F. Mitchell, Josephine Sherwood, S. Howard Armstrong, M. C. S., Henriette de R., Julia Babcock, Carrie and Fannie Bennet, Hazel M. Muncey, Kittie K. Nyce, Reba I. and Fannie, James H., Maria D. Malone, Millie K. and Rose L., E. Janney, Elizabeth D., Kate Guthrie, Lisa D. Bloodgood, Margaret S., Cora M. S., Ortie C. Dake, Martha Frederick, Ethel P. Wright, Kate Krutz, Elsie R., Charles T. H., "Lizzie," Martha T. Mann, Sara M. Scribner, Lilian, Mabel, Maude, and Cecile, Violet C., Ruth Owen Sturges.

THE AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION.—1888–89.

To ST. NICHOLAS, the Agassiz Association (which was begun in this magazine) owes a new debt of gratitude. Within two months after our annual report appeared in ST. NICHOLAS last November, responsive letters were received from more than three hundred persons, and more than one hundred new branch societies, or Chapters, were organized. I wish the number might be doubled now!

Among the most interesting of our new Chapters are two which have taken root—where do you think?—in Russia! One of them is at Shargovod, in Podolsk, the other at Savinstzy, in Poltava, and if you will take the trouble to glance at your atlas you will see that these are not border towns, but far interior.

Two societies have been established in England (Burton and Wolverhampton), and one in Nova Scotia.

The readers of ST. NICHOLAS are probably aware that we have divided all the branches of the Association into ten groups, called "centuries," for convenience in reporting. Reports are expected from the Chapters of the first century in January of each year; from the second century in February, and so on, omitting the months of August and September. Perhaps I can give no better impression of the progress of our work than by taking a short glance at the letters which came in for the month July. They are certainly very encouraging and gratifying.

Iowa Chapters are always "up to the mark." Here is *Clarksville*, 612, started only last March, that has already more than doubled its membership, has meetings every Saturday, holds written examinations once a month in botany, and adds to the usual programme of its meetings, music, readings, and recitations. Miss Bertha Penrose is the president, and Miss Grace Cameron the secretary.

We turn the telescope to Louisiana. Within half a year the *Henry H. Straight Memorial Chapter, New Orleans, C*, No. 614, has increased its membership from eight to twenty-four. Three hundred per cent. is very good! Three of these members are adult, and they direct the work of the children, each one being encouraged to follow his special inclination. Among other things talked over and studied have been the crayfish, dragon-fly, various moths and butterflies, and sea-fish. Common trees have also been discussed, and specimens of the wood, blossom, flower, and fruit mounted on cardboard. One meeting was given up entirely to the chicken. Its senses, "clothes," bones (in a mounted skeleton), history and origin, breeds and care, eggs and incubators, were some of the topics, varied by two humorous recitations. After all this the society actually partook of a chicken-pie (which is certainly a practical illustration of "applied science"!) and the meeting adjourned after each person present had while blindfolded drawn a picture of a chicken. Each one paid five cents for the privilege of drawing, and the one who made the best picture received the whole collection of drawings as a "chicken album." So they had much fun and made some money. Miss Eliza A. Cheyney, the earnest secretary, adds, "We are very glad indeed to belong to the Agassiz Association. Any one who doubts the value of nature studies for children should watch, as I have for six months, its awakening and quickening power."

Before passing to the next Chapter, we must add parenthetically that Miss Cheyney has just organized a strong Chapter of more than twenty members in Hampton Institute, General Armstrong's Indian School.

It is surprising how Chapters in the largest cities thrive equally with those which are supposed to be in nature's more favored haunt, the country. Chapter 630, *New York City, Q*, retains its full membership, and has been steadily adding to its collections.

And now we must take a very long step,—to *Redlands, California*. Prince Krapotkine, the distinguished Russian, calls frequent attention to the Agassiz Association, in his speeches on "What Geography Ought to Be"; and shows that, by such a system of correspondence and exchange as we have, we get more true knowledge of distant lands than is possible in any other way. The truth of this remark is illustrated by our regular reports every month.

In Redlands, Cal., then, *Chapter* 639 began its existence at the suggestion and under the guidance of Professor J. G. Scott, so long the distinguished head of the Westfield, Mass., Normal School. Professor Scott has recently died, but, wherever he has been, there will remain inspiring memories of his earnest life. Says the secretary of Chapter 639, "Professor Scott spent most of the winter with us, and no one could be with him without becoming interested in natural history. We were constantly inspired." She adds, "We were also fortunate in having another Massachusetts teacher with us last winter, Professor T. E. N. Eaton, of Worcester. He conducted a botany class attended by some fifty members." The secretary of this Chapter, at the end of her very interesting report, requests that it be not published. We did not notice the request until the foregoing extract was written, and while we do not publish the report, we are unwilling to suppress the merited tributes to Professors Scott and Eaton.

One of our most active Chapters is 652, *East Orange, N. J., C.* under the efficient management of Mary D. Hussey, M. D. Just entering on its third year with five new members, it reports the interest greater than ever. It is so large that its work is done in sections, of which there are four. The geological section has finished the first grade of Professor Guttenberg's Agassiz Association course and has begun a study of local minerals. The botanical section has been occupied with excursions and work upon the local flora, and on Arbor Day interested the children of a public school in tree-planting. Fifty small trees, which had been raised from seedlings, were presented to the children by the Chapter, and the children planted them at their own homes with their own hands. The entomological section reported on wasps, honey-bees, bumble-bees, and silk-worms, presenting specimens of each. It was all original work. During the remainder of the season the ornithological section took charge of the meetings, and the following birds were studied from specimens lent from a private collection: English sparrows, chipping, song, and tree sparrows, snow-birds, hawks, owls, blackbirds, orioles, robins, wrens, and fly-catchers. Members of this Chapter attended each meeting of the Agassiz Hill and Dale Club, and the New Jersey State Assembly of the Agassiz Association. Agassiz's birthday, May 28, was celebrated in a grove by reading sketches of his life and scientific work, and Lowell's poem, followed by refreshments and an exhibition of specimens. A most encouraging record of a year's work.

Mr. H. B. Hastings reports that Chapter 663, of *Chelsea, Mass.*, has a microscope fund of thirty-six dollars deposited in bank.

We must give an extract from the excellent report of Chapter 694, of *Plainfield, N. J., C.* The three secretaries, Mary E. Tracy, Margaret L. Tracy, and Lilian Erskine, write, in part, as follows:

"Our Chapter has eleven active and five honorary members. This year botanical and geological sections have been formed in addition to the one in entomology. We have held thirty-nine meetings besides making ten excursions into the country, have sent a delegate to both sessions of the New Jersey Assembly, and at least one member has attended three meetings of the Hill and Dale Club.

"The botanical section of our chapter was organized in the fall and consists of eight active members. We have held nine regular meetings. During the first part of the year we studied ferns. In the winter months we took up the lives of Linnæus, the Jussieu family, and other well-known botanists of that time. Our work this spring has been mostly in connection with the study of botany in school. We have analyzed one hundred and five plants, fifty plants having been mounted by each member."

We bring this hasty review of the "Seventh Century" to a close by quoting part of an encouraging report from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa: "The number of meetings held during the year is forty-five. We have made quite a number of excursions and some very interesting discoveries. One of our members, a gentleman from Colorado attending the University, brought us some beautiful specimens of gold and silver ore."

A noticeable feature of the year's work has been the rapid extension of the Association among the higher institutions of learning. We have Chapters in connection with Johns Hopkins University, Columbia College, the College of the City of New York, Rutgers, Wellesley, Wittenburg, Akron, Olivet, and others, to say nothing of numerous Chapters in normal schools.

At the same time, there are just as many Chapers of the little ones as ever, and many "family Chapters," where old and young study and work together. Once more, it gives me great pleasure to invite all, of whatever age, to unite with us, either by organizing local Chapters, or as individual members. To any one who will send his address will be sent a circular, containing concise directions for joining the Association—there is no charge for the enrollment of Chapters—and with the circular will be sent a wood-engraving of Professor Agassiz.

Address, PRESIDENT AGASSIZ ASSOCIATION,
Pittsfield, Mass.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Sir Christopher Wren. 1. Spike. 2. Acorn. 3. Chair. 4. Sieve. 5. Otter. 6. Ships. 7. Mower. 8. Rower. 9. Negro.

ACROSTIC RIDDLE. 1. Lark. 2. Army. 3. Riches. 4. Kite.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The sere leaf, flitting on the blast;
The hips and haws in every hedge,
Bespeak October 's come! At last
We stand on Winter's crumbling edge.

A HOLLOW SQUARE. From 1 to 2, spatter; 3 to 4, plea; 5 to 6, alcoran; 7 to 8, tong; 9 to 10, ternate; 11 to 12, eats; 13 to 14, rangest.

CONCEALED HALF SQUARE. 1. Diamond. 2. Imbibe. 3. Abate. 4. Mite. 5. Obe. 6. Ne. 7. D.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. Upper square: 1. Plan. 2. Line. 3. Anna. 4. Neat. Lower square: 1. Than. 2. Hare. 3. Aril. 4. Nell. From 1 to 3, pintail.

DIAMOND. 1. P. 2. Lea. 3. Worms. 4. Lovable. 5. Peragrate. 6. Ambreic. 7. Slain. 8. Etc. 9. E.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Harvest Home. Cross-words: 1. Hydra. 2. Arion. 3. Remus. 4. Vesta. 5. Epeus. 6. Siren. 7. Titan. 8. Hylas. 9. Orion. 10. Medea. 11. Erato.

BURIED CITIES. Initials, Cleveland. 1. Canton. 2. Lille. 3. Exeter. 4. Venice. 5. Ems. 6. Lima. 7. Amiens. 8. Nice. 9. Damascus.

PI. ALICE CARY IN "*Autumn.*"

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gate they crowd,
And Summer from her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud,
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the faded leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Louise Ingham Adams — Josephine Sherwood — Paul Reese — Maxie and Jackspar — Maude E. Palmer — Clara B. Orwig — Pearl F. Stevens — J. B. Swann — Ida C. Thallon — Blanche and Fred — Mamma and Jamie — "The Wise Five" — Mary L. Gerrish — Odie Oliphant.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Marion Hughes, 1 — "The Family," 1 — Gertrude and Cora McCabe, 1 — Pearl B., 1 — Ida A., 1 — Monica, 2 — Donald C. Barnes, 1 — Mabel, Alice, and Savage, 1 — Emmons L. Peck, 1 — Bebbie and Matilda, 2 — A. E. H. Meyer, 2 — L. R. M., 1 — Pauline M. H., Elsie E., and Catherine E. H., 1 — "May and '79," 9 — Annie Louise Clay, 1 — Clara and Emma, 1 — Wm. N. Seaver, 5 — May and Lil, 1 — Lester and Gertrude, 1 — "Bungalowites," 2 — Mary E. Colston, 3 — F. P. Whitmore, 1 — L. L. W. and Two Cousins, 1 — M. H. Perrin, 1 — Lisa D. Bloodgood, 2 — H. M. C., 4 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — A. P. C., S. W., E. M. M. and A. W. Ashhurst, 5 — Bella Myers, 1 — G. H. Purdy, 2 — Margaret Alice, 1 — Ida and Mamma, 2 — May Martin, 1 — Margy P. and Emilie D., 4 — "Karl the Great," 9 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 2 — "Kendrick Family," 1 — Percy V. Rance, 1 — Skipper, 2 — Helen D., 9 — "Bears," 2 — "Jo and I," 10 — Nellie L. Howes, 8 — Joslyn Z. and Julian C. Smith, 6 — "A Family Affair," 9 — Kate Guthrie, 5 — Nora Maynard, 4 — Fanny H., 8 — Adrienne Offley Forrester, 5 — J. M. Wright, 1 — Pussy and Kitty, 2 — "Frizzlewig," 4 — E. F. M., 3 — Charles Beaufort, 1 — B. F. R., 7 — Dora, 1.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. The government of the Turkish empire. 2. Injuries. 3. Pastimes. 4. Fairies. 5. Purport.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rope. 2. An exclamation. 3. A fragment. 4. A snare. 5. An ant. 6. Withered. 7. Iniquity. 8. In like manner. 9. In rope.

PI.

Sit eth emit
Hewn eht miche
Fo eht senasos horlac bnda si ginring tou.
Kysom stribgnesh slifl eht ari,
Rof eht glith swind weeryhever
Scneers lful fo wolfrey bresem wings batou.
Three si stenswese hatt sopperess,
Sa a retden riptang seslebs;
Threes a fontseed wogl fo yabteu,
Sa hewn Leov si rethawing Duyt;
Theer rea delisome taht mese
Gawvine stap dan trufeu toni neo rafi ramed.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the primals will spell degrades; the row next to them will spell to superintend; the finals will spell the side opposite to the weather side; and the row next to them will spell charges.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the back. 2. To manifest. 3. To threaten. 4. A name anciently given to the underworld. 5. A city in Italy, near Perugia. 6. Wanted. 7. Having the surface set with bristles. F. S. F.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. Gives medicine to. 2. The weight of twelve grains. 3. Substantial. 4. A feminine name. 5. A covered vehicle for carrying a single person.

CHARADE.

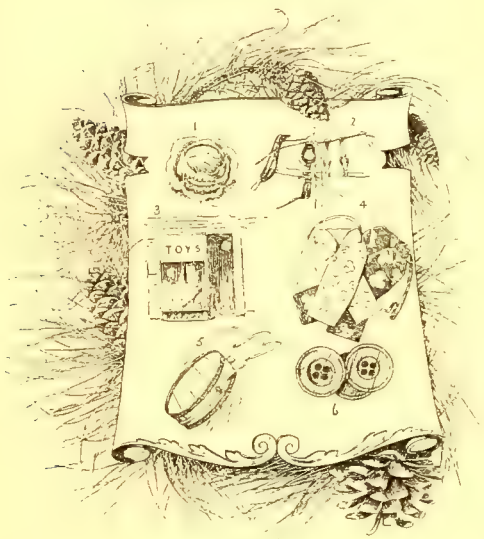
My *first* is the most of the *whole*;
Indeed, than the *whole* it 's no less.
My *second*, no matter how large,
Can never be all, you 'll confess.
By adding a few to the *whole*
A compound is made that is healthy;
Indeed, your food should be this,
Whether you 're poor or you 're wealthy.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty-eight letters, and form two lines from a poem by Tennyson.

My 36-13-18-7-32-42 is a poem consisting of fourteen lines. My 11-27-40-17-4 is a story. My 45-21-48-19 is an excuse. My 1-23-38-29-9-20-44 is the national flower of a certain country. My 14-25-5-46-30 is a kind of grain extensively cultivated. My 35-41 is a preposition. My 2-15-26-33-24-16 is a young cow. My 6-43-8-37 are small, globular masses of lead. My 3-47-22-31-34-10-28-12-39 is enslaves. F. A. W.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC.



EACH of the six small pictures may be described by a word of seven letters. When these words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the third perpendicular row will spell the surname of an American poet who was born in November, 1797.

RIDDLE.

FROM night until morning, from morning till night,
My dress varies not, 't is the purest of white;
But how shall I add what must injure my song,—
That I 'm plump as a dumpling, not round but oblong.
Moreover, my station I take on the head
Of a creature large, strong, and a true quadruped;
But so gentle and quiet that children may dare
To mount on his back and sit fearlessly there.
I said that my form was not sylph-like nor slender,
No matter for that, since my feelings are tender;
But a caution I have for the young and the gay,
Shun my company ever, by break of the day,
Or the roses of health that now bloom on your face
Will ere long to the hue of the lily give place.
And now if there 's one who my name has not guessed,
I 'll venture 't is that one who loves me the best.

C. L. M.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

WHEN the words represented by stars in the following sentences have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of the English poet from whose great work the following quotations are taken:

1. "Then comes the father of the * * * * * * * forth,
Wrapt in black glooms."
2. "* * * * * * * in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court."
3. "Along the woods, along the * * * * * * * fens,
Sighs the sad genius of the coming storm."
4. "The lively * * * * * * * drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact."
5. "He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast * * * * * * * concealed."
6. "How dead the vegetable * * * * * * * lies!"
7. "And see where surly Winter passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his * * * * * * * blasts."

DYCIE.

BROKEN WORDS.

EXAMPLE: Separate a rural worker, and make a vegetable and an insect. Answer, peas-ant.

1. Separate a kind of pie or tart, and make to revolve and above. 2. Separate a mercenary, and make wages and a kind of fish. 3. Separate a preservative against injury, and make a preposition meaning "against," and to love. 4. Separate a nocturnal bird, and make darkness and a bird resembling a falcon. 5. Separate a piece of timber in a ship, and make navigates and onward. 6. Separate an assistant to a churchwarden, and make margins and a human being. 7. Separate an unexpected piece of good fortune, and make idols and conclusion. 8. Separate to write between, and make to bury and a writer. 9. Separate pertaining to the evening, and make the evening star and part of a fork. 10. Separate to threaten, and make a mischievous sprite and the close. 11. Separate remarkable, and make a word that expresses denial and proficient. 12. Separate to please, and make happy and a cave.

When the above words are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, the initials of the first row of words will spell a day of rejoicing, and the initials of the second row, a place many people visit in November.

GILBERT FORREST.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals form a surname of Juno at Rome, and my finals a name for Rhea.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A large artery in the neck. 2. An Italian poet. 3. A web-footed marine bird. 4. Reported. 5. Capacity. 6. A lintel over a door. 7. To fall against. 8. A kind of cloth, originally brought from China. 9. A musical term meaning rather slow. F. S. M.

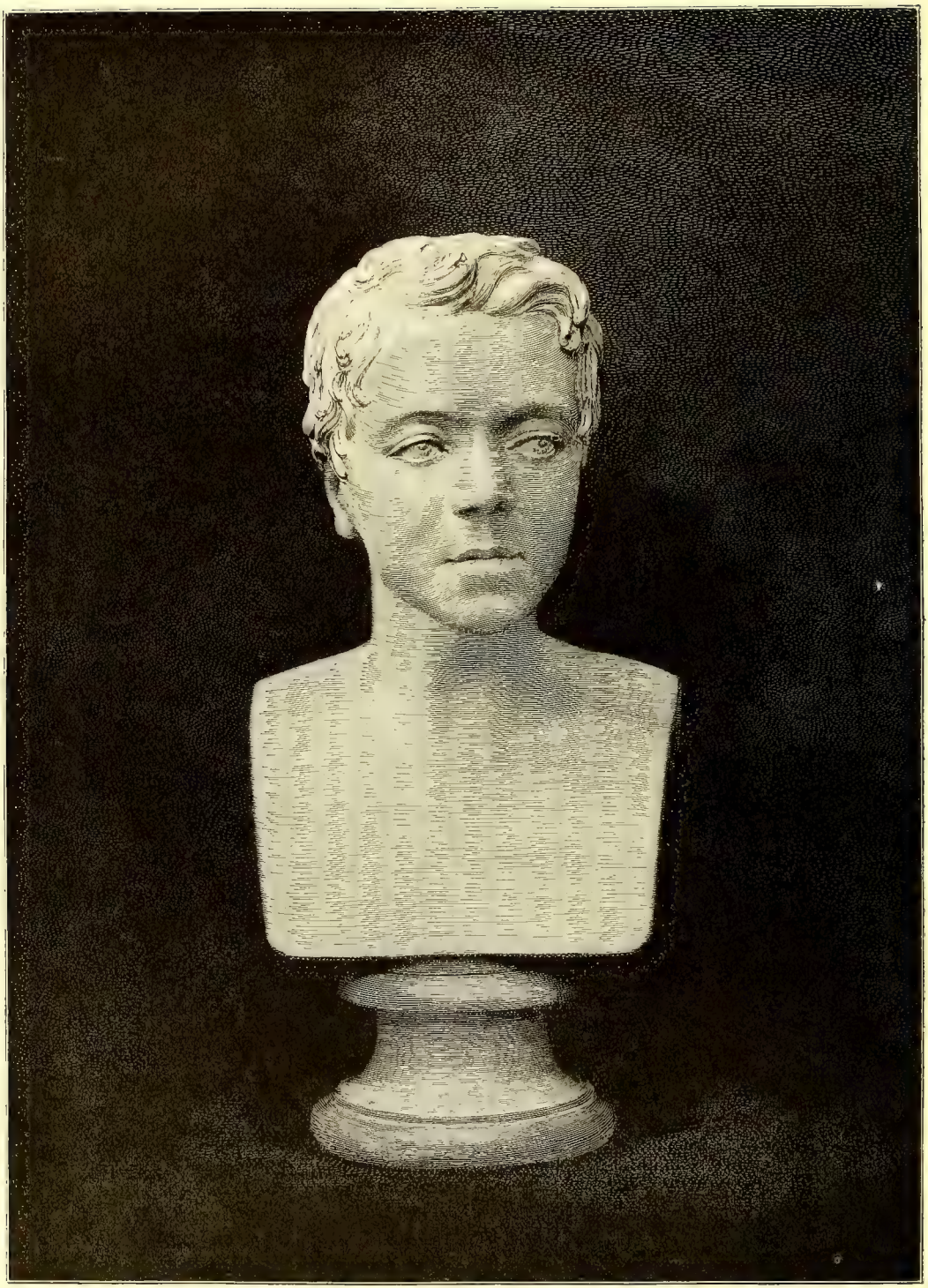
PROVERB PUZZLE.

BY taking one word from each of the following proverbs, a quotation from *Macbeth*, suitable to the season, may be found:

1. Bitter pills may have blessed effects.
2. A good key is necessary to enter into Paradise.
3. Some have more trouble in the digestion of meat than in getting the meat itself.
4. Better wait on the cook than the doctor.
5. Praise the sea but keep on land.
6. Temperance, employment, a cheerful spirit, and a good appetite are the great preservers of health.
7. Little and often fills the purse.
8. Sickness is felt, but health not at all.
9. Lookers-on see more than players.
10. Hear both sides before you decide on your verdict.

"'AM PEGOTTY."

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

(ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS, FROM A BUST BY J. DEVILE, MADE JUNE 1, 1822.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII. DECEMBER, 1889. NO. 2.

THE BOYHOOD OF THACKERAY.

BY ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

I.

THERE is a picture we used to look at as children in the nursery at home, and which my own children look at now, as it hangs upon the wall. It is a water-color sketch, delicately penciled and tinted, done in India some three-quarters of a century ago by Chinnery, a well-known artist of those days, who went to Calcutta and depicted the people there with charming skill.

This picture represents a family group,—father, mother, infant child,—a subject which has been popular with painters ever since they first began their craft. Long before Raphael's wondrous art was known, this particular composition was a favorite with artists and spectators, as I think it will ever be, from generation to generation, while mothers continue to clasp their little ones in their arms. This special group of Thackerays is almost the only glimpse we have of my father's earliest childhood, but it gives a vivid passing impression of his first home, which lasted for so short a time. My long, lean, young grandfather sits at such ease as people allowed themselves in those classic days, propped in a stiff chair, in tight white ducks and pumps, and with a kind, grave face. He was Mr. Richmond Thackeray, of the Bengal Civil Service, the then revenue collector of the districts called "the twenty-four Perganas." My grandmother, a beautiful young woman of some two and twenty summers, stands, draped in white, with a certain nymph-like aspect, and beside her, perched upon half a dozen big piled books, with his arms round his mother's neck, is her little son, William Makepeace Thackeray, a round-eyed boy of three years old, dressed in a white muslin frock. He has curly, dark hair, an innocent face, and a very sweet look and smile. This look was almost the same indeed after a lifetime; neither long years of work and trouble, nor pain, nor chill winters of anxiety ever dimmed its clear simplicity, though his spectacles may have sometimes come between his eyes and those who did not know him very well.

He used to take his spectacles off when he looked at this old water-color. "It is a pretty drawing," he used to say; but if his father, in the picture, could have risen from the chair he would have been about nine feet high, according to the length of the legs there depicted. My own father used to tell us he could just remember our grandfather, a very tall, thin man, rising out of a bath. He could also remember the crocodiles floating on the Ganges, and that was almost all he ever described of India, though in his later writings there are many allusions to

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A FAMILY GROUP OF THACKERAYS — MR. AND MRS. RICHMOND THACKERAY, AND THEIR SON, LITTLE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. (FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY GEORGE CHINNERY.)

East Indian life. In "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan," for instance, there is enough meaning and intention in the names and Hindustanee to show that he still retained something of his early impressions.

A year after the sketch in question was painted, the peaceful home in India was broken up forever. The poor young collector of the twenty-four Perganas died of a fever on board a ship, where he had been carried from the shore for fresher air; this was about 1816, when my father was five years old.

Richmond Thackeray was himself little over thirty when he died. His young widow remained in India with her mother, and married a second time. Two years after her first husband's death, her little son came back to England with a cousin of the same age, both returning under the care of an Indian civilian, Mr. James McNabb, who had promised to befriend the children on the journey home, and of whose kindness we were often told in our childhood.

In the Roundabout Paper, on "Letts's Diary," my father mentions this very coming home. He is speaking of this cousin, Sir Richmond Shakespear, who had been his little playmate and friend from the time of their birth. "In one of the stories by the present writer," he says, "a man is described tottering up the steps of the Ghaut, having just parted with his child whom he is dispatching to England from India. I wrote this, remembering in long, long distant days such a Ghaut, or river-stair, at Calcutta; and a day when down those steps, to a boat which was in waiting, came two children whose mothers remained on the shore. One of these ladies was never to see her boy more." (So he says speaking of his aunt Mrs. Shakespear.)

My grandmother's was a happier fate, and she returned to make a home for her son, and to see him grow up and prosper and set his mark upon his time.

II.

BEFORE going any further the writer must explain how it has come about that these few papers and drawings are now for the first time given to the public.

A little more than a year ago an American gentleman came to see us at Southmead, where we were then living, with a letter of introduction from a friend, and at his request I showed him some letters and drawings, and the picture of my father which I have been describing, and some of my father's MSS., in all of which he took the same warm and responsive interest which has so often been shown by the American as well as the English readers of "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis." Among the letters were two or three very early epistles I had lately found; written at the time of my father's first coming home to England, when all our present race of elders, statesmen, poets, and philosophers were also little boys — and girls, shall we say? — playing in their nurseries, spinning their hoops and tops, peacefully awaiting the coming whirligigs of life. I had found the letters by chance one day, in a packet which had been preserved by my grandmother for half a century. It had then lain undisturbed for nearly twenty years after her death, for so much time had passed since they were first written by the little boy in the quiet Hampshire village to his mother in India.

I showed these childish letters, among other things, to my American visitor, as I have said, and, not long afterward, he wrote to me conveying the request of the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS, that I would let the magazine have them for the benefit of its young readers. I had some hesitation at first in complying with the request,— for it is difficult to go against a life-long habit, and I have always felt bound by my father's objections. After a time I spoke to my old friend Mr. George Smith, to whom my father's copyrights belong. He willingly consented and saw no real hindrance to the publication. And, as I looked again at the child's writing, I felt that even the most fastidious could not find any breach of confidence in printing the simple lines; and, apart from all other reasons, it would be a pleasure to us and to our own children to see them reproduced. I was sure, too, that many American boys and girls and their elders would be interested to see how the writer of "Vanity Fair" began his life-long work.

And so it happened that one summer's day this year a little cart drew up at our garden gate, a photographer and a camera were landed on the doorstep, the camera was set up in a corner of the garden, the sun came out from behind a cloud, and in an hour or two the letters were copied, the pictures and the bust were reproduced, the picture went back to its nail, and the letters to their drawers, and the cart rumbled off with the negatives, of which the proofs have now reached me from America.

III.

"WHEN I first saw England," my father writes in his lecture upon George III., "she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the

hope of the Empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man, 'that is Bonaparte; he eats three sheep every day and all the little children he can lay hands on!'"

The little traveler must have been about six years old when he landed in England. He was sent to Fareham, in Hampshire, to the care of his mother's aunt and grandmother, where she had also lived as a child in the same quiet old house. "Trix's house" it was called in those days, and still may be for all I know. It stood in Fareham High street, with pretty, old-fashioned airs and graces, and a high sloping roof and narrow porch. The low front windows looked across a flower garden into the village roadway, the back windows opened into a pleasant fruit garden sloping to the river. When I myself the other day read in "Præterita" Ruskin's exquisite description of the fruit-bearing trees and bushes in his own childish "Garden of Eden," straightway came to my mind a remembrance, a vision, of the gooseberry and currant bushes at our Aunt Becher's, and of my little curly-haired sister sitting on the ground and filling her pinafore with fruit. We in turn, children of a fourth generation, were brought for a time to the old house. I can see it all as plain before me as if I was eight years old once more; and I can remember hearing my grandmother say that, according to her own remembrance, nothing was changed from the time when she too had returned thither from India as a fatherless child to dwell in the quiet village for a decade of years, until she went back to India again at sixteen, dressed for the journey in a green cloth riding-habit — so she used to tell us — to be married, and to be a mother, and widowed, and married again before another decade had gone by. She never had any other child than my father.

My sister and I, coming so long after, succeeded to all her old traditions: to the oak stools standing in the window; to the little white bed in the upper room; to the garden leading to the river-bank. We made cowslip balls in the meadows (how often we had heard of them before we came to Fareham!). All our grandmother's stories came to life for us. We too had pattens to wear when it rained, we too had "willow" plates of our own, and cherry-pie on Sundays, and dry bread on week days; we too were forbidden butter by our old great-great-aunt as a pernicious luxury for children. We were afraid of the old aunt, but very fond of her, for she used to give us half-sovereigns, and send us charming letters in her beautiful handwriting. The little old house was as pleasant within as without; big blue china pots stood in the corners of the sitting-rooms and of the carved staircase with its low steps. In the low-pitched front parlor hung the pictures (a Sir Joshua Reynolds among them) of generations not so far removed in my childish days as they are at present, being now buried away by succeeding lives — "où sous son père on retrouve encore son père comme l'onde sous l'onde dans une mer sans fond."

My father's great-grandmother, Mrs. Becher, had sat to Sir Joshua in her youth — she died in 1825 at eighty-nine years of age. Her name, which the writer has inherited, was Anne Haysham before she married, and we have a copy of the Sir Joshua portrait, representing a stately dame in the flowing draperies of the period. She lived in the old house at Fareham, after her husband's death; she was the mother of many daughters and tempestuous sons. The sterner rule of those Spartan times did not always quell the wild spirits of their rising generations. My grandmother has often told me that Mrs. Becher never called her eldest daughter anything but "Miss Becher"; her little granddaughter was "Miss Nancy." She used to come and go leaning on a beautiful tortoise-shell-headed cane. I have played with the cane, though its owner died long before I was born; as for the great-aunt, I remember her perfectly well, a little old lady in a flaxen front with apple cheeks and a blue shawl, holding out her welcoming arms to the third generation of her brother John's descendants. When she died, she left her brother's picture out of the parlor to my grandmother, his only surviving daughter, and now in turn it hangs with its red coat upon our parlor wall. We are all very fond of our great-grandfather, with his nice coat and

lace ruffles. He is, in the portrait, a young man of some twenty-five years of age, with an oddly familiar face, impulsive, inquisitive,— so he strikes me at least. His name was John Harman Becher, and he too went out to India and did good work there, and died young, as did so many others — in those adventurous days. He was born in April, 1764, and died about 1800.

Fareham itself, with its tall church spire and its peal of Sunday bells across the cowslip meadows, was a Miss-Austen-like village, peopled by retired naval officers and spirited old ladies who played whist every night of their lives and kept up the traditions of England, not without some asperity, as I well remember. Among other things which my grandmother has often described to us was the disastrous news of Nelson's death, coming to them all, in that same little parlor where, a few years after, little William Makepeace Thackeray sat, laboriously writing to his mother in India.

This letter, the earliest we have, is addressed to "Mrs. R. Thackeray, care of Messrs. Palmer's, per P. of Orange, Calcutta." It took six months to reach its journey's end.

My Dear Mama I hope you are quite well. I have given my dear Grandmama a kiss my Aunt Ritchie is very good to me I like Chiswick there are so many good Boys to play with. St. James's Park is a very fine place. St. Pauls Church too I like very much it is a finer place than I expected. I hope Captain Smyth is well give my love to him and tell him he must bring you home to your affectionate little son

William Thackeray.

"William got so tired of his pen he could not write longer with it," says his great-aunt in a postscript to this Indian letter, "so he hopes you will be able to read his pencil . . . He drew me your house in Calcutta [she continues], not omitting his monkey looking out of the window and black Betty at the top drying the towels, and he told us of the number you collected on his birthday in that large room he pointed out to us!" There are also a few words from an uncle written under the seal. "My dear Sister Anne, I have seen my dear little nephew and am delighted with him."

Besides all these postscripts there is a faint pencil sketch representing, as I imagine, Captain Carmichael-Smyth on horseback. That gentleman was then just engaged to my grandmother, and was ever after the kindest of friends and parents to my father and to all of us.

We have an interesting book compiled by a member of the family for private circulation, in which there is an account of my father as a child. "His habit of observation began very early," says Mrs. Bayne in this volume. "His mother told me that once when only three or four years old, and while sitting on her knee at the evening hour, she observed him gazing upward and lost in admiration. 'Ecco,' he exclaimed, pointing to the evening star, which was shining like a diamond over the crescent moon. This struck her the more as she had herself noticed the same beautiful combination on the night of his birth. 'Ecco' was probably *decco*, which is Hindustanee for 'look!' I have often heard that when he first came to London and was driving through the city he called out, 'That is St. Paul's!' He had recognized it from a picture. He was with his father's sister, Mrs. Ritchie, at the time, and she was alarmed by noticing that his uncle's hat, which he had put on in play, quite fitted him. She took him to Sir Charles Clarke, the great physician of the day, who examined him, and said, 'Don't be afraid; he has a large head, but there is a great deal in it.'"

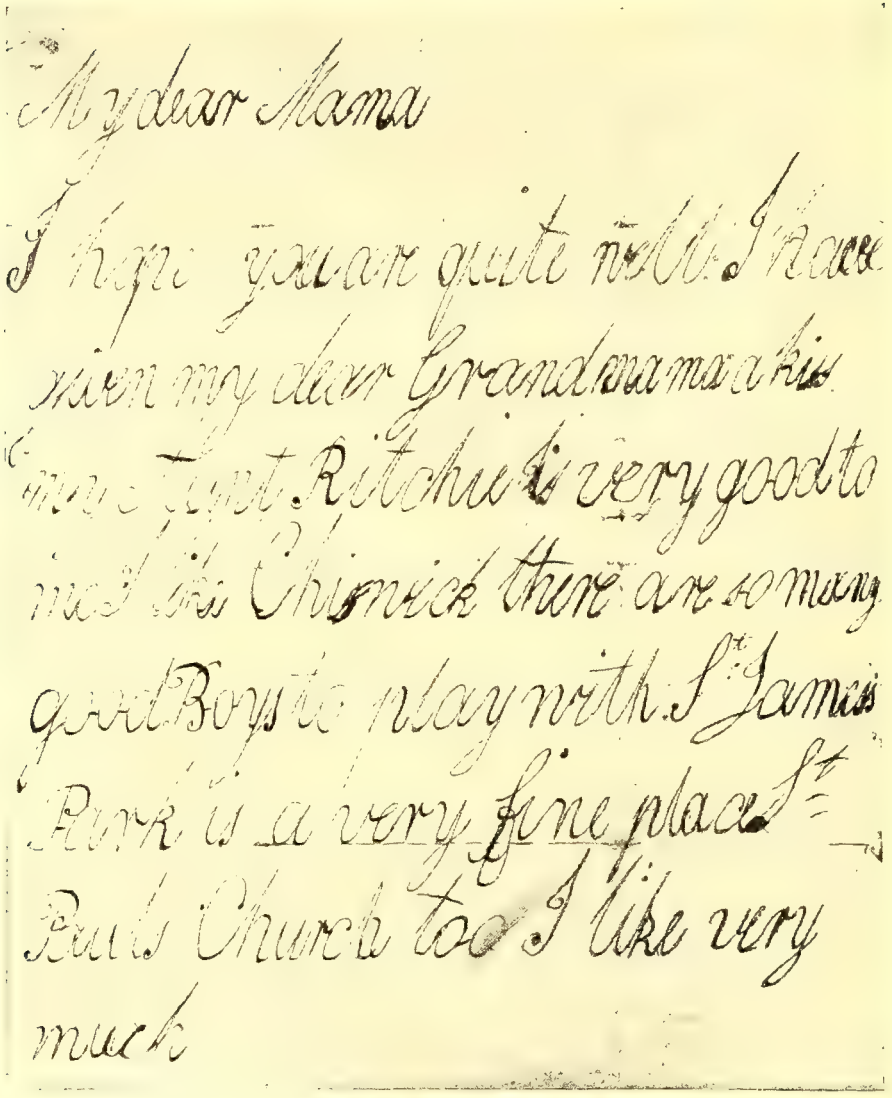
The second of these early letters is addressed to Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth, Agra. It is written in a painstaking copperplate hand, but it is so evidently under superintendence that it is of much less interest than the others. He was then barely seven years old.

April 24, 1818.

My Dear Mama: I received your kind letter which Mrs. ——— was so good as to read to me as I am not able to read your letters yet but hope I shall soon. I have been twice with George and Richmond to dine with Mr. Shakespear he was very kind and gave me a great many pretty books to read and promised I should go every time George and Richmond went. I wrote a long letter in February and sent it to Aunt Becher to send to you. I have learnt Geography a long time, and have begun latin and cyphering which I like very much, pray give my love to Papa, I remain dear Mama yr dutiful son

W. Thackeray.

Looking over some of my grandmother's early letters I find more than one mention of


My dear Mama
I hope you are quite well I have
seen my dear Grandmama at his
house Lyt. Ritchie is very good to
me I like Chiswick there are so many
good Boys to play with St James's
Park is a very fine place St
Paul's Church too I like very
much

FAC-SIMILE OF A PORTION OF AN EARLY LETTER. (SEE PRECEDING PAGE.)

my father. "I have had a delightful letter from my man," the mother writes from India, and then quoting from her own home correspondence she continues: "The day Charles [Col. Carmichael-Smyth] arrived, he [the boy] was in high spirits all day, but when he went to bed he could restrain no longer and burst into tears. The servant asked him why he cried. He said, 'I can't help it, to see one who has so lately seen my dear mother and to see her picture and the dear purse she has made for me!'"

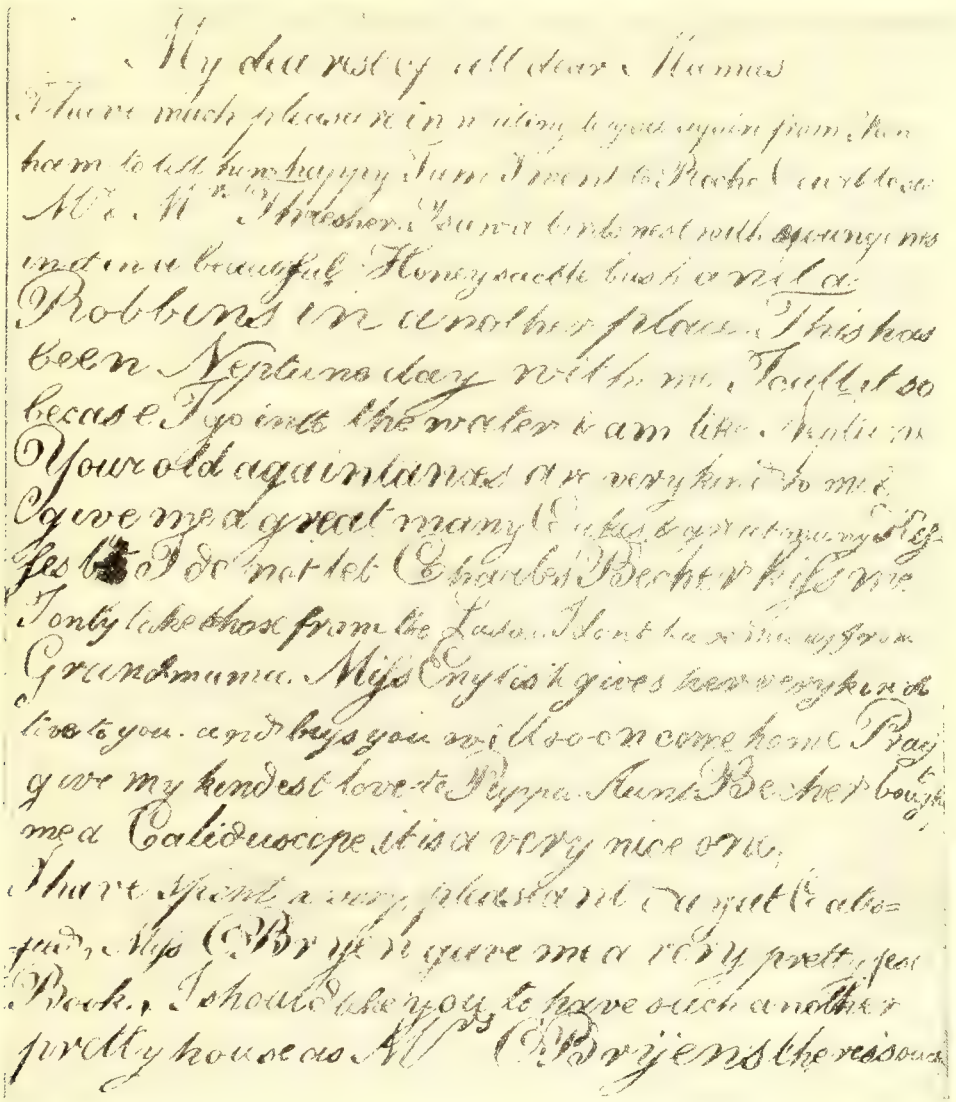
IV.

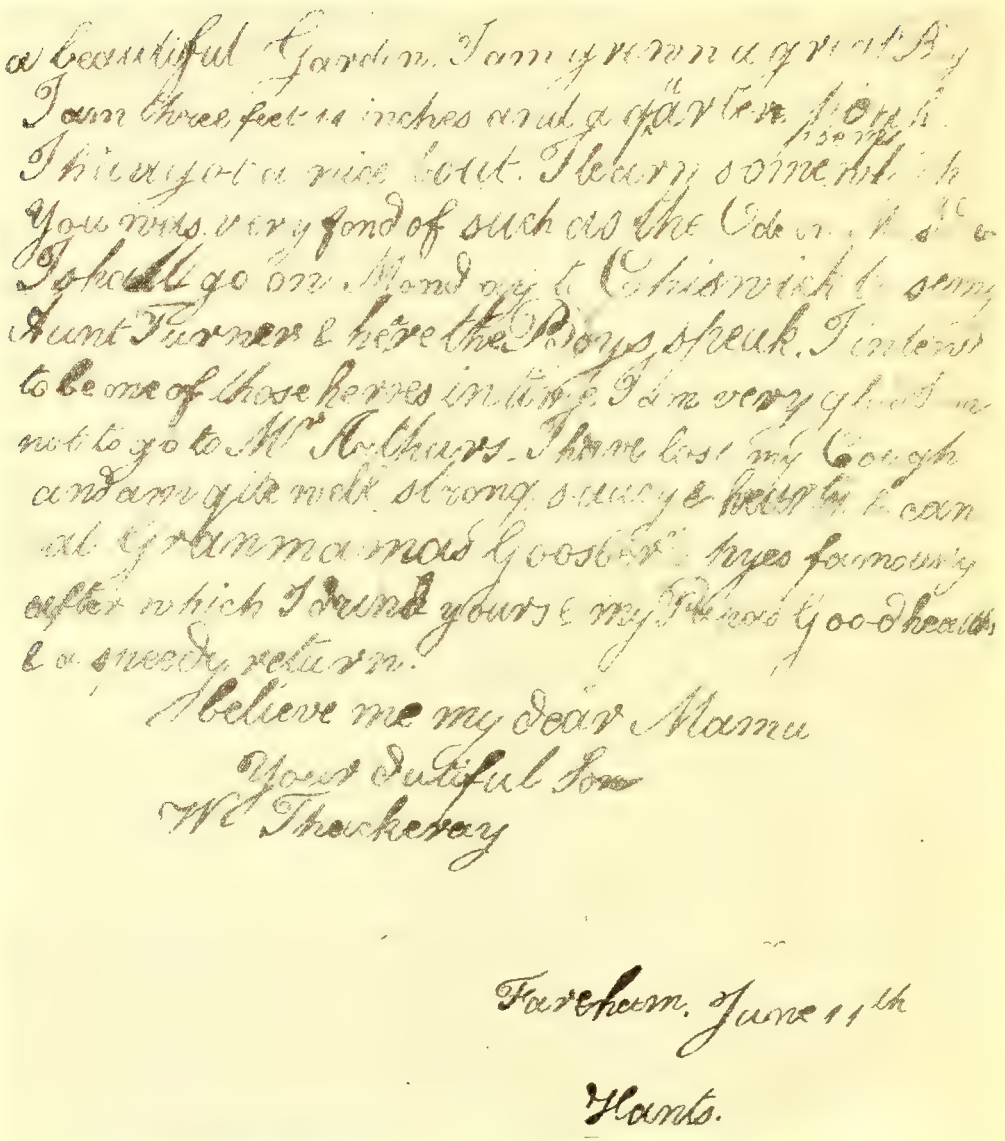
My father never spoke with any pleasure of his early school-days. As we drove to Richmond with him sometimes, he used to show us the corner of the lane at Chiswick which led to the school where all the "good boys" were learning their lessons. To this corner, soon after he entered school as a very little fellow, he ran away, and then was so frightened by the sight of the Hammersmith High Road that he ran back again, and no one was

the wiser. Before he was sent to Chiswick, I believe he stayed, for some months only, at a school in Hampshire, where his cousins also were pupils. "I can remember George coming and flinging himself down upon my bed the first night," he wrote long after to his cousin, Mrs. Irvine, sister of George and Richmond Shakespear. This was that school of which he speaks in the Roundabout Paper, "A school of which our deluded parents had heard a favorable report, but which was governed by a horrible little tyrant who made our young lives so miserable that I remember kneeling by my little bed of a night, and saying, Pray God I may dream of my mother."

The next letter was written from Fareham:

MY DEAREST OF ALL DEAR MAMAS: I have much pleasure in writing to you again from Fareham to tell how happy I am. I went to Roche Court to see Mr. and Mrs. Thresher. I saw a birds nest with young ones in it, in a beautiful honeysuccle bush and a robbin's in another place. This has been Neptune day with me I call it so becase I go into the water & am like Neptune. Your old aquaintances are very kind to me and give me a great many cakes and great many kisses but I do not let


My dearest of all dear Mamas
I have much pleasure in writing to you again from Fare-
ham to tell how happy I am. I went to Roche Court to see dear
Mr. & Mrs. Thresher. I saw a birds nest with young ones
in it, in a beautiful Honeysuccle bush and a nest of
Robbins in another place. This has been Neptune day with me. I call it so
becase I go into the water & am like Neptune. Your
Your old aquaintances are very kind to me and
Give me a great many Cakes & great many Kis-
ses but I do not let Charles Becher have me
I only take those from the Ladies. I sent a kiss apiece from
Grandmama. Miss Cuyler gives her very kind
love to you. and begs you will soon come home. Pray
give my kindest love to Pappa. Aunt Becher bought
me a Caleidoscope it is a very nice one.
I have spent a very pleasant day at Cole-
man. Mrs Bruff gave me a very pretty pen
Box. I should like you to have such another
pretty house as Mrs Bruffs the rest of



a beautiful Garden. I am grown a great Boy I am three feet eleven inches and a quarter high I have got a nice boat, I learn some poems which you was very fond of such as the Ode on Music &c. I shall go on Monday to Chiswick to see my Aunt Turner & hear the Boys speak. I intend to be one of those heroes in time, I am very glad I am not to go to Mr Arthurs. I have lost my Cough and am quite well, strong, saucy & hearty & can eat Granmama's goosberry pyes famously after which I drink yours & my Papas good health & a speedy return. believe me my dear Mama

Your Dutiful Son

W. Thackeray

Farcham. June 11th

Hants.

Charles Becher kiss me I only take those from the ladies — I don't have many from Grandmama. Miss English gives her very kind love to you and begs you will soon come home. Pray give my kindest love to Pappa. Aunt Becher bought me a Caliduscope it is a very nice one I have spent a very pleasant day at Catesfield. Miss O'Bryen gave me a very pretty jest book I should like you to have such another pretty house as Mrs. O'Bryen's, there is such a beautiful garden. I am grown a great boy I am three feet eleven inches and a quarter high I have got a nice boat, I learn some poems which you was very fond of such as the Ode on Music &c. I shall go on Monday to Chiswick to see my Aunt Turner and hear the boys speak. I intend to be one of those heroes in time, I am very glad I am not to go to Mr. Arthur's. I have lost my cough and am quite well, strong, saucy, and hearty; and can eat Granmama's goosberry pyes famously after which I drink yours & my Papas good health & a speedy return. believe me my dear Mama your dutiful son

W. Thackeray.

My father must have been a sensitive little boy, quick to feel, not over strong, though well grown. He was always very short-sighted, and this in his school-days was a great trouble to

him, for he could not join in the games with any comfort or pleasure, nor even see the balls which he was set to stop at cricket. In those days schools were not what they are now; they were rough and ready places. He used to describe dreadful arrangements of zinc, with oily streaks of soap floating on the black waters, which always sickened him, and which were all the materials that the little boys were allowed for their morning's ablutions. He suffered in health as well as in spirits, and he was often laid up. And it seems to be after one of these passing illnesses that the letter reproduced in fac-simile on pages 105 and 106 was written from Fareham, where he must have been sent to recover. But his troubles were almost at an end, for his mother was even then on her way home and he had no need to dream of her dear presence any more.

This is her account of the meeting: "He was not at Chatham when we arrived, but Mr. Langslow brought him from Chiswick the next morning, for Mrs. Turner would not part with him till we came, that I might see him in full bloom; and truly he is so, dear soul. He had a perfect recollection of me; he could not speak, but kissed me and looked at me again and again. I could almost have said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' He is the living image of his father, and God in heaven send he may resemble him in all but his too short life. He is tall, stout, and sturdy, his eyes are become darker, but there is still the same dear expression. He remembers you all perfectly. Aunt Maria, I think, is his favorite still. The moment he saw the gold knife, he said, 'Oh, my grandmamma gave me this, and I poked Dash with it.' His drawing is wonderful."



FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING MADE BY THACKERAY IN HIS BOYHOOD.

V.

After drawing Captain Smyth, the house in Calcutta, and Betty hanging out the clothes, as he did on his first arrival, the little boy went on to draw everything else that struck his fancy. He liked to draw, not so much the things he saw as the things he thought about: knights with heraldic shields, soldiers, brigands, dragons, and demons; his school-books were all orna-



FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING MADE BY THACKERAY IN HIS BOYHOOD

mented with funny fanciful designs, his papers were covered with them. When he was still quite a little fellow, he used to manufacture small postilions out of wafers, with the top-boots in ink and red coats neatly stuck on. As he got older, he took to a flourishing style, with split pens for his instruments, sketching gentlemen with magnificent wreaths of hair and flaps to their coats, ladies with wonderful eyes and lips, in style all curly and flourishing; but these experiments were in later years, after his mother's return from India.

I gladly acceded to the request of the Editor of St. Nicholas, who asked me to forward with the rest of the papers two or three specimens of my father's childish drawings. They are taken at hazard from those in our possession. Here* is one of the drawings which by the writing underneath should belong to these very early days when the young designer was but nine or ten years old. We must not fail to observe that the brave captain, kneeling for mercy, is poking out his companion's eye with his sword, while the gallant warrior in a cocked hat, standing up, is delivering two heavy purses to the constable (or highwayman?) with his club.

Here are one or two more quotations from the mother's letters which run on about so many unknown things and people, and then here and there comes a little phrase or sentence belonging to one's own present world and dearest interests:

"August, 1821.

"My Billy-Man is quite well. I must trespass and give him a day or two of holidays. You would laugh to hear what a grammarian he is. We were talking about odd characters, some one was mentioned, I forget who. Billy said, 'Undoubtedly he is a Noun — Substantive.' 'Why, my dear?' 'Because he stands by himself.'"

Here is the history of a relapse:

"My poor Billy-Boy was getting better of his cough, and he was going into school when Henry unfortunately went to see him and gave him half-a-crown, with which my little Gentleman must buy a lump of cheese, which of all things you know was the very worst, and brought back the enemy."

Then comes an account by the Mamma of the school of which the little scholar's impressions were so different.

* See page 107.



FAC-SIMILES OF DRAWINGS BY THACKERAY WHEN A BOY. BENEATH THE UPPER SCENE THE YOUNG ARTIST WROTE IN PENCIL: "HOW SHOULD YOU LIKE TO BE SERVED SO?"

"I don't think there could be a better school for young boys. My William is now 6th in the school, though out of the 26 there are only four that are not older than himself. He promises to fag hard till Midsummer that he may obtain a medal, and after that I think of placing him at the Charter House. . . .

"He tells me he has seen the Prince Regent's Yacht in Southampton Water and the bed in which his Royal Highness breathes his *royal snore*."

Again—

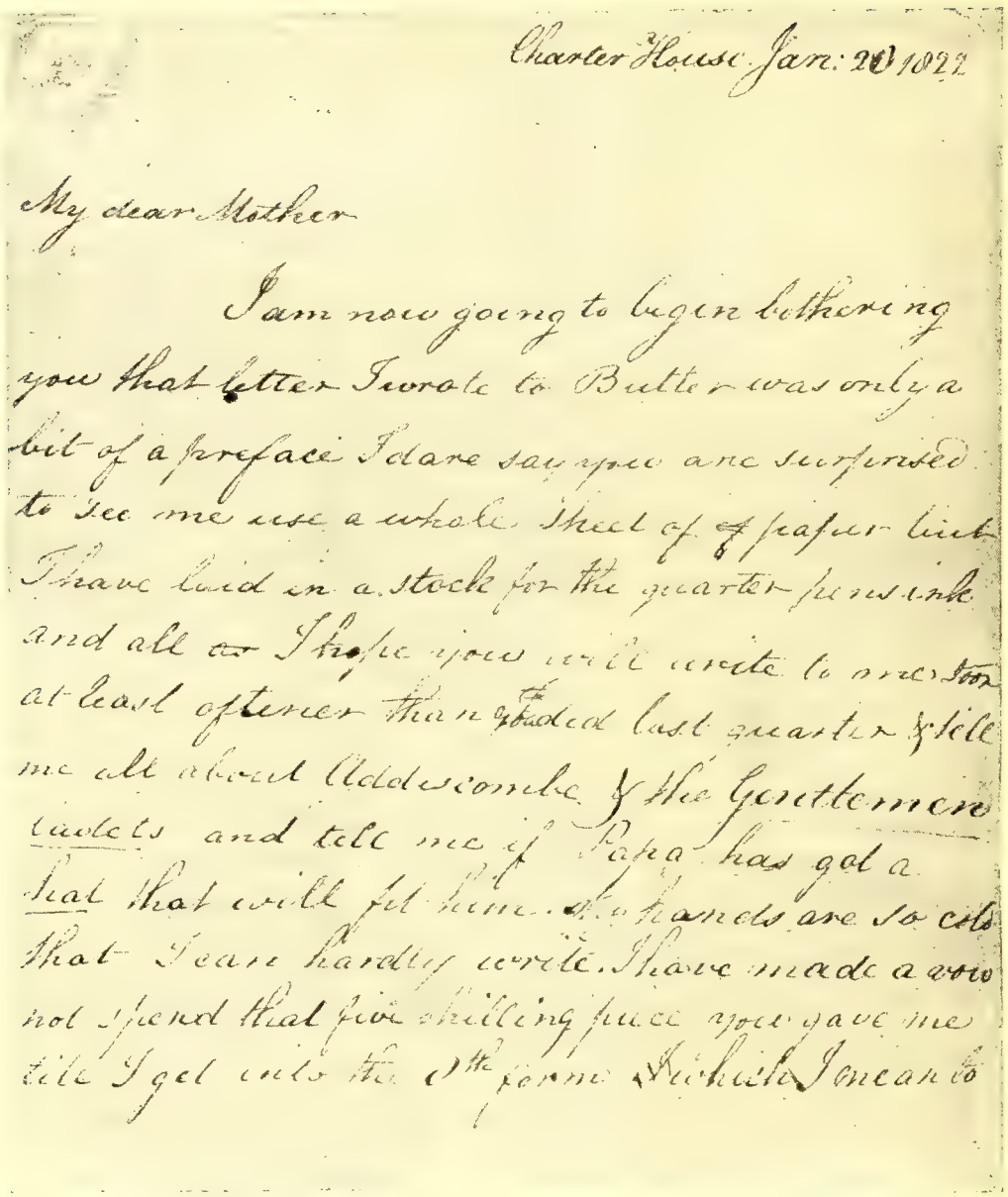
"Billy-Man says, 'give my love to them all, *I wish* they would come over.' Here is the little figure he has done in a few minutes of Captain Bobadil; it was a thick pencil and he could not make a good outline. He painted a little theater for young Forrest, or rather a scene with sides entirely from his own imagination, which Mrs. Forrest says was capital.

"Our time is limited to the 19th, when I must be at Chiswick to hear my little hero hold forth — I don't know how I shall go through with it. They have not selected an interesting speech — Hannibal's address to his soldiers — which you must all read and fancy me and Billy-Boy — but you can't fancy such a great fellow."

Can the picture on page 108 be Captain Bobadil, or one of the scenes for the theater? On this page is a thrilling incident from the Spanish Inquisition carefully painted and finished up by the little artist.

VI.

THE letter which follows is the last of the early letters, and is dated in 1822, when its



Charter House Jan: 20 1822

My dear Mother

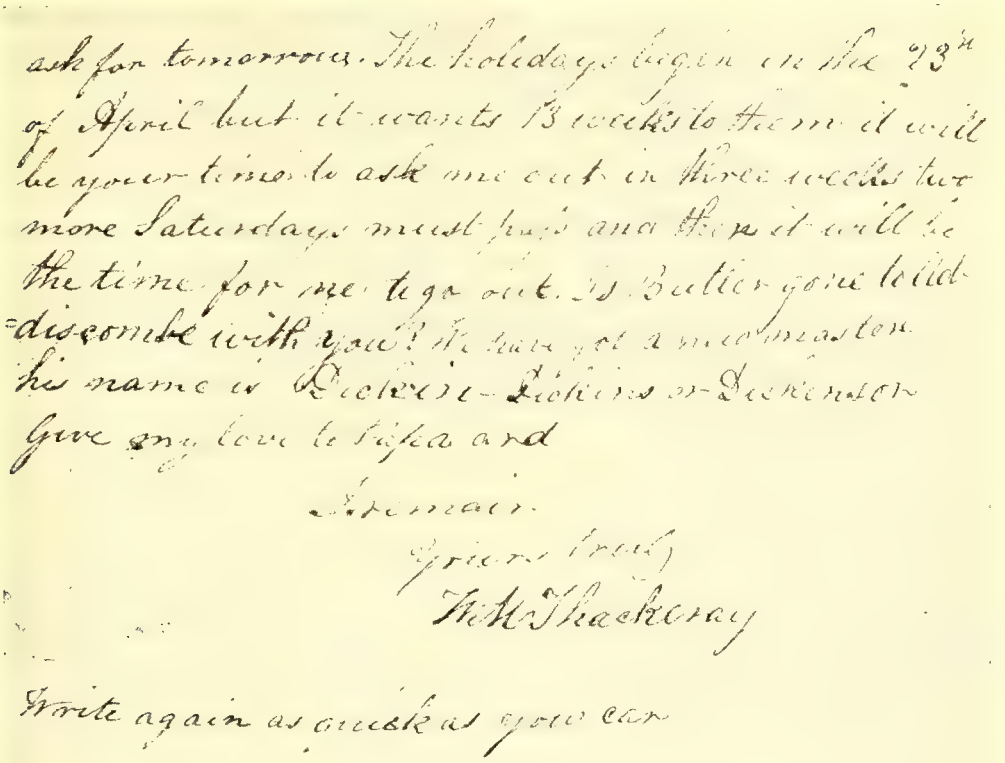
I am now going to begin bothering you that letter I wrote to Butler was only a bit of a preface I dare say you are surprised to see me use a whole sheet of paper but I have laid in a stock for the quarter pens ink and all I hope you will write to me soon at least oftener than you did last quarter & tell me all about Addiscombe & the Gentlemen Cadets and tell me if Papa has got a hat that will fit him. My hands are so cold that I can hardly write. I have made a vow not spend that five shilling piece you gave me till I get into the 8th form which I mean to ask for tomorrow. The holidays begin on the 23rd of April but it wants 13 weeks to them it will be your time to ask me out in three weeks two more Saturdays must pafs and then it will be the time for me to go out. Is Butler gone to Addis-

writer was eleven years old. His stepfather had been appointed Governor of Addiscombe, and his own life at Grey-Friars had begun.

CHARTER HOUSE, Jan. 20, 1822.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I am now going to begin bothering you that letter I wrote to Butler was only a bit of a preface I dare say you are surprised to see me use a whole sheet of paper but I have laid in a stock for the quarter pens ink and all I hope you will write to me soon at least oftener than you did last quarter & tell me all about Addiscombe & the *Gentlemen Cadets* and tell me if Papa has got a *hat* that will fit him. My hands are so cold that I can hardly write. I have made a vow not spend that five shilling piece you gave me till I get into the 8th form which I mean to ask for tomorrow. The holidays begin on the 23rd of April but it wants 13 weeks to them it will be your time to ask me out in three weeks two more Saturdays must pafs and then it will be the time for me to go out. Is Butler gone to Addis-



ask for tomorrow. The holidays begin on the 23d of April but it wants 13 weeks to them it will be your time to ask me out in three weeks two more Saturdays must pass and then it will be the time for me to go out. Is Butler gone to Addiscombe with you? We have got a new master his name is Dickens—Dickins or Dickenson. Give my love to Papa and

I remain.

Yours truly

W. M. Thackeray

Write again as quick as you can

combe with you? We have got a new master his name is Dickin—Dickins or Dickinson. Give my love to Papa and I remain Yours truly

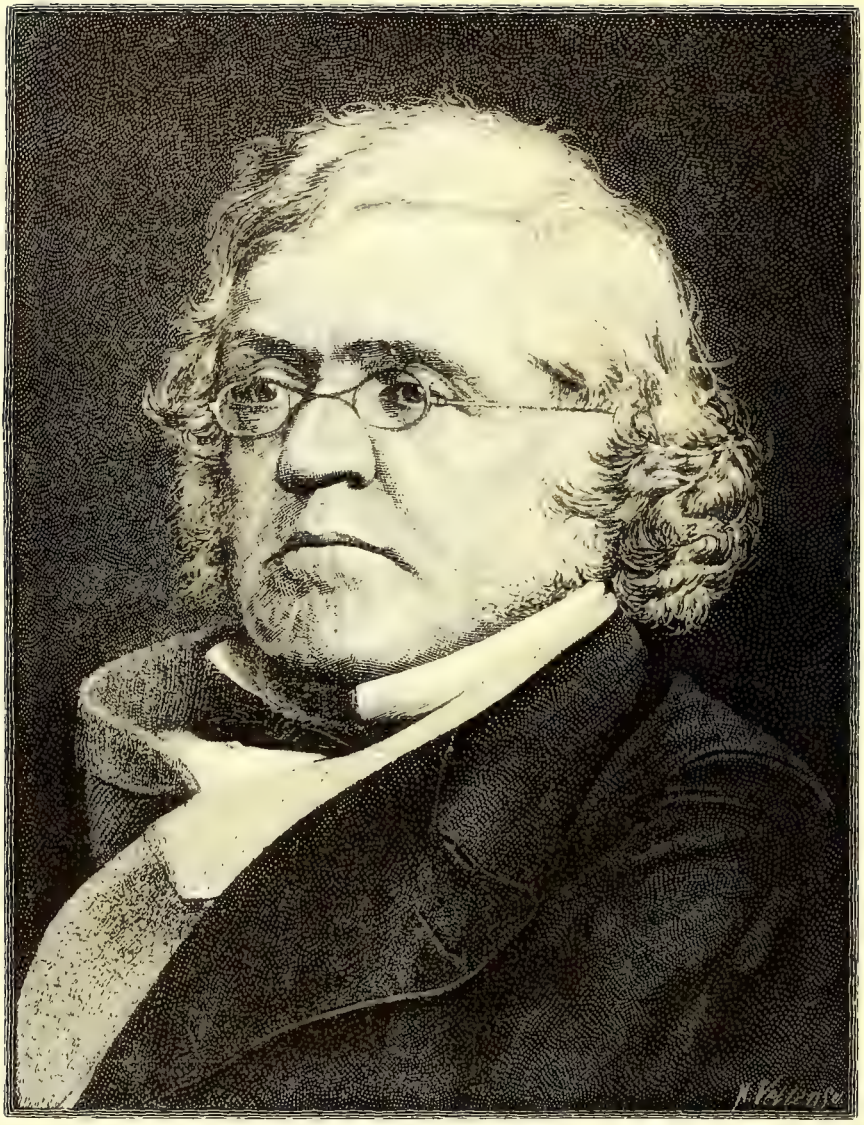
W. M. Thackeray.

Write again as quick as you can.

Eventually, Major and Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth settled at Fairoaks, near Ottery St. Mary, whither the little schoolboy used to travel on the stage-coach when the long-expected holidays came round at last.*

The frontispiece of the present number of St. Nicholas is engraved from the photograph of a bust of little William Makepeace Thackeray which was made in the same year as that to which this last letter belongs. A foreigner called Devile, or Delile, came over with an ingenious

* One of the very earliest of my memories is that of an old servant, a toothless "old John," in knee-breeches, who had followed the family fortunes from Devonshire to Coram street, where my father and mother lived in London. His picture is to be seen in Pendennis, with a coal-scuttle.



W. M. THACKERAY. FROM THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN. (BY PERMISSION OF THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

process for taking people's portraits by casts which he afterwards worked up and put together, and, thanks to his skill, we possess this really admirable portrait of the boy as he was on the 1st of June, 1822, which is the date upon the pedestal. The letter, it will be seen, is dated in January of 1822.

I am glad to be able to add to these glimpses and mementos of his early life a picture that represents my father as I remember him best. The frontispiece shows him as a boy; the engraving on this page is from the last photograph ever taken of him. All a lifetime lies between the two portraits, all its sorrows and successes, its work and its endurance. No words of mine are needed to point out the story. As a boy, as a man, my father held to the truth as he felt it to be, to the duties and courageous things of life. He bore much trouble with a brave, cheerful heart, and he made all who belonged to him happy by his generous trust in them, and his unchanging tenderness and affection.

VERSES.

By Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

All the folks that live out here,
Wish you Merry Christmas, dear!
Funny, furry little hares,
After dark, when no one cares,
Come to dance upon the snow,
Glad it 's Christmas time, you know.

And the little chickadees,—
You would think their feet would freeze,—
They sit chirping, gay enough,
With their feathers in a fluff,
"Merry Christmas, when it comes,
Gives us all a lot of crumbs!"

And your dear old friend, the crow,
He and all his brothers go
Teetering across the snow,
Two-and-twenty in a row;
Every crow with one keen eye
For the changes in the sky,
And another for the ground
And whatever 's to be found.
Oh! the crows look sly and queer
Just about this time of year!
If they 'd only tell in sleep
All the secrets that they keep!
Don't you s'pose they know it 's right
To hang a stocking up at night?
Don't you s'pose they know this minute
Everything there will be in it?

People used to half-believe
Cows could talk on Christmas eve,
Standing patient in the stall,
When the night began to fall;
That they talked of that strange sight
In a stable Christmas night.
Don't you wonder if they do?
Don't you wish that it was true?
Stars at Christmas, don't you think,
Have a sort of knowing wink?
And the flowers underground
Asleep when Christmas comes around,—
Don't you think it really seems
As if they must have Christmas dreams?

Happy dreams be yours, my dear,
Christmas night, and all the year!

THE LAST CRICKET.

Trill, trill, trill,
Sweet and shrill,
From the dark side of a stone;
Summer is flown away,
Clover is made into hay,
Autumn nights are chill;
Trill away, little Cricket!
Out in the dark alone.

Trill, trill, trill,
The tree-tops are still,
Never a katydid about
And the firefly's torches are burned out.
Trill away, little Cricket!
The stars listen, no doubt.

Trill! trill! trill!
A summer tune
Makes not November June.
Everything has an end,
And so has thy song, little friend!
Tweak! the frost nips — thou art still!

THE WHITE AND THE RED

by

ALICE MAUDE EWELL

[Dame Gillian Fenn tells the tale to her children, and others of her household,— all seated round a blazing fire,— on Christmas eve, of the Year of Grace 1652, in olden-time Virginia]:

WELL, well! all 's ready for the morrow, thank patience! with making and baking, roasting and toasting, fairly done. And what will ye be having to-night, pray? That same old tale of Indian Simon that I did tell you once afore? Welladay! if it pleased you so rarely at first time o' hearing, I 'll e'en tell 't again. 'T is no such smooth-tripping a merry-go-round as some folk like best this season, nor hath it merry ending, neither — for all some lives were saved by the turn o't; but 't is only fair, I 'm thinking, that you young ones should be made acquaint with what your forebears did suffer and adventure a-planting this New World. Ye may set yourselves up to do great things, mayhap, i' the days to come — but if e'er ye 've a mind to go bragging, why, look ye first behind. 'T will do you no harm, I warrant. Folk should set proper store by homes so hard-won from the wilderness, nor grudge honest tilling o' the ground that was so well watered with fathers' blood. Aye, aye; 't is peace and good will, this Christmas eve, an' good cheer a plenty, to boot; but as for the winning o't all, that was no such peaceful a matter, as ye may reckon. Howsoever, bless God! we need fear no Indian screechery breaking in, like on that time, to spoil talk to-night. There 's naught worse than the wind outside, or maybe a wolf or two, now and again. Stir ye the coals and pile on the logs,— Dickon, Jacky. We 'll tell it all once more — and he shall have most cakes an' beer at the end, with nuts to crack no less, that proveth the keenest listener.

— Now, 't was after a right strange manner of happening that the lad Simon Peter did first come to dwell amongst us; which same (for that ye may the better understand mine own proper tale i' the telling) I will now in brief relate the ins and outs of. Truly, his descent was from none too good nor too happy a stock, as nobody might deny. 'T was of that heady and high-stomached tribe called Pianketank, who rose up to their own undoing 'gainst the old cruel king, Powhatan, not long afore the coming of the English into Virginia. So that tribe did he swiftly and most furiously fall upon and slay to the last man (as he then purposed and believed), with all the rest of his several under-tribes helping him thereto in vengeance. And when they were all so bloodily done to death, he did cause to be cut off and stringed on a string, all a-row, the ears of men, women, and children — and there were they hanged up betwixt two trees in front of his palace door. A brave sweet sight, i' faith, and a most pleasant for his royal eyes to gaze on, and also a signal warning 'gainst such like rebellious offense. There were they seen by no less than Captain John Smith himself, with others of his company,— to

their great mislike and amazement,— as was aftertime writ down by him in his "True Relation" of Virginia matters, and may to this day be read. Howsoever, it happened that, despite this murtherous and savage disposal, there remained yet a very little remnant of the tribe Pianketank, being scarce one score souls in all, who got them away, at the first alarm, in swift flight from the slayers and hid in the dark wilderness till after King Powhatan, in passage of years, died and was buried. E'en then, 't was said, they durst hardly venture out save in a very secret way. But seeing that none molested them, and also that their persecutors' minds had changed with vastly changing times all o'er the land, they came at last boldly forth as any, and settled them upon the woody waste that even to this day lieth uncleared, northward of the road to James City. So there they builded their wigwams on a hillock not far from the way, and no man hindered or anywise denied them needful range for hunting, fishing, and such like getting of wherewithal to live. As for the white men thereabout, they were the rather overkind, I do reckon, as, to such marked unfortunates, one naturally disposeth. Yet, as folk soon 'gan to say, 't was like enough that fault o' the former quarrel with Prince Powhatan was not all on one side. "What 's bred i' the bone will out i' the flesh," as the old saw runneth, and so it came to pass full soon with these poor down-trod and distrest Pianketanks. 'T was not alone an ell they 'd be content with, being given an inch, but a thousand miles, more like. In greedy tricks, malice, pride, laziness, and fierce-mouthed brags, they, waxing ever more insolent, grew daily worse and worse — and as for Jack o' the Feather, he was of them all the most past Christian bearing.

Now his sure-enough Indian name was not Jack, but Nemattanow; only the English called him Jack o' the Feather, because of his saucy tongue, an' because of his being always so finely rigged up with feathers in the wild fashion of his sort. For tho' 't was naught uncommon to see those foolish heathen creatures so bedeckt and set off with plumage of birds by them caught or killed, yet never another one was seen to match this Jack in such outlandish bravery and ornamentation. One day 't would be an eagle's plume, mayhap, the next a turkey-wing — or goodness knoweth what new thing or t' other! There be wiser folk than he in this world that think fine feathers make fine birds, but this same Jack was an ill bird, I do reckon, for all his royal blood. He was next of kin to the chieftain, or king, as they called him (after their high and mighty way), who was killed in the former massacre, that time — so being by blood, as in natural humor, the leader and ruler o' his crew, in mischief as in all else. A king well-nigh without subjects, good sooth! and in right make-a-shift case; yet the lacking in pomp was out-doubled in pride, I trow, and so his fall came round.

Now, it did so chance one day in a busy time of harvest, that Master Thomas Godkyn, his nighest neighbor, would have Jack o' the Feather go an errand for him to Jamestown for one bushel of corn in payment thereof. It was easy earning of good bread, but my royal red gentleman having no mind for such honest humble service, not he, and giving a short and saucy back-answer, No, with some brag of his kingly blood, moreover,— why, then, Master Godkyn, mightily put about and vext by the denial, did burst out scornfully a-laughing at that, saying, "I pray your High Majesty's pardon. I' faith, I did forget your High Majestical state," quoth he, "O fine king o' beggars in a palace o' poles!" Whereupon he laughed again, "Ho, ho!" a-turning on his heel; but as for Jack o' the Feather, he looked a most black an' devilish look, as who would fain strike that other dead with 's tomahawk for very rage, and (crying out fiercely in his Indian speech) said, "Paleface fool! Thou laughest loud to-day, but I will laugh louder to-morrow."

So then Master Godkyn, making that out shrewdly to be threat of evil, did bethink him that he would look keenly to any such risk. But malice hath many ways to creep as well as run,— an' who may guard him 'gainst the cruel cunning of that murtherous red people? 'T was the very next morn, just afore day-breaking, that he, being waked up from sleep by a most fearsome bellowing and groaning, as of some great brute-beast in death pain, went out and found — lo and behold! — his brave bull, that had cost a pretty price in England, besides the fetching of it hither, there was it, a-lying i' the meadow,

ham-stringed, and in such a case as might not be anywise holpen save with a bullet through the heart for pity's sake.

Now, small need was there for guessing (as everybody said) whose wicked deviltry this might be. And some of the neighboring white people would be for shooting Jack o' the Feather with the same gun wherewith they had dispatched the bull. "Kill him! kill him!" cried these hot-blooded ones, and had well-nigh set off furiously so to do, without judge or trial, only my father — Master Barrow — said nay to that. "We will not so bring blood-guiltiness on us, neighbors," saith he, "for all that such mischief may no longer lodge amongst us. We will but give him fair warning to quit these parts straightway, on pain o' death. Then, if he do prove contrary and resist, his blood be on his head." So, that being agreed on, the warning was given accordingly; and as for that villain, though he did bitterly deny the bloody fact, he durst not tarry long to prove him innocent, in sooth, for by next daybreak he was clean gone, with all his fellows and belongings (as was first supposed), nobody knew which way or whither.

'T was on the even of that same day that my father, a-passing nigh those wigwams, so left standing lonesome and empty, did hear a very little wailing voice right piteously crying. So he stopped and listened, and being distrest thereby (for the sound of it, as I have heard him say a-many a time, would touch heart of stone) he went to find what that might be. And there, lo! what doth he come across, weeping 'mongst the cold ashes all frighted and alone, but Jack o' the Feather's own child,— and a mere baby lad, at that,— by those most wicked creatures left behind to perish, with neither fire nor victual.

Now, whether he had hid himself away (after the roguish trickery of such very little ones) and so could not be found at time of their hasty setting off, or whether he was so left a-purpose in cold blood from the notion of their flight being by him hampered, Heaven knoweth, not I! Yet there was he, to a certainty, and piteously famished withal; and so my father, being a feeling-hearted man, did fetch him home that night to our house. For mine own self, I was but a little babe in arms that time, but afterward heard tell enough concerning the surprise and wonderment of it — and the vexedness of my poor mother at this turn. Truly she was ever set 'gainst this outside stranger, e'en from the first, but as for Dickon and Francis, they were right well joyed with a new playfellow. Mayhap about three year old did he seem, and nigh Francis in tallness, though not so bigly set. Words had he, a plenty, when that his tears were dried an' he fairly warmed and fed, but all in the barbarous Indian tongue, such as not even my father might make head or tail of, save only here and there. And being asked his name, as was made shift to do, he cried out loud and proudly, a-clapping his two hands together, "Totapotamoi! Totapotamoi! Totapotamoi!" Whereat our lads laughed, for the right strange, curious sound thereof. And my mother, she cried, "Lord ha' mercy upon the wild heathen creature!" But my father said, right soberly, "'T is good enow for a savage, an' hath a pretty ring i' the sound on 't — an' that 's truth. Notwithstanding," saith he on, "'t is no proper title for any decent tame creature in Christian household." So he named him Simon Peter from that hour — by which name he was soon after brought to christening; and that did we ever call him.

And thus it did hap that he first came to dwell amongst us.

Now, as I have afore said, my mother was ever misliking of it from the very first thereof. Sore vext was she, poor soul, because that my father would have the likes o' such brought up 'mongst his own; for she was high-notioned in the matter of our company-keeping, as is but natural to the gentle-born;— yet as to my father, he was but a yeoman's son i' the old country and had been a rough fighter 'gainst ill fortune most o' his days, so set small store by such comparisons i' quality. And when my mother would be sending Simon to the kitchen in a servant's place (for we had a fair sizable house, builded all of stone, with kitchen and offices thereto, separate and orderly as any in old land or new), why, then the master said stoutly nay to that measure. "What, wife," quoth he, a-smiling so plaguingly withal, "shall we so serve this prince? Is he not of the king's blood, forsooth? an' to be so packed off in kitchen 'mongst common

serving men an' maids! Fie, fie!" saith he; whereat the mistress crieth, "A pretty prince, indeed!" and tossed her head, a-looking but scornfully upon the poor Indian finery (with beads, gewgaws, an' such like, all tarnished an' meanly make-a-shift as 't was) of the dark little lad. Then saith she, "What! wilt thou even such a swarth-skin with thine own children, at bed an' board? As well buy them a blackamoor brother from the Dutch ship, forsooth! I 'm thinking 't would be all of a piece." Yet my father spake in a right grave way, saying, "Nay, wife, if thou canst not see the difference betwixt a blackamoor an' such as this one, I pity thy poor sight. I see God's hand i' this matter," quoth he, "and, if the child is let alone by his own people to bide peaceably amongst us, it shall be share an' share alike. Nay, nay; my young ones shall have no slaves to their ordering, red-skinned or black, to make them saucy an' masterful. I like the look of this Simon Peter right well, for all the father of him being Jack o' the Feather. He shall have fair chance, by St. George!—for I 've a mind to play a game with nature in this business. Aye, we will see where Dame Nature endeth and breeding doth begin—and if his father cometh to claim him some day (for all 't is not likely he 'll be taking any such pains), why, we 'll e'en give the boy his choice, to go or stay, an' see how then."

"Aye, aye!" saith my mother, "we will see." Still, notwithstanding, she made no more ado that time, save to make sure of Simon Peter being shrewdly stript of his outlandish rags and cleaner-washen than e'er he 'd been in his life before, I reckon, for all he did most irefully resist the same with howling. And after that he was drest in a fair change of Francis's clothes, the while his own new ones were a-making.

So this way did it continue as my father said. And we four children, being Dickon and Francis and Simon Peter, with little poor me, that was the one girl to herself 'mongst the lads' gamesome roughness—we four did grow up together as brothers an' sister; scarce anywise remembering (for all we might daily see in outside looks) the difference in blood. Nay, I will tell true an' say out—howe'er some do think it shameth nature—that I loved Simon the best o' the three. He was the kindest and the lovingest to me, I trow; not that the other ones durst be contrariwise,—or would,—but 't was Simon that ever tarried behind with me if I fell back a-weary by hard following after the rest. Sometimes he bore me on his back 'cross the stony ground or thro' the running water—a-holding on for dear life round his neck. And when I 'd a mind to be playing with my doll Queen Bess at a brave feast, with wine in acorn cups and the like child's play-acting foolery, why, 't was ever Frank an' Dicky that mocked and would fain turn all naughtily upside down, to plague me, had not Simon so stoutly stood my part against them.

Now, as to the color of his skin (that some amongst you listening would so mislike, mayhap), I being used to it life-long, in a manner, was nowise frighted at that. For the rest, he was comely enough. His eyes, they were of a very dark blackness, but piercing keen and bright; his hair was black and straight down-hanging, and not soft to touch, tho' he would be oft a-laying his head beside me to be stroked with my two hands. Slim-shapen as a maid was he and fair-featured, like to the pictures of Princess Pocahontas herself, whom some accounted beautiful—and his hands and feet were scarce bigger than mine own. Yet, for all thus lightsomely builded, his strength was to the strength of Francis an' Dickon as steel to wood, be it never so hard wood and heavy, or a silken cord, hard twisted, to a rude hempen string. There was never a horse that could throw him after that he was big enough to sit well astride its back—not even the wildest colt of all on that land—when the lads would be riding them to water morn and even, or mayhap (for the learning of horsemanship) around i' the pasture field. Francis an' Dick had many a tumble, I promise you, but Simon never a one. At running, wrestling, and all such, who but he? Then surely, I do reckon, there was never another so wondrous quick at book-learning, so knowledgeable and cunning skillful in all ways. Nay, time would fail me to tell you the half of his ingenious devisings. Such curious things as he would oft be cutting with his knife, to be sure!—as beasts, birds, fishes, and what not,—aye! even human likenesses no less, out of slate, stone, or wood, or

maybe naught but a handful of damson seeds; and for snaring of wildwood game or catching of fish, his match was never seen.

Howsoever, despite of these advantagements, and despite of general good behavior in decent Christian manner o' life, yet, crost in humor, was he still (as my mother scrupled not to say out, when by him displeasured) the son o' his father and true child of lawless race. Can one be holden guilty of his birth-shame, good sooth, or cast out the blood that naturally runneth in 's veins? Nay, not so — meseemeth. Therefore it did sorely hurt me to hear my mother ever blaming Simon with all that went amiss 'twixt him and Francis. She was a good woman, Heaven rest her! and true lover of them she did love, but yet they were precious few so favored, and Simon not one amongst them. Now, with Dickon (he being of a rare sweet humor) did Simon carry it peaceably enow; but with Francis, who was heady and stubborn-tempered as Simon himself,— aye, quicker to make mad, tho' not so fierce i' the end — as for those two, they would be often at odds. And one day, when she did come upon these twain, a-fighting tooth and nail, with Francis undermost an' like to get the worst on 't, then she cried out on Simon, for a heathenish beggar's brat, who would come to hanging or shooting yet, as 't was to be hoped his father had 'fore now. 'T was a right cruel word, there 's no denying; yet was she sorely vext, for her excuse. However, he turned upon her with so tiger-fierce a look that she, stepping back, cried out, "What, snake-eye! wilt thou murther me as I stand?"

And so he looked a'most ready to do, in sooth; but up cometh my father then, who was a just man to see the rights and wrongs of such quarrels, and quoth he, "Foolish woman, wilt thou put thought o' such evil into him that 's but a passionate child? Was 't not fair fight betwixt them till thou didst stir up this? Look well to thine own willful young one, an' leave the lad to me."

So, after that time my mother was carefuller of such vexing speech; yet she liked Simon Peter no whit more in her heart.

Aye, aye; he was no gentle lamb, in truth, nor neither was our Francis for the matter o' that — but Simon was ever kind and loving enough unto me.

But yet ye must not be thinking that this was ever the way o't with us. We 'd a happy home as any, for all such quarrelings now and again. There was work to be done, a plenty, on the new rugged land, and no negro slaves to tempt white folk into idly looking on the while they be driven as brute-beasts to toil an' moil. Some few had the Dutch ships fetched, e'en then, for trial, but my father would none of them. So when that the lads were grown big enough, they must needs be a-working i' the corn-fields and tobacco ground, whilst I, with my mother and the maids indoors, was learning of house matters, as becometh a proper girl. Yet we 'd no stint of sports, in due season. 'T was gayly and free we were i' the summer evens, I promise you; yet the best of all came round on winter nights, when, the work being all foredone, we might sit us down by the fire so curiously a-listening to our father's talk an' tellings of former times. A many fine tales we heard then, concerning the first comers-over to Virginia, their hardships, trials, and very dreadful sufferings in every sort; and of the great Captain John Smith, that was so bold a fighter, and likewise of the most gentle Princess Pocahontas, who did risk her life for the saving of his, and was afterward, in her loving-kindness, the savior of this whole Virginia from destruction; also concerning the old politic King Powhatan, his state and majestical behavior — and I promise you that Simon would be alway keenly hearkening to that. Also, my father told us about the dark time of the famine at Jamestown, when our people did, for very starving hunger, horridly eat the carcasses of such amongst them as had of hunger died; and that was what Dickon liked best of all to hear; but, for my part, I would the rather choose the wreck of the ship "Sea-Venture," that was casted away on the Bermuda Isles, a-coming to Virginia, and how one Master William Shakspere, 'way off in England, hearing o't afterwhile, did make it into an acting play called "The Tempest"— that is oft played i' London Town to this very day.

So time passed, year after year, till our Dickon was a great lad, with Francis and Simon turned thirteen year old, and me 'most counting ten;

and then came to pass those strange, curious happenings whereof I will now relate.

Now, all this while that Simon so dwelt contentedly amongst us we did never hear aught to a certainty of Nemattanow, called Jack o' the Feather. One time, or twice, came a bruit from 'way off yonder, as how such an one had espied him here, or another there; and once somebody told it that he had been catched sight of in the great Indian town to northward, on York River, a-ruffling it with the other braves and in high favor with the king, Opechancanough. Howsoever, he troubled us not, all this so long while, and well-nigh had we forgot him, in sooth, till on a luckless day at last we 'd a pretty prick o' the memory!

Now, 't was one fair even in May-month o' the year 1622, when this turn on a sudden came to pass.

I mind me right well, as 't were but yester eve, how the sky did shine all of a rosy golden color, and the little winds did blow so softly, with smell o' May-blooms and sound o' bird-songs every which-a-way. 'T was milking-time, a bit past sundown, and all of us out nigh the cow-pen down i' the meadow. And my father and mother so leisurely looked on whilst the maids milked; yet we children did care naught how much went dairy-way so we 'd only our fill o' the syllabub and our sport with the youngling calves. And there were we, so merrily together, when who doth come walking out of the wood's edge hard by and so boldly into our very midst but an Indian man that I 'd never before set eyes on.

Now, he was of a tall stature, and fierce-appearing withal. His skin was mighty dark and weather-worn. His quiver for arrows was fashioned out of a wolf's hide, with the natural head right grisly hanging down, having a sort of wild terror i' the look o't. In his right hand he did carry a great bow, and also in the way of warlike arms a tomahawk set in 's leathern girdle. Upon his shoulders, breast, and legs, that were naked and sunburnt to blackness, were painted stripes and rings in divers colors commingled. Round his neck and wrists did hang great strings o' beads, right gaudily colored — and for all his fierce aspect he 'd earrings, like any woman, a-dangling from his ears. Atop of his head the hair stood up bristling in a narrow ridge, after the way of a cockscomb, from brow to nape, but 't was clean shaven away on both sides; and out-topping all — being someway outlandishly stuck i' the very crown o' the ridge — was a prodigiously great and long eagle's feather.

Then all of us stopped short our doings as he drew nigh, for gazing curiously upon him. And in answer to mannerly good-even of us all, he did give, as 't were, a grunt, after the fashion of his people, belike; yet when my father saith to him then, "Sir, what is your business here this even?" he said not a word, only he stood steadfastly looking upon Simon.

So then we did all turn the same way, and behold! Simon had gone ashen-white under his natural brownness; and he stood stone-still, a-staring at that other, like, mayhap, as when one doth see on a sudden the ghost of somebody long dead, and well-nigh forgot, beck to him out o' the darkness. And whiles we all so stood, in wonder, the Indian man, pointing to his own breast, did say, in a harsh voice, "Me father, me father!" and then, pointing to Simon straight, said, "He son, he son!" Which spoken he waved his hand back that way he had come and cried in a louder voice right fiercely, saying, "Son go with father!"

Then Simon answered ne'er a word, but my father spoke up, crying, "Ha! Jack o' the Feather! I thought I had seen thy rascally face before. Darest thou set foot in these parts again? A pretty father thou art, that didst leave thy son to starve! 'T is no thanks to thee, I trow, that he is 'live an' well to-day, an' by right and might I swear he shall not go with thee, fellow, except he himself do so choose!"

Then saith he to the lad, "Simon Peter, this is in truth thy father, of whose kindness to thee thou 'st often heard tell. Wilt thou willingly go with him?"

But yet Simon was as one dumb, speaking no word; only he shook in every limb as struck by a shaking ague. And Jack o' the Feather, seeing that, saith unto him a few words, right low, —i' the Indian tongue, I reckon, for they were such as none among us sensed the meaning of. Now 't was little of that speech that Simon did by this while remember, save a word o't here an' there, half lost in 's mind. Howsoe'er, when

that he did hear it now spoken, he looked in a wild way, as when one heareth in dreams a very strange back-drawing voice of witchery that he may scarce resist but is yet death-frighted to follow. In faith, I was like to cry out loud that moment — for I did think by the look o' his eyes then that he was going sure enow. Nevertheless was there no need for such fear, for he on a sudden put his two hands over his face and cried out with a loud voice, "No! no! no! I will not go with thee!"

Now, that hearing, the Indian looked a very black, murtherous look, and laid hand on his tomahawk, but my father, stepping quick afore the lad, saith unto him, "Begone!" in such voice as e'en Jack o' the Feather dare not brook, I ween. Go he did, of a truth, an' that straightway, yet stept he slow and proudly, as in very vexing scorn; and at the wood's edge he turned him round and waved his bow in threating way, as half in mind to shoot. Howbeit, that he did not, but passed into the dark forest, and we saw him no more. And, I promise you, e'en my mother did carry it right lovingly to Simon that night.

Now the chance that did befall Jack o' the Feather that same even, aye, within the very same hour, was none of our fault, thank Heaven! yet truly scarce more than his fair desert and no just cause of grieving to anybody. 'T was as he was making so hardily, and in a swaggering manner o' boldness, along the open highway, that whom doth he meet, face to face, but Master Thomas Godkyn! Small wonder (as was commonly said by all) that Master Godkyn waxed right mad at that sight. Be that as may, he was ever a passionate man, besides that time somewhat in liquor, no less, an' there passed sharp words betwixt 'em on that old matter o' the maimed bull. 'T was Jack o' the Feather that struck first blow (as Master Godkyn did afterwards solemnly swear) and 't was Master Godkyn that slew him in the fight that so followed. And all the neighbors said 't was no harm, but the rather a safe riddance o' mischief. As to the manner of that fight, I do remember it well, having oft with mine own ears heard him, our neighbor, relate the same. A shrewd tussle it was, he did use to say, an' betwixt two that were o'erwell matched to make one the easy master; and so a-saying would he shake head right soberly thereupon, at mere after calling o't to mind. 'T was the red man that struck first blow, as I said afore. "Mayhap the gallows will be high enow, Sir Jack, for even your top notions," quoth Master Godkyn, and, hearing this spoken, lo! that other gave a very brutish, fierce cry, and flinging behind him his great bow (which same was no ready weapon in such sudden encounter), he made at Master Godkyn with his tomahawk. Howsoever, that stroke, for all it did start the blood (and that from no mere skin-scratch, neither), fell somewhat short, belike,—and e'en whilst he raised the murtherous thing aloft for another down-come, why, then did Master Godkyn with a swift cunning dash o' the fist, that he had learnt long agone when a young sporting lad in England, strike it clean out of his hand. So there was Jack o' the Feather fairly disarmed; but yet, in sooth, the worst o't was still to come for Master Godkyn; for when he would essay to draw his good knife from his belt, why, what doth that savage but clip him on a sudden in 's arms as who would then and there squeeze very heart and life out of his body. He was a strong proper man as the most, was Master Godkyn, and stoutly builded, to give blow or withstand, but a many a time have I heard him say how on the first amaze of this besetment he was but as little chick in the coil of a black whip-snake. Truly this weakness did in a moment pass — for the fear of a sudden death maketh strong — and even as Master Godkyn did feel his breath going from him he made shift to catch it again. Whereupon 'gan the struggle in good earnest. For that Indian, his arms were as iron hard, and cruel strong, and his ribs were as brass; yet was the white man he had thus laid hold on, not one to stand still an' be crushed in any such devil's-trap. There they had it, for sure, this way, that, an' t' other, — a-straining and a-tugging for dear life 'gainst foul death. 'T was a right curious turn o' the mind (so Master Godkyn said afterward), and such as the like of had ne'er before come unto him, but 't was sure-enough truth, no less, that he did remember and see plain, 'fore his senses in a moment, nay, in the twinkling of an eye, that time, all things he had ever done and said of good or ill, life-long. Also it came to him in a sharp, raging way, as 't were a dagger struck through

the heart, how many perils he had 'scapen, by land and sea, to fall now, mayhap, by such base means at last. So ran this thought within him, lightning-quick and furious: What! was 't for this he did over-live the sweating-sickness in London Town, and the fight with pirates a-coming 'cross the ocean (wherein so many bold fellows were bloodily cut down), and the wreck of the "Sea-Venture" (for he was one o' that company), an' all the starving-time at Jamestown — with many other notable dangers, past mention — to die not Christianly in his bed at last, but in sudden unbeknown fight with a red Indian knave, and he not even accounted anybody 'mongst his own people. Then that was a bitter-black thought, forsooth, but yet, maybe, the saving o' his life, no less; for e'en in the swift passing rage thereof, he bethought him of a wrestling trick well-nigh forgot in 's mind that might avail him at this pinch. Now, by this trick it was that he tripped up and overthrew his adversary, who, falling right heavily undermost upon the stony highway, did perforce somewhat loosen that fell grip; and so it came to pass that Master Godkyn did make out at last to draw his knife, and then, as Jack o' the Feather started up again (like any fierce beast that 's brought to its last bay), why, then did Master Godkyn, for defending of his own life, stab him to the very heart so that he fell back an' died.

So that was the end of that encounter. And all the neighbors said 't was no harm, but the rather a safe riddance o' mischief. And the dead body was given o'er to two of his kin, who did hap to come a-seeking him, and bore it back with them that way they came — nor did any man at that time call Master Godkyn to account for the same; only it seemeth to me always a fearsome thing to have man's blood on one's



"SOMETIMES HE BORE ME ON HIS BACK THRO' THE RUNNING WATER."

hands; neither was I anywise astonished at Simon's taking of the news when my father told it him. Was 't not his natural born father, in sooth, flesh o' his flesh, blood o' his blood — despite of opposing misbehavior? So it seemed as naught strange to me, as to the rest, that he hid himself away from sight of all, that day of hearing it, and for many days afterward had few words to speak to anybody.

Well, well! a right wonderful thing is nature, truly, and it taketh its own way despite of law and gospel and all contrary custom. Now, whether 't was the killing o' his father at that time, or whether the natural turn o' his mind to work darksomely upon itself, that did bring round such change in Simon, God knoweth! but a change there was, for certain. He had ne'er been given to chatter overmuch, but 't was fairly as one tongue-tied he did now appear. As for the daily tasks, them did he do as aforetime, only in a sullen and grievous way, like to any driven slave; yet he sported no more at all, the rather choosing that time to himself for lonesomely walking abroad or brooding in some corner apart. Alackaday! The poor lad! my heart doth ache for him now. 'T was a strange case to be so situate betwixt one's natural race and kindred and such as were bounden enemies (and that past control of will) 'gainst them and theirs forever. Aye, aye; for all I was but a child then, and too little to sense aright the ins and outs thereof, it hath come to me since, I trow; an' small wonder 't is that the blackness of his eyes i' those days was as night without moon or star.

Now, as to his own Indian race and nation, he had ne'er aforetime been curious in asking of questions, for all ever keenly a-listening to aught about them spoken. Neither did he inquire anything by word of mouth in these days whereof I tell, only he would be now always secretly spelling o'er in my father's books what was there writ down concerning the same, by Captain John Smith and others. Also many 's the time I did see him pick up an Indian arrowhead from the ground (for there were many thereabout scattered) and so stand gazing upon it, goodness knoweth how long by the clock! as thinking strange thoughts inside of him, mayhap, and clean forgetting all else in this world. Also, would he oft be walking solitarily and spying 'mongst some two or three ancient ruined wigwams left long empty i' the wood hard by; yet, I promise you, if our lads durst ever anywise plague him concerning this so strange behavior he was as tow to fire. So it passed, day in and out, weeks and months one after t' other, till the summer season o' that year was gone and autumn did come round.

Now, concerning the very dreadful thing that then befell in Virginia, 't was even as a thunderbolt out of a fair even sky, with not the merest little small cloud for a warning aforetime. Nay, whoever would in reason have foredreamt it or supposed it as anywise possible, e'en of that most subtle, secret, and murtherous Indian people, after so long peace and friendly commingling together! Surely never in this world was so cruel and barbarous assault so unprovoken; for as to the killing of Jack o' the Feather, which same mishap, 't was afterward told, had been made a handle of by the King Opechancanough in stirring up of wrath 'gainst the English — as to that, but little store did the red people truly set by him, I do reckon, nor was any white man but the one (being Master Godkyn himself) concerned in that business. Neither could those Indians anywise justly complain how the whites had them in a manner dispossest, seeing that themselves had willingly consented thereto. Was 't they, or their forefathers, that did 'stablish boundaries, dig foundations, or make any proper decent settlements? Nay, not so; nor doth he set overmuch value on God's earth, I 'm thinking, who will sell the same to first-comer for a string o' beads or gaudy garment. A full ten year and more had peace continued, with kindness and good neighboring on both sides. And many of the Indians had removed 'way off to northward into the great woods on York River, but yet a many more were still tarrying amongst us, aye, not a few in fair houses builded for them, English fashion, by the settlers. Moreover, not a few, again, had been taken in, even as Simon, by the whites as children or dear favored servants; and thus, lo and behold! did it come to pass that these vipers for the most part, being warmed and filled, did in very natural poisonous malice strike the hand that fed them, or the rather as under-sappers and miners of the walls

that sheltered them seek to fetch all down—e'en tho' to their own crushing destruction—by the fell blow of this bloody vengeance. So was the foul plot laid in secret for that massacre, the dreadfulest thing that did ever hap in all Virginia, and such as I pray God will never be again—and of it, as I said before, was no littlest warning given. There be sometimes signs an' signals in nature foretelling such calamity, as have oftentimes been proven. Yea, a-many a one have I myself taken note of for lesser trouble than that. Howsoever, for all our dairy-wench, Dolly Shaw, would be telling afterward about a death-watch ticking in her ear nine nights a-running, and a bloody red sunrise on the Friday morn next afore that woful Christmas day—why, it was all too late, as my mother said, for any such talk then.

And it came to pass, one even in December month, that I did follow Simon on one of his lonesome goings unto those old crumbling wigwams i' the woods, whereof I have told. 'T was little note he had taken of me an' my plays for many a long day, sure enough, but I was a-wearying of mine own company that time, with Francis an' Dick gone a-hunting and my mother and all the maids too busy o'er house matters to speak me even a word. So running after Simon (afar off, yet ever keeping him in sight) I did go along into the dark, thick forest; yet when he reached that place I hardly durst fetch up unto him, but stopped and hid me behind a little cedar bush hard by the path to screw up my courage. And behold! whiles I was standing there a-peeping thro', what did I see but a very tall and fierce-appearing Indian man come out o' the nighest wigwam and fall a-talking with Simon.

So there stood they, face to face; and there stood I—a-looking frightedly—'most ready to run back that way I 'd come, only I durst not, any more than go on. Ne'er a word that they said could I hear, but I saw that the tall Indian spake as 't were earnestly, and with right fierce, uncouth gestures did enforce the same. Also I saw that, at the first of it, Simon did shake head an' turn away—as who mayhap doth say, "No, no, no!" to somewhat or other and will scarce hearken thereto. Whereupon the man, waxing still more vehement, stamped upon the ground and pointed fiercely with 's long cruel-shapen fingers, this way, that, an' t' other—till presently I, making sure that he pointed once straight at me, fell down for very terror where I stood. So I lay a-quaking. And after a while (goodness knoweth how long! but it did seem monstrous long to me) came Simon himself, a-running back,—yet heavily and stumbling as one half-blind,—and so espied me there.

Then he stood as one amazed, looking first at me, then back o'er his shoulder fearsomely; but I perceived that the strange Indian had turned away, making off swiftly into the wood. And Simon cried out to me, "Gillian! Gillian! didst thou hear what he said? Didst hear?" And I said truly, nay; but that I saw the man. Whereupon I fell a-crying for very fear of I knew not what. And I said, "Oh, Simon! what hast thou to do with the dreadful dark man? Oh, prythee take me home, Simon, lest he should come again!" For truly I was frighted 'most to death at the very thought o' that, and I held him tight, a-weeping. But he cried out loud, vehemently, "No! no! he will not come. He shall not hurt thee! He shall not! he shall not! They shall ne'er hurt thee in this world, my little sister Gillian!"

So with that he comforted me, saying those same words o'er and o'er again, "Gillian! Gillian! my little sister, Gillian!" And so drying my tears right kindly, as my brother might, he did carry me home (when that I had ceased to weep) afore him in his arms. But he straightly charged me to tell nobody that which I had seen; and I, knowing naught of the harm thereof, did promise to keep it secret.

Now, that was nigh a week before Christmas, which same was the secretly appointed time. Never before had his mood been so black, I trow, e'en at worst. 'T was as if an ill disease had him fast, for truly the flesh wasted off his bones from one day to next, and scarce a morsel of victual would he be eating. I do think that e'en my mother had more pitied than blamed him that while, but for his darksome scowls and downcast shunning o' the looks of us all. But as it was, in sooth, she cried, "He surely hath a devil! Alackaday!" quoth she, "that such an one, so possest in evil, did ever come into this house!" Aye, even my father

turned 'gainst him then, for saith he, "Is this how he doth repay my kindness to him, life-long! 'T is an ill-conditioned lad," quoth he, "an' my wife hath been wiser than I, all along, in this matter. Let none either chide or coax, but all leave him alone in his foul sulking humor till I find place for him otherwhere than in my house."

So by that command did all abide. In sooth, I do reckon, I was the only one of all i' the house that did anywise yearn to the contrary. But I durst not bespeak Simon a word, and thus was he left to his own thoughts an' devices till the very day came round.

I mind well that Christmas eve, an' for the matter o' that there be few a-living in this Virginia, from then till now, who have forgot the same, I do reck. Such a baking and brewing, such roasting and boiling, such a garnishing an' making ready for next day's feast, as there was with us, to be sure! for howsoever times might pinch in common, my father and mother needs must be making shift to keep Christmas holiday i' the good old English fashion of their young days. I mind how we had a brave pasty that day for dinner, in foretaste o' the morrow, and when we sat down at table, at about one o' the clock, all were there a'ready to eat but Simon. Whereupon my father saith, "Where is Master Doleful Dumps, I pray?" And my mother cried, "Dear heart, I do neither know nor care!" But Dolly Shaw, who stood behind her chair, spake up, saying, "He is in the top loft o' the house, where he hath e'en been well-nigh all day, a-sulking." Then Dickon would be asking (for he had e'er a rare sweet humor, had our Dick), "Shall I run tell him o' the pasty?" Howsoever, the master made answer, No. "Let him wait till he be hungry," quoth he, "for I warrant empty stomach needs no coaxing. He will be high in place tho' low in spirit, it doth seem. Fetch him not down."

So then all did go on to eat without more ado; but, for mine own part, the victual seemed to go against me that day.

Now, when that the meal was o'er, some went one way, some another, about their several matters; yet I could do naught in pleasure for thinking of Simon, 'way up yonder, so lonesome and without cheer. In faith, I was always a loving little lass, an' tender-true to them that had showed me kindness; nor could I then deck my doll in holiday fashion, nor look on at the maids i' the kitchen, nor sport with my tame deer, nor anywise content me with this trouble on my mind. Wherefore, as hour after hour did pass, I bethought me how thirsty he must be by that time. 'T was not of hunger I would be thinking, for truly he seemed to have forgot the feel o' that in those days; but all must surely drink to live. 'T was a green Christmas, that (and such as old folk say maketh a fat graveyard), and mighty warm for the season; and I had noted well, at time of breakfast that morn, how Simon, eating no single mouthful, drank scarce one cup o' milk. Moreover, I also bethought me how folk would oft be talking of peace an' good will at Christmas-tide, even as the Bible telleth that angels sang unto those shepherds a-listening on the hill-top; yet, in sooth, that saying did then appear but an idle mock to me, and no peace in mine heart at all, with Simon left out a-cold. And so I said within myself, "'T is surely no harm nor naughty disobedience, nor will my father 'count it any such, if I carry him a drink." Then I took from the mantel-shelf mine own silver cup, that my grandmother Griffin had sent unto me for a christening gift, all the way from England, and fetched it brimming full o' fresh fair water from the spring, unseen by anybody. And I went with it in my two hands so softly (for fear of spilling) up the big stair an' the little steep stair into the great loft room.

Now, 't was the first time that I did ever go alone, of mine own accord, into that room, for it had ever seemed to me a strange and awesome place, mayhap resembling some such as we hear tell of in old enchanted houses or the like. Not that our house had been builded long, or was aught like a grand big castle. Nay! But in this top room that spread all o'er the bigness o't, it was ever half dark as twilight, having only one little small window for the whole, and the great beams o' the roof so heavily sloping down, with cobwebs hanging therefrom. Then a-many strange things were there stored away for safe-keeping that no place might be found for i' the house below, such as the skins of divers beasts, tanned with the fur on,



"THERE THEY HAD IT, FOR SURE, THIS WAY, THAT, AN' T' OTHER."

as they had been killed from time to time, and hanged up for some-day use; or weapons of warfare, as swords, pikes, bludgeons, and so on, laid by 'gainst troublous times. Also, was there a great bedstead that my mother would be keeping for the fitting of a guest-chamber after-while, with the tall carven posts bewrapt in white linen an' looking like any four ghosts i' their shrouds; with ancient storage-chests, broken tables, chairs, and what not of relics from the Old World, mingled together disorderly with trophies of the New.

Now, at first I saw nothing at all of Simon, and 'gan to think he was there no longer, when presently I did espy him. There was he, sure enough, in a far dim corner, a-sitting dolefully, as 't were, all huddled up on one o' the big chests. Only, his face and hands I could not see, for they were hid in a wolfskin there hanging from a beam o'erhead, even as a child doth cling and hide face in his mother's skirt, mayhap — as I bethought me then and afterward. So I waited a little space, but yet he did not look up nor stir; and then I went softly 'cross the floor, till being come nigh I did hold up the cup an' say, "Simon, I have fetched thee a drink!" Then he let go of the wolfskin and looked up, a-shuddering all o'er his body and appearing, mayhap, like one on a sudden half waken from a very dark, horrid dream, whereby he is still holden an' distrest, not knowing false from true. Yet never a word he spake; only stared so strangely at me as I stood. Whereupon I said again,—for all a bit quaking at the woful blackness o' his gaze,— "Art thou not thirsty, Simon? Dost thou not know 't is Christmas-tide? An' wilt thou not drink this fair water in mine own silver cup — for peace an' good will?"

Still he looked at me in a wild way, and all round the room, shaking like as if I had struck him with those words. Yet did he not take the water; and all o' the instant, e'en as I so stood reaching it out unto him — lo! he gave a very dreadful sharp cry, like somewhat had broke within him, and flung him face down on the floor betwixt us.

Now, at that I stood frighted and trembling, till the water was spilled and the cup nigh fell from my hand. And naught durst I say, or could, but "Simon! Simon!" o'er and o'er again. And to that he made no answer, only so a-lying i' the dust did strike on the floor with his hand — most dreadfully a-weeping and moaning, for some space; till presently he, looking up, said unto me, "Call the master!"

Then I went down, as fast as I might for legs a-trembling underneath me, and called my father, who did come up hastily and wondering at that summons. Also my mother came a-running behind, and the maids from their cookery, and the lads from cleaning of their guns i' the hall — all in haste and amazedly to see what was toward now. And when my father was come into the room (for those others did but listen on the stair) there was Simon, a-standing straight up, yet shaking as who doth face death.

Then, 'fore ever my father might ask e'en, How 's this? he cried out loud, saying, "There is yet time! There is yet time! Strike me dead when I have told it," crieth he, "but listen to me first!" Then saith he on, "They have whetted their knives. They have sharpened their toma-hawks — for blood, blood, blood, this night! Opechancanough, the king, hath planned it — all the red men have sworn together. This night by darkfall will the killing begin all o'er Virginia — the killing o' the white people!"

And he, throwing himself down on 's knees afore my father, said in a wild way, "Master! Master! They did promise me not to slay thee, or Gillian, or Dick. I did vow at first to tell, 'less they promised me that. Yet have I seen it 'fore mine eyes, day an' night — the blood and the killing — and the crying was in mine ears. Then Gillian came with the water — and now I prythee strike me dead, for I am false to both sides! I am neither white nor red — an' not anywise worth to live!"

Now, that hearing, my mother and the maids cried out for fear, "God ha' mercy! What will become of us!" and there came a white-ness even o'er my father's face, for 't was a fear-some dreadful thing to think of, an' the sun nigh going down — as from the little window we might see. Howsoever, he laid not his hand on the lad, but, after that he had bidden the woman take heart o' grace, he said unto him, "Up, boy, an' get thee down with me. Thou hast been bad enow, God knoweth; — but 't is our part to save, an' not to kill, this night. I

will give thee chance a plenty, by St. George! to prove thee yet worthy living."

'T was well we had good horses and strong — aye, an' well-fed — in our stable, for 't was both fast and far they needs must go that even. Good twenty miles were we from Jamestown, as the crow flieth; eighteen miles the way lay to Wyanoke on one hand, nineteen or so was it to Falling Creek on t' other — through wood and swamp, with scarce road or track at all. As for my father, he must needs stay for our defense at home; but on the three fleetest horses the three lads did go to warn and save such as might be. I mind how my mother wept over an' kissed Francis and Dickon as 't were death-parting to see them go — and sooth, poor soul! I reckon she guessed full well how 't would be with them both, if they made not good speed ere sundown. But unto Simon 't was only my father that said good-bye, when he started the Jamestown way, on wild Blackamoor a-riding. "Now, if thou wouldst show human good inside thee," saith he, "I charge thee ride thy best." And Simon's face was as any stone set when he heard that word and started forth.

Well, well! 't is over an' done, bless Heaven! this many a year agone, and may we never see the like of such a Christmas e'er again in Virginia, I do pray! Good speed the three lads made in their several ways. 'T was Simon that did first win to the end o' his, for all it was the longest. So was Jamestown saved, and so likewise did those two other settlements 'scape from fire and bloody slaughter. I promise you, those murtherous yelling knaves that came 'gainst our house that night did find my father ready with warmer welcome than they looked for. Yet alas and alas for them who had no such a warning as ours! and alas for all Virginia that bitter, cruel night! Right bloodily the white people wrought vengeance for 't in aftertime. Aye, aye; 't was said they did hunt the Indians like wild beasts, in some parts, with bloodhounds fetched o'er from England a purpose for the business; yet it brought not the dead ones to life again, so killed in sudden horrid massacre. At Warrasqueake, an' Flower de Hundred, and Martin's Brandon, and Westover — nay, where not elsewhere, i' faith, save the three places that our three lads did save! All o'er the land, to tell truth, was foul murther done; with hundreds o' dead corpses that were live and warm at sundown left a-cold ere daybreak, and that unhumanly hacked to bits in a manner not befitting civil ears to hear tell of. I trow the Christmas viands were but funeral meats that woful time, an' Christmas hymns of cheer all turned to dirges. Yea, lads an' lasses here a-listening, ye may e'en thank God on bended knees this night for that these days be not like them agone!

Now as to Totapotamoi, or Simon Peter, as we always called him, we never saw that lad more, nor heard to any certainty what did become o' him. My father found the horse Blackamoor safe enough in James City next morn, but 'mongst all the townsfolk none might know how it had gone with the rider when his message was told. And whether he slew himself in dark despairing mood; or was slain by the Indians in wrath for his betrayal of their wickedness; or whether he doth still live with them, his natural kin and race, in the great woods behind the mountains (as was long aftertime rumored credibly to be the way o't), God knoweth, not I; but it hath always pleased me to think him still a-living, an' that some day 'fore I died I might set eyes on him again.

'T was many a long day ere my heart would give o'er aching at the thought o' him, for all the folk would oft be a-telling me that time and after, with tears and kisses, that when God himself did put into my head to fetch the Indian lad that water in my silver cup, 't was even (in the saving o' precious lives) as the Bible saith concerning them that so a-doing will not lose their goodly reward.



" Out from the dark, mysterious North,
With all its glamour, every night
Tingling with unforgotten dreams,
And every day flood-full of light."

THE STORY OF THE ICEBERG.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

How weary the ice-river grew
In those dark months of winter night,
And, poised upon his lofty cliff,
Longed, longed, for other worlds and flight.

What use was all his mighty mold,
With none to wonder and admire
The light and color that he held,
The moonstone gleam, the opal fire!

In vain the mother glacier showed
Pale altars answering with cold rites
The flashes of eternal stars,
The lances of the northern lights;

A band of sunbeams came that way,
Tempted, and touched, and lured him on,—
Wild dreams of suns and southern skies,—
A wrench, a plunge, and he was gone.

With swift embrace the billows swelled
To meet him, leaping twice and thrice
In thunder, ere they led him forth,
King of a world of floating ice.

Down, down, by viewless currents drawn,
His huge mass underneath the sea,
His lofty tops enskyed, he moved
Like some vast fleet in majesty,—

Out from the dark, mysterious North,
With all its glamour, every night
Tingling with unforgotten dreams,
And every day flood-full of light.

The white bear slumbered in his caves;
The sunbeams played about his tips;
Down, down he bore to summer seas
And crashed his way through sinking ships.

And drowning sailors saw on high
Those icy walls where surges tossed,
Descended out of heaven, a pile
Of jeweled splendor fired in frost.

Lapis and turquois pierced with light
To sapphire, emerald hollows paled
To beryl, topaz burning clear
In flames of chrysolite, he sailed.

Down, down to equatorial seas
Still slowly drifting,—ah, how sweet
These soft caresses of the tide
Far in the depths about his feet!

How tenderly this morning gleam
Saluted all his shining spires,
That far away the voyager saw
Tipped with the blaze of ruby fires!

How ardently through warm south winds
The stresses of the noontide beat,
Till brooks burst forth far up his sides,
Dissolving in a fervent heat.

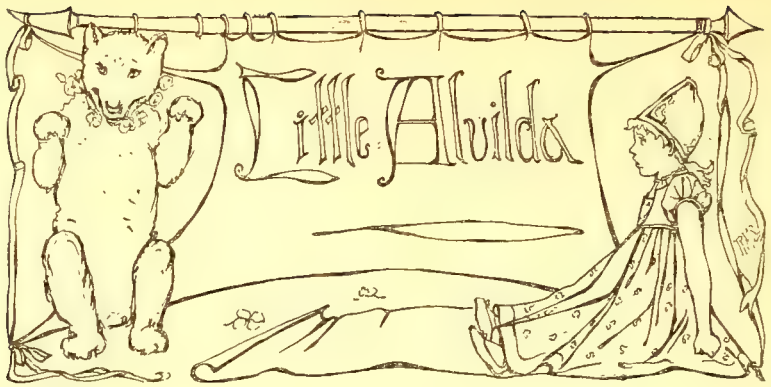
Now plumed with streaming smoke he went,
Now but a cloud of amethyst,
The ghost of glory, weird and white,
Now wrapt within a world of mist.

The sweet and treacherous currents still
Around his weakening bases whirled,
The great throat of the hurricane
Tremendous blasts against him hurled.

Into blue air he crept; and now
Those sunbeams armed with javelins swarmed,
A hostile legion, fierce and fain,
And all his awful beauty stormed.

Ah, for that dim dark home once more,
Those lances of the northern lights!
Then his tops bent them to their fall,
The wide seas rose and drowned his heights.

And, but a hulk of crumbling ice,
Within the deep he found his grave,
Stranded upon a hidden key,
And washed to nothing by a wave.



(A Norse Tale Freely Retold.)*

By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.



THERE was once a clergyman who lived somewhere in the interior mountain valleys of Norway. He had five children, all of whom were dear to him; but there was one among them who was nearer to his heart than all the rest; and that was a little girl, five years old, named Alvilda. It may have been because she was the youngest of the five; and the youngest, especially if it is a girl, is always likely to be the father's pet; or it may have been because she was a very sweet and lovable child who drew all hearts toward her as the sun draws the flowers. When her mother took her to church on Sunday morning, she slipped like a sunbeam among the somber congregation, and all faces brightened and a softer look stole into the eyes of old and young, when she passed by. In her quaint little poke-bonnet and her old-fashioned gown, and with her chubby little hands folded over her mother's hymn-book, she did, indeed, look so bewitching that it seemed a hardship not to stop and kiss her. "Bless the child," said the matrons, with heartfelt unction, when her bright smile beamed upon them. "Bless her dear little heart," ejaculated the young girls admiringly, as they knelt down in the road to pat Alvilda, to kiss her, or only to touch her in passing.

When Alvilda's fifth birthday came it happened to be right in the middle of the berry season; and it was determined to celebrate it by a berrying party to which a dozen children of the neighborhood were invited. Fritz, Alvilda's fourteen-year-old brother, whom she abjectly admired, magnanimously undertook the duty of sending out the invitations; and he consulted his own sovereign fancy in inviting those whom he liked and leaving out those who had had the misfortune to incur his displeasure. It was found when all the children gathered in front of the parsonage, about nine o'clock in the morning, that it was indeed Fritz's party rather than Alvilda's. But Alvilda, who always thought that whatever Fritz did was well done, was perfectly content. She liked big boys, she said, because they were not half the trouble that little girls were. First, there was her brother Charles, twelve years old, who was the proud possessor of a drum which had been presented to him at Christmas; the judge's Albert, thirteen years old, who was, to be sure, a great tease, and

* This story, or rather the principal incident in it, I heard as a child, and have an impression that it is found in one of the Norwegian school-readers. I do not remember who is its author, if I ever knew; but it is known to every Norwegian child, and is a kind of classic of the Norse nursery. H. H. B.

inclined to run off with Fritz on all sorts of mysterious errands; and there was the lawyer's Frederick, who never spoke to girls in public for fear of being thought frivolous. Of girls there were but two: Sophy, Alvilda's fifteen-year-old sister, who was almost grown up, and carried a novel in her pocket which she read at odd moments in the garden, in the kitchen, and, most of all, in the woods; and Albert's sister, Ingeborg, who had so many delightful secrets which she would never share with anybody except her bosom friend Sophy.

Fritz, who had provided himself with a tin trumpet, marshaled his forces in the yard, and, having arranged them in rank and file like soldiers, gave the command, "Forward, march!"

The girls followed as best they could; the two elder ones leading Alvilda by the hand between them. The father, who was reluctant to send her into the woods, fearing that she might become overtired, charged them not to leave her for a moment, and to see that she had an opportunity to rest whenever she wished, all of which Sophy and Ingeborg promised.

The weather was glorious: the sun was just warm enough to be agreeable, and the light clouds which sailed over the blue vault of the sky seemed to be having a happy time of it. The woods which grew in the rugged glens on the slope of the mountain were filled with the fragrance of birch and pine and lilies of the valley; and the brooks, swollen by the melting ice of the glaciers, danced gayly down through the ravines, with a constant, gurgling rush which fell pleasantly upon the ear.

When the boys left the highway for the mountain-paths, they broke ranks, and each scrambled up over the rocks as best he could. It was in vain that Fritz blew his trumpet and Charles beat his drum. To climb the great moss-grown rocks was too inviting; and to stand on the top of them and shout against the mountain wall, which gave such a splendid echo, was a delight which made the heart leap in one's bosom. Fritz himself was not proof against such temptations, and finding his commands ignored, he gracefully surrendered his dignity and joined with a will in the sports of the rest. There were squirrels to be stoned,—not a very nice sport, I admit,—and later Fritz was ashamed of having engaged in it. But there was much of the savage about him when he found himself in the woods, and he made it a point to act out the character and suppress whatever gentle emotions may have stirred in his bosom. Happily, the squirrels were too nimble and alert for the boys, and sat chattering at them from the upper branches of the pines, where the stones, if they reached at all, went wildly amiss. They then found a toad, and would, I fear, have pitched it heavenward from the end of a board, if the girls with Alvilda had not caught up with them; and the latter, in consideration of its being her birthday, was gallantly permitted to save the condemned miscreant. For these boys, whoever and whatever they were, were never themselves. They were by turns robbers, pirates, medieval knights, Norse vikings, everything under the sun they could think of, except nice, respectable country boys,—sons, respectively, of a lawyer, a judge, and a clergyman. A toad, in their hands, became a captured merchant, or an enchanted princess, or a thief condemned to death, as the case might be. But it never by any possibility remained a toad.

When they had climbed for an hour, Alvilda began to grow tired; and Fritz, seeing that there was no likelihood of reaching the enchanted territory he had in view, without carrying her, undertook with the aid of his comrades to make a litter of soft pine branches which was quite comfortable to repose upon. The boys then took turns carrying Alvilda, addressing her all the while as the Princess Kunigunde, who was betrothed to the King of Andalusia, and was now being borne by her faithful knights to meet her royal adorer. Alvilda laughed heartily at their absurd deferential speeches; and her clear voice rang through the woods, startling now a covey of partridges which broke with a frightened hum through the underbrush, now a hare which scooted away with long leaps over the heather, now a wild duck which, with a great flapping of wings, darted away in a straight line over the water, leaving its young in the lurch among the sedges. But, although she found it ridiculous, Alvilda enjoyed immensely being a princess and having her devoted knights kiss her hand and bend their knees when they spoke to her.

It was about eleven o'clock when the party

reached Fritz's berrying-grounds, which he had discovered a few days ago, when on an expedition with Albert in search of adventures. It was just then toward the end of the strawberry season and the beginning of the blueberry season. The sweet wild strawberry, than which there is nothing more delicious under the sun, betrayed itself by its fragrance under the heather, and when the boys found an open patch, about the roots of a tree, where the berries grew in big bunches, they shouted aloud and danced an Indian war-dance from excess of joy, before beginning to fill their mouths, their pails, and their baskets. Fritz and Albert, who were the champion pickers, had soon filled the tin pails they had brought with them, and set to work with great dispatch to make baskets of birch-bark wherewith to carry off their surplus. There were the great blueberry fields still to be ravaged; and it seemed a pity not to pick some of the fragrant sweet-brier, and lilies of the valley that grew so abundantly among the birches and alders. Sophy and Ingeborg went into ecstasy over the nodding clusters of pretty, bell-shaped flowers which, in Norway, grow wild in the woods, and they picked their aprons full, again and again, emptying them into one of Fritz's birch-bark baskets. Of sweet-brier, too, and the delicate little wood-stars there was no lack; and in the open glades they found some belated violets with a shy little ghost of a fragrance that stole into one's nostrils as a kind thought steals into the heart.

Fritz and his manly comrades protested, of course, against this "tomfoolery" with the flowers; but as some indulgence must be granted to the foibles of girls, they consented to assist in the undignified task. A big heap of variegated color — pink, white, blue, and green — was piled up under a large, wide-spreading pine, where Alvilda sat, like a fairy queen, glorying in her perishable treasures. It was then Fritz lost his patience, and demanded to know whether it was not time now to stop this nonsense and go in quest of something worth wearying one's limbs for. As he had brought fishing tackle and bait, he would propose a little fishing expedition on a tarn, close by, and if the girls did n't care to accompany him, he would go alone with his trusty friends, Robin Hood and the Gray Friar, and catch enough to provide luncheon for the whole army. This proposition was too tempting to be resisted, and presently all the boys scampered away through the underbrush, leaving the three girls under the pine tree. Sophy spread a shawl upon the ground for Alvilda to lie down upon; and herself drew a favorite novel from her pocket, which she discussed in whispers with Ingeborg. There were, indeed, the most delicious things in this book: dreadful, black-hearted villains, with black mustaches, who prowled about in all sorts of disguises and lay in wait for unsuspecting innocence; splendid, high-spirited heroes, with blonde mustaches and nodding white plumes on their helmets, who rescued guileless innocence from the wiles of the villains, and subsequently married it — and no end of delightful things besides. Sophy soon lost all thought of her sister during this absorbing discussion, and Alvilda, finding herself neglected, pouted a little and dozed away into a sweet sleep.

In the mean while the boys were having great fun down on the tarn; and being seized with a ravenous appetite as their usual hour for luncheon passed, they resolved to have a little impromptu feast all by themselves before returning to the girls. They had caught a dozen fine trout and no end of perch, and their mouths watered to test the flavor of the former on the spot. They accordingly built an improvised stove of flat stones, made a fire in it, split the fish, and broiled them over the fire.

The trout in particular proved to have a superb flavor, and Fritz, as a generous and magnanimous freebooter, was dispensing the hospitality of the woods with a royal hand. He forgot all about his dear little sister in whose honor he was feasting, and he forgot, too, that he had promised to return in half an hour with his catch of fish. Sophy and Ingeborg, having exhausted the delights of the novel, began to grow hungry, and when an hour had passed, they became impatient and, at last, angry. They could hear the boys' shouts of laughter in the distance, and they began to suspect that the boys were lunching without them. Now and then the blare of Fritz's trumpet was vaguely audible, and the rumble of Charles's drum.

"I really think, Ingeborg," said Sophy, "that

those wretched boys have forgotten all about us."

"I never could understand why boys were created," observed Ingeborg.

"Well, anyway, I am hungry," ejaculated Sophy.

"And I am ravenous! — that is, I am not averse to something to eat," echoed her friend.

"Suppose we go and find those graceless scamps," suggested Sophy.

"Very well; but what shall we do with Alvilda?"

Alvilda,— to be sure,— what were they to do with her? Sophy felt a little pang of guilt as her eyes fell upon the sweet, chubby face of her sleeping sister.

"She is sleeping so soundly. It would be a pity to waken her," she remarked doubtfully. "What do you say?"

"Why, nothing can happen to her here," said Ingeborg; "we shall only be gone fifteen minutes, you know, and then we shall be back with the boys."

"But suppose there were bears about here; then it might be dangerous to leave her!"

"Yes, and suppose there were lions — and — crocodiles," laughed Ingeborg.

This sally disposed of Sophy's scruples; and having thrown a jacket over Alvilda's feet and kissed her on the cheek, she flung one arm about her friend's waist and wandered away with her in the direction from which the boys' laughter was heard. It was not difficult to find those young gentlemen, for they were engaged in a lively wrangle as to which was the rightful possessor of the surplus quantity of fish which they could not devour. Fritz maintained that he, as the chieftain, had a just claim to the proceeds of the labor of his vassals and slaves, and the vassals and slaves loudly rebelled and declared that they would never submit to such injustice; whereupon the chieftain magnanimously declared that he would renounce his rights and surrender the booty to be divided by lot among his men-at-arms. It was at this interesting point that the girls appeared upon the scene, and the gallant freebooters dropped their quarrel and undertook, somewhat shamefacedly, to wait upon their fair guests. And as the fair guests had rather unfashionable appetites, after their long fast and vigorous exercise, the fifteen minutes became half an hour and the half hour began to round itself out to a whole hour, before their consciences smote them and they thought of Alvilda who was asleep under the big pine tree.

And now let us see what befell little Alvilda. She slept quietly for about twenty minutes after her sister left her; and she would have slept longer if something very extraordinary had not happened. She was dreaming that the big mastiff, Hector, at home in the parsonage, was insisting upon kissing her, and she was struggling to get away from his cold, wet nose, but could not. A strange, wild odor was filling the air, and it penetrated into Alvilda's dream and made her toss uneasily. There was Hector again, with his cold, wet nose, and he was blowing his warm breath into her face. She tried to scold him, but not a sound could she produce. In her annoyance she struck out with her hand and hit something warm and furry. But here consciousness broke through the filmy webs of slumber; she opened her eyes wide and raised herself on her elbow. There stood Hector, indeed, and stared straight into her eyes. But how big he was! And how his ears had shrunk and his fur grown! Alvilda rubbed her eyes to make sure that she was awake. She stared once more with a dim apprehension, and saw,— yes, there could be no doubt of it,— she saw that it was not Hector. It was an enormous, big brown beast, that stood snuffing at her; it was, perhaps, even a dangerous beast, which might take it into its head to hurt her. It was,— yes, now she was quite sure of it,— it was a big brown bear!

The little girl's first impulse was to cry out for help. But it was so strangely still about her. Where were her brothers and sister, Fritz and his freebooters, Sophy and her friend Ingeborg? It could not be possible that they had left her alone here in the forest. She threw frightened glances about her; but wherever she looked she saw nothing but the long, solemn colonnades of brown pine trunks. And there, right in front of her, stood the bear, staring at her with his small black eyes. It occurred to her, even amid her fright, that she must try to make friends with this bear, in which case, perhaps, he might

consent not to eat her. She knew from her fairy-tales that there were good bears and bad bears, and she devoutly hoped that her new acquaintance might prove to belong to the order of good bears. So, with a quaking heart and a voice that shook, she arose, and putting her hand on the bear's neck, she exclaimed with pathetic friendliness: "I know you very well, Mr. Bear, but you don't know me. I know you from my picture-book. You are the good bear who carried the Princess on your back, away from the Trold's castle."

The bear was apparently not displeased to know that he had made so favorable an impression, though he wished to make it plain that he could n't be bamboozled by flattery. For he shook his great shaggy head and gave a low, good-natured grumble. And just at that moment he caught sight of the big basket of strawberries that stood under the tree. And turning toward it, he slowly lifted his right fore paw, and, putting it straight into the basket, deliberately upset it.

"Why, Bear, what have you been doing?" cried Alvilda, half forgetting her fear. "Why, don't you know, those are Fritz's berries?—and he will be so angry when he gets back. For Fritz, you know, is quite high-tempered. Now, if you 'll eat my berries, you may have them, and welcome; but, dear Mr. Bear, do let Fritz's alone."

It may be surmised that the bear was not greatly moved by this argument. He calmly went on eating Fritz's berries, which were scattered all over the ground, and grumbled now and then contentedly, as if to say that he found the flavor of the berries excellent. He paid no attention whatever to Alvilda's own little basket, which she had placed invitingly before his nose; but, when he had finished Fritz's berries, he selected the next biggest basket and upset that in the same deliberate fashion in which he had upturned the first one.

"Why, now, Mr. Bear, I don't think you are good, after all," said Alvilda, when she saw her friend make havoc among the berry-baskets. "Don't you know you 'll get stomach-ache, if you eat so many berries?—and then you 'll have to go to bed in your den and take nasty medicine."

But, seeing that the bear was no more affected by self-interest than he was by regard for other people's property, Alvilda, in her zeal, put her arms about his neck and tried to drag him away. She found, however, that she was no match for Bruin in strength, and therefore sorrowfully made up her mind to abandon him to his own devices. "Now, Bear," she said, seating herself again under the tree, and quite forgetting that she had once been frightened, "if you 'll behave yourself, I am going to make you a pretty wreath of flowers. Then, Mr. Bear, won't you look handsome when you get home to your family?"

And, delighted at this vision of the bear returning to his astonished family decorated with a wreath, she clapped her hands, emptied a basket of wild flowers in her lap, and began to tie them together. Lilies of the valley, she feared, Bruin would scarcely appreciate; but brier-roses, violets, and columbines, she thought, would not be beyond his taste; and adding here and there a sprig of whortleberries and of flowering heather to give solidity to her wreath, she tied it securely about the bear's neck and laughed aloud with joy at his appearance. Bruin had obviously a notion that this was a kindly act, for he suddenly rose up on his hind legs and with a pleased grumble made an attempt to look at himself.

"Oh, my dear Bruin," cried Alvilda, "you look perfectly lovely! Your family won't recognize you when they see you again."

The bear lifted up his head and, as his eyes met Alvilda's, there was a gleam in them of mild astonishment, and, as the little girl imagined, of gratitude. She laughed and talked on merrily for some minutes, while her friend sat down on his haunches and continued to gaze at her with the same stolid wonder. But then, suddenly, while Alvilda was making another wreath for Bruin to take home to his wife, the blare of a trumpet re-echoed through the woods, and laughing voices were heard approaching. The bear pricked up his ears, sniffed the air suspiciously, and waddled slowly away between the tree trunks.

"Why, no, Bear," Alvilda cried after him; "why don't you stay and meet Fritz and Sophy and the judge's Albert?"

But the bear, instead of returning, broke into a gentle trot, and she heard the dry branches creak beneath his tread as he vanished in the

underbrush. And just as she lost the last glimpse of him, Fritz and Sophy and the whole party of children came rushing up to her, excusing themselves for their absence, calling her all manner of pet names, and saying that they had hoped she had not been frightened. "Oh, no, not at all," answered Alvilda; "I have had such a nice bear here, who has kept me company. But I am so sorry he has eaten up all your berries."

The children thought at first that she must be joking; but seeing all the baskets upset, and smelling the strong, wild odor that was yet lingering in the air, they turned pale and stood gazing at each other in speechless fright. But Sophy burst into tears, hugged her little sister to her bosom, and cried:

"Oh, how can you ever forgive me, Alvilda? It is all my fault! I promised Papa not to leave you."

It was of no use that Alvilda kept repeating: "But, Sophy, he was not a bad bear. He was a nice bear, and he did n't hurt me at all."

There could be no more berrying after that. The girls were in haste to be gone, and the valiant freebooters had no desire to detain them. They picked up their belongings as fast as they could and hurried down through the forest, each taking his turn, as before, in carrying Alvilda. But they were neither knights nor princesses nor freebooters any more. They were only frightened boys and girls.

When they arrived at the parsonage about five o'clock in the afternoon, they were too tired, breathless, and demoralized to care much what became of them. Sophy took upon herself to tell her father what had happened. She was prepared for the worst, and in her remorse would have accepted cheerfully any punishment. But imagine her astonishment when her father uttered no word of reproach but folded Alvilda in his arms and thanked God that he had his little girl once more safe and sound.

Now, if my story had ended here, nobody would have been astonished; but the most astonishing part of it is what remains to be told. Six months after Alvilda's encounter with the good bear, when a foot of snow covered the ground, two of the parson's lumbermen, who were famous hunters, returned from a week's sojourn in the woods. Fritz, Albert, and Alvilda, bundled up to their ears in scarfs and overcoats, were sliding down the hill behind the stables, when they saw the two lumbermen, sitting astride of some big, dark object, coasting down toward them. "Hurrah!" cried Fritz, waving his cap to them, "there are Nils and Thorsten! And they have killed something too."

Nils and Thorsten, returning the greeting of the young master, slackened their speed and stopped beside the children. It was a big, brown he-bear they had on their sled — a regular monster; and they were not a little proud of having killed him. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth, and there was a small hole in his breast from which the blood was trickling down on the snow.

"Je-miny," exclaimed Fritz admiringly, plunging his fist into the beast's dense fur, "ain't he a stunner? But what is this? — I declare if he has n't a wreath of withered flowers about his neck!"

Alvilda, who had timidly drawn near, started forward at these words and, letting her sled go, stared at the dead animal.

"Why, it is my bear!" she cried, bursting into tears, "it is my dear, good bear!"

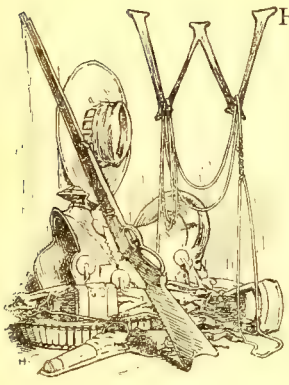
And before any one could prevent her, she had flung her arms about the bear's neck and buried her face in his fur; and there she lay weeping as if her heart would break.

"Oh, they have been bad to you," she sobbed; "and you were so good to me; and you have worn my wreath all this time."

The two hunters pulled the sled down into the court-yard, Alvilda still weeping over her dead playmate. And when her father came out and lifted her up in his arms, she yet remained inconsolable, lamenting the fate of her good bear. But from the animal's neck the pastor cut the withered wreath, and it hangs now on the wall in Alvilda's room as a memento of her ursine friend and the love she bore him.

BUFFALO HUNTING

By Theodore Roosevelt.



WHEN Independence was declared, in 1776, and the United States of America appeared among the powers of the earth, the continent beyond the Alleghanies was one unbroken wilderness; and the buffaloes, the first animals to vanish when the wilderness is settled, roved up to the crests of the mountains which mark the western boundaries of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Carolinas. They were plentiful in what are now the States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. But by the beginning of the present century they had been driven beyond the Mississippi; and for the next eighty years they formed one of the most distinctive and characteristic features of existence on the great plains. Their numbers were countless—incredible. In vast herds of hundreds of thousands of individuals, they roamed from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande and westward to the Rocky Mountains. They furnished all the means of livelihood to the tribes of Horse Indians, and to the curious population of French Metis, or Half-breeds, on the Red River, as well as those dauntless and archtypical wanderers, the white hunters and trappers. Their numbers slowly diminished; but the decrease was very gradual until after the Civil War. They were not destroyed by the settlers, but by the railways and by the skin hunters.

After the ending of the Civil War, the work of constructing transcontinental railway lines was pushed forward with the utmost vigor. These supplied cheap and indispensable, but hitherto wholly lacking, means of transportation to the hunters; and at the same time the demand for buffalo robes and hides became very great, while the enormous numbers of the beasts, and the comparative ease with which they were slaughtered, attracted throngs of adventurers. The result was such a slaughter of big game as the world had never before seen; never before were so many large animals of one species destroyed in so short a time. Several million buffaloes were slain. In fifteen years from the time the destruction fairly began, the great herds were exterminated. In all probability there are not now, all told, a thousand head of wild buffaloes on the American continent; and no herd of a hundred individuals has been in existence since 1884.

The first great break followed the building of the Union Pacific Railway. All the buffaloes of the middle region were then destroyed, and the others were then split into two vast sets of herds, the northern and the southern. The latter were destroyed first, about 1878; the former not until 1883. My own experience with buffaloes was obtained in the latter year, among small bands and scattered individuals, near my ranch on the Little Missouri; I have related it elsewhere. But two of my relatives were more fortunate, and took part in the chase of these lordly beasts when the herds still darkened the prairie as far as the eye could see.

During the first two months of 1877, my brother Elliott, then a lad not seventeen years old, made a buffalo-hunt toward the edge of the Staked Plains in northern Texas. He was thus in at the death of the southern herds, for

all, save a few scattering bands, were destroyed within two years of this time.

My brother was with my cousin, John Roosevelt, and they went out on the range with six other adventurers — a German-American, a Scotchman who had been in the Confederate cavalry and afterward in Maximilian's Mexican body-guard, and four Irishmen. It was a party of just such young men as frequently drift to the frontier. All were short of cash, and all were hardy, vigorous fellows eager for excitement and adventure. My brother was much the youngest of the party, and the least experienced; but he was well-grown, strong and healthy, and very fond of boxing, wrestling, running, riding, and shooting; moreover, he had served an apprenticeship in hunting deer and turkeys. Their mess-kit, ammunition, bedding, and provisions were carried in two prairie wagons, each drawn by four horses. In addition to the teams they had six saddle-animals — all of them shaggy, unkempt mustangs. Three or four dogs, setters and half-bred greyhounds, trotted along behind the wagons. Each man took his turn for two days as teamster and cook; and there were always two with the wagons, or camp, as the case might be, while the other six were off hunting, usually in couples. The expedition was undertaken partly for sport and partly with the hope of profit; for, after purchasing the horses and wagons, none of the party had any money left, and they were forced to rely upon selling skins and hides and, when near the forts, meat.

They started on January 2d, and shaped their course for the head-waters of the Salt Fork of the Brazos, the center of abundance for the great buffalo herds. During the first few days they were in the outskirts of the settled country, and shot only small game — quail and prairie fowl; then they began to kill turkey, deer, and antelope. These they "swapped" for flour and feed, at the ranches or squalid, straggling frontier towns. On several occasions the hunters were lost, spending the night out in the open, or sleeping at a ranch if one was found. Both towns and ranches were filled with rough customers; all of my brother's companions were muscular, hot-headed fellows; and as a consequence they were involved in several savage "free fights," in which, fortunately, nobody was seriously hurt. My brother kept a very brief diary, the entries being fairly startling from their conciseness. A number of times, the mention of their arrival, either at a halting-place, a little village, or a rival buffalo-camp is followed by the laconic remark, "big fight," or "big row"; but once they evidently concluded discretion to be the better part of valor, the entry for January 20th being, "On the road — passed through Belknap — too lively, so kept on to the Brazos — very late." The buffalo-camps in particular were very jealous of one another, each party regarding itself as having exclusive right to the range it was the first to find; and on several occasions this feeling came near involving my brother and his companions in serious trouble.

While slowly driving the heavy wagons to the hunting-grounds they suffered the usual hardships of plains travel. The weather, as in most Texas winters, alternated between the extremes of heat and cold. There had been little rain; in consequence water was scarce. Twice they were forced to cross wild, barren wastes, where the pools had dried up, and they suffered terribly from thirst. On the first occasion the horses were in good condition, and they traveled steadily, with only occasional short halts, for over thirty-six hours, by which time they were across the waterless country. The journal reads: "January 29th.—Big hunt — no water and we left Quinn's blockhouse this morning 3 A. M.— on the go all night — hot. January 28th.— No water — hot — at seven we struck water and by eight Stinking Creek — grand 'hurrah.'" On the second occasion, the horses were weak and traveled slowly, so the party went forty-eight hours without drinking. "February 19th.—Pulled on twenty-one miles — trail bad — freezing night, no water, and wolves after our fresh meat. 20th. — Made nineteen miles over prairie; again only mud, no water, freezing hard — frightful thirst. 21st.— Thirty miles to Clear Fork, fresh water." These entries were hurriedly jotted down at the time, by a boy who deemed it unmanly to make any especial note of hardship or suffering; but every plainsman will understand the real agony implied in working hard for two nights, one day, and portions of two others, without water, even in cool weather. During the last few miles the

staggering horses were only just able to drag the lightly loaded wagon,—for they had but one with them at the time,—while the men plodded along in sullen silence, their mouths so parched that they could hardly utter a word. My own hunting and ranching were done in the North where there is more water; so I have never had a similar experience. Once I took a team in thirty-six hours across a country where there was no water; but by good luck it rained heavily in the night, so that the horses had plenty of wet grass, and I caught the rain in my slicker, and so had enough water for myself. Personally, I have but once been as long as twenty-six hours without water.

The party pitched their permanent camp in a cañon of the Brazos known as Cañon Blanco. The last few days of their journey they traveled beside the river through a veritable hunter's paradise. The drought had forced all the animals to come to the larger watercourses, and the country was literally swarming with game. Every day, and all day long, the wagons traveled through the herds of antelopes that grazed on every side, while, whenever they approached the cañon brink, bands of deer started from the timber that fringed the river's course; often, even the deer wandered out on the prairie with the antelopes. Nor was the game shy; for the hunters, both red and white, followed only the buffaloes until the huge, shaggy herds were destroyed, and the smaller beasts were in consequence but little molested.

Once my brother shot five antelopes from a single stand, when the party were short of fresh venison; he was out of sight and to leeward, and the antelopes seemed confused rather than alarmed at the rifle-reports and the fall of their companions. As was to be expected where game was so plenty, wolves and coyotes also abounded. At night they surrounded the camp, wailing and howling in a kind of shrieking chorus throughout the hours of darkness; one night they came up so close that the frightened horses had to be hobbled and guarded. On another occasion a large wolf actually crept into camp, where he was seized by the dogs, and the yelling, writhing knot of combatants rolled over one of the sleepers; finally, the long-toothed prowler managed to shake himself loose, and vanished in the gloom. One evening they were almost as much startled by a visit of a different kind. They were just finishing supper when an Indian stalked suddenly and silently out of the surrounding darkness, squatted down in the circle of firelight, remarked gravely, "Me Tonk," and began helping himself from the stew. He belonged to the friendly tribe of Tonkaways, so his hosts speedily recovered their equanimity; as for him, he had never lost his, and he sat eating by the fire until there was literally nothing left to eat. The panic caused by his appearance was natural; for at that time the Comanches were a scourge to the buffalo-hunters, ambushing them and raiding their camps; and several bloody fights had taken place.

Their camp had been pitched near a deep pool or water-hole. On both sides the bluffs rose like walls, and where they had crumbled and lost their sheerness, the vast buffalo herds, passing and repassing for countless generations, had worn furrowed trails so deep that the backs of the beasts were but little above the surrounding soil. In the bottom, and in places along the crests of the cliffs that hemmed in the cañon-like valley, there were groves of tangled trees, tenanted by great flocks of wild turkeys. Once my brother made two really remarkable shots at a pair of these great birds. It was at dusk, and they were flying directly overhead from one cliff to the other. He had in his hand a thirty-eight-caliber Ballard rifle, and, as the gobblers winged their way heavily by, he brought them both down with two successive bullets. This was of course mainly a piece of mere luck; but it meant good shooting, too. The Ballard was a very accurate, handy little weapon; it belonged to me, and was the first rifle I ever owned or used. With it I had once killed a deer, the only specimen of large game I had then shot; and I presented the rifle to my brother when he went to Texas. In our happy ignorance we deemed it quite good enough for buffalo or anything else; but out on the plains my brother soon found himself forced to procure a heavier and more deadly weapon.

When camp was pitched the horses were turned loose to graze and refresh themselves after their trying journey, during which they had lost flesh wofully. They were watched

and tended by the two men who were always left in camp, and, save on rare occasions, were only used to haul in the buffalo-hides. The camp-guards for the time being acted as cooks; and, though coffee and flour both ran short and finally gave out, fresh meat of every kind was abundant. The camp was never without buffalo-beef, deer and antelope venison, wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, quails, ducks, and rabbits. The birds were simply "potted," as occasion required; when the quarry was deer or antelope, the hunters took the dogs with them to run down the wounded animals. But almost the entire attention of the hunters was given to the buffalo. After an evening spent in lounging round the camp-fire, and a sound night's sleep, wrapped in robes and blankets, they would get up before daybreak, snatch a hurried breakfast, and start off in couples through the chilly dawn. The great beasts were very plentiful; in the first day's hunt, twenty were slain; but the herds were restless and ever on the move. Sometimes they would be seen right by the camp, and again it would need an all-day's tramp to find them. There was no difficulty in spying them — the chief trouble with forest game; for on the prairie a buffalo makes no effort to hide, and its black, shaggy bulk looms up as far as the eye can see. Sometimes they were found in small parties of three or four individuals, sometimes in bands of about two hundred, and again in great herds of many thousand; and solitary old bulls, expelled from the herds, were common. If on broken land, among hills and ravines, there was not much difficulty in approaching from the leeward; for, though the sense of smell in the buffalo is very acute, they do not see well at a distance through their overhanging frontlets of coarse and matted hair. If, as was generally the case, they were out on the open, rolling prairie, the stalking was far more difficult. Every hollow, every earth hummock and sagebush had to be used as cover. The hunter wriggled through the grass flat on his face, pushing himself along for perhaps a quarter of a mile by his toes and fingers, heedless of the spiny cactus. When near enough to the huge, unconscious quarry the hunter began firing, still keeping himself carefully concealed. If the smoke was blown away by the wind, and if the buffaloes caught no glimpse of the assailant, they would often stand motionless and stupid until many of their number had been slain; the hunter being careful not to fire too high, aiming just behind the shoulder, about a third of the way up the body, that his bullet might go through the lungs. Sometimes, even after they saw the man, they would act as if confused and panic-struck, huddling up together and staring at the smoke puffs — but generally they were off at a lumbering gallop as soon as they had an idea of the point of danger. When once started, they ran for many miles before halting, and their pursuit on foot was extremely laborious.

One morning my cousin and brother had been left in camp as guards. They were sitting, idly warming themselves in the first sunbeams, when their attention was sharply drawn to four buffaloes who were coming to the pool to drink. The beasts came down a game trail, a deep rut in the bluff, fronting where they were sitting, and they did not dare stir for fear of being discovered. The buffaloes walked into the pool, and, after drinking their fill, stood for some time with the water running out of their mouths, idly lashing their sides with their short tails, enjoying the bright warmth of the early sunshine; then, with much splashing and the gurgling of soft mud, they left the pool and clambered up the bluff with unwieldy agility. As soon as they turned, my brother and cousin ran for their rifles; but before they got back the buffaloes had crossed the bluff crest. Climbing after them, the two hunters found, when they reached the summit, that their game, instead of halting, had struck straight off across the prairie at a slow lope, doubtless intending to rejoin the herd they had left. After a moment's consultation, the men went in pursuit, excitement overcoming their knowledge that they ought not, by rights, to leave the camp. They struck a steady trot, following the animals by sight until they passed over a knoll, and then trailing them. Where the grass was long, as it was for the first four or five miles, this was a work of no difficulty, and they did not break their gait, only glancing now and then at the trail. As the sun rose and the day became warm, their breathing grew quicker; and the sweat rolled off their faces as they ran

across the rough prairie sward, up and down the long inclines, now and then shifting their heavy rifles from one shoulder to the other. But they were in good training, and they did not have to halt. At last they reached stretches of bare ground, sun-baked and grassless, where the trail grew dim; and here they had to go very slowly, carefully examining the faint dents and marks made in the soil by the heavy hoofs, and unraveling the trail from the mass of old foot-marks. It was tedious work, but it enabled them to completely recover their breath by the time that they again struck the grass land; and but a few hundred yards from its edge, in a slight hollow, they saw the four buffaloes just entering a herd of fifty or sixty that were scattered out grazing. The herd paid no attention to the newcomers, and these immediately began to feed greedily. After a whispered consultation, the two hunters crept back, and made a long circle that brought them well to leeward of the herd, in line with a slight rise in the ground. They then crawled up to this rise and, peering through the tufts of tall, rank grass, saw the unconscious beasts a hundred and twenty-five or fifty yards away. They fired together, each mortally wounding his animal, and then, rushing in as the herd halted in confusion, and following them as they ran, impeded by numbers, hurry, and panic, they eventually got three more.



"THEY WERE IN GOOD TRAINING, AND THEY DID NOT HAVE TO HALT."

On another occasion, the same two hunters nearly met with a frightful death, being overtaken by a vast herd of stampeded buffaloes. All animals that go in herds are subject to these instantaneous attacks of uncontrollable terror, under the influence of which they become perfectly mad, and rush headlong in dense masses on any form of death. Horses, and more especially cattle, often suffer from stampedes; it is a danger against which the cowboys are compelled to be perpetually on guard. A band of stampeded horses, sweeping in mad terror up a valley, will dash against a rock or tree with such violence as to leave several dead animals at its base, while the survivors race on without halting; they will overturn and destroy tents and wagons, and a man on foot caught in the rush has but a small chance for his life. A buffalo stampede is much worse — or rather was much worse, in the old days — because of the great weight and immense numbers of the beasts, who, in a fury of heedless terror, plunged over cliffs and into rivers, and bore down whatever was in their path. On the occasion in question, my brother and cousin were on their way homeward. They were just mounting one of the long, low swells into which the prairie was broken when they heard a low, muttering, rumbling noise, like far-off thunder. It grew steadily louder, and, not knowing what it meant, they hurried forward to the top of the rise. As they reached it, they stopped short in terror and amazement, for before them the whole prairie was black with madly rushing buffaloes.

Afterward they learned that another couple of hunters, four or five miles off, had fired into and stampeded a large herd. This herd, in its rush, gathered others, all thundering along together in uncontrollable and increasing panic.

The surprised hunters were far away from any broken ground or other place of refuge; while the vast herd of huge, plunging, maddened

beasts was charging straight down on them not a quarter of a mile distant. Down they came!—thousands upon thousands, their front extending a mile in breadth, while the earth shook beneath their thunderous gallop, and as they came closer, their shaggy frontlets loomed dimly through the columns of dust thrown up from the dry soil. The two hunters knew that their only hope for life was to split the herd, which, though it had so broad a front, was not very deep. If they failed they would inevitably be trampled to death.

Waiting until the beasts were in close range, they opened a rapid fire from their heavy breech-loading rifles, yelling at the top of their voices. For a moment the result seemed doubtful. The line thundered steadily down on them; then it swayed violently, as two or three of the brutes immediately in their front fell beneath the bullets, while the neighbors made violent efforts to press off sideways. Then a narrow wedge-shaped rift appeared in the line, and widened as it came up closer, and the buffaloes, shrinking from their foes in front, strove desperately to edge away from the dangerous neighborhood; the shouts and shots were redoubled; the hunters were almost choked by the cloud of dust through which they could see the stream of dark huge bodies passing within rifle-length on either side; and in a moment the peril was over, and the two men were left alone on the plain, unharmed, though with their nerves terribly shaken. The herd careered on toward the horizon, save five individuals who had been killed or disabled by the shots.

On another occasion, when my brother was out with one of his Irish friends, they fired at a small herd containing an old bull; the bull charged the smoke, and the whole herd followed him. Probably they were simply stampeded, and had no hostile intention; at any rate, after the death of their leader, they rushed by without doing any damage.

But buffaloes sometimes charged with the utmost determination, and were then dangerous antagonists. My cousin, a very hardy and



A THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF LIFE ON THE PLAINS. "SPLITTING" A HERD OF STAMPEDED BUFFALOES.



TAKING HIDES AFTER A HUNT.

resolute hunter, had a narrow escape from a wounded cow which he followed up a steep bluff or sand cliff. Just as he reached the summit, he was charged, and was only saved by the sudden appearance of his dog, which distracted the cow's attention. He thus escaped with only a tumble and a few bruises.



"THE GREAT BEAST CAME CRASHING TO THE EARTH."

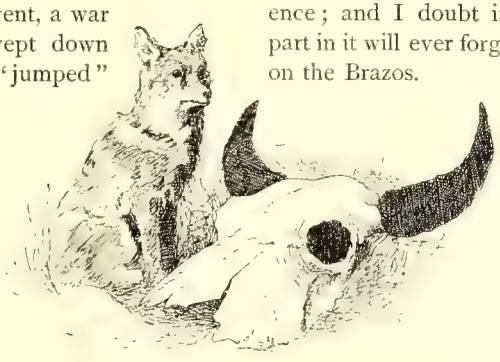
My brother also came in for a charge, while killing the biggest bull that was slain by any of the party. He was out alone, and saw a small herd of cows and calves at some distance, with a huge bull among them, towering above them like a giant. There was no break in the ground, nor any tree nor bush near them, but by making a half-circle, my brother managed to creep up against the wind behind a slight roll in the prairie surface, until he was within seventy-five yards of the grazing and unconscious beasts. There were some cows and calves between him and the bull, and he had to wait some moments before they shifted position as the herd grazed onward and gave him a fair shot; in the interval they had moved so far forward that he was in plain view. His first bullet struck just behind the shoulder; the herd started and looked around, but the bull merely lifted his head and took a



A WAR PARTY OF COMANCHES "JUMPING" A HUNTER'S CAMP.

step forward, his tail curled up over his back. The next bullet likewise struck fair, nearly in the same place, telling with a loud "pack!" against the thick hide, and making the dust fly up from the matted hair. Instantly the great bull wheeled and charged in headlong anger, while the herd fled in the opposite direction. On the bare prairie, with no spot of refuge, it was useless to try to escape, and the hunter, with reloaded rifle, waited until the bull was not far off, then drew up his weapon and fired. Either he was nervous, or the bull at the moment bounded over some obstacle, for the ball went a little wild; nevertheless, by good luck, it broke a fore leg, and the great beast came crashing to the earth, and was slain before it could struggle to its feet.

Two days after this event, a war party of Comanches swept down along the river. They "jumped" a neighboring camp, killing one man and wounding two more, and at the same time ran off all but three of the horses belonging to our eight adventurers. With the remaining three horses and one wagon they set out homeward. The march was hard and tedious; they lost their way and were in jeopardy from quicksands and cloudbursts; they suffered from thirst and cold, their shoes gave out and their feet were lamed by cactus spines. At last they reached Fort Sniffin in safety, and great was their ravenous rejoicing when they procured some bread — for during the final fortnight of the hunt they had been without flour or vegetables of any kind, or even coffee, and had subsisted on fresh meat "straight." Nevertheless, it was a very healthy, as well as a very pleasant and exciting experience; and I doubt if any of those who took part in it will ever forget their great buffalo-hunt on the Brazos.



MAY BARTLETT'S STEPMOTHER

BY NORA PERRY



CHAPTER I.

"A STEPMOTHER? How horrid!"

"Horrid!—I should think so."

"What is it that is horrid, girls?" asked another girl, who, in passing, had caught only the last sentence.

"Why, about May Bartlett, you know."

"No, I don't know; what is it?"

"She has a stepmother."

"No!"

"Yes, yes," cried the first two speakers,—the Macy sisters,—Joanna and Elsie.

"But when, *when* did it happen, this stepmother business?" exclaimed the girl to whom they were telling the news. "I saw May in vacation, and she did n't lisp a word of it."

"But you have n't seen her since you came back?"

"Well, no; as this is my first *hour* back, almost. But tell me when the stepmother was brought on the scene?"

"A week ago; that is, Mr. Bartlett was married to her then; but he has n't brought her home yet; they are traveling."

"Who told you?"

"Mrs. Marks, the housekeeper. I went round yesterday to see if May was at home."

"And you saw May?"

"No; she was n't expected until the late afternoon train."

"And she did n't know anything about the stepmother until a week ago?"

"Two weeks ago; a week before the marriage."

"Well, I call that downright cruel. If it was *my* father!" And Cathy Bond stamped a little foot on the floor with an emphasis that spoke unutterable things. Two or three more girls who had just entered the school-room came up at this demonstration with a "What 's the matter, Cathy?" And the matter was told over again with a new chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" and "poor Mays." There was only one disagreeing voice—a soft little voice that broke into the "ohs" and "ahs," saying: "Stepmothers are very nice sometimes. I have a cousin—"

"Nice!" cried Cathy, and then directly went off in a flow of wild talk, a string of stories all going to show that stepmothers were anything but nice.

At the first hint of a pause, the little soft voice began again:

"I have a cousin —" but Cathy had mounted her hobby-horse of prejudice, and flashed out:

"Oh, bother your cousin, Susy Morris; I know two girls *intimately*, who have stepmothers, and they can't do anything, not *anything*, they want to do!"

"Who, the stepmothers?" asked Joanna slyly.

"No; the girls, of course," answered Cathy rather crossly; "and they used to have everything, and do just *exactly* as they pleased. Oh, you need n't talk to *me* about stepmothers; they interfere between the fathers and children, and are a meddling, selfish set."

As Cathy paused to take breath, Susy promptly struck in with, "I have a cousin —" But a shout of laughter interrupted, and Joanna Macy repeated, with merry mockery, "I have a cousin"; then, turning and clutching Susy in a swift embrace, she cried out:

"Oh, you dear, queer, funny little thing with your running chorus, 'I have a cousin.' But tell us about her; come, Susy has the floor — Susy 's going to tell us about the cousin. If Cathy interrupts, we 'll put her out. Now, Susy, begin — 'I have a cousin.'"

Susy blushed a little, but without any sign of annoyance unhesitatingly took up the words, "I have a cousin," and went on with her story.

It was a sweet little story of kindness and comfort and happiness brought into a lonely home to a lonely child, by a sweet, kind, good woman.

But it did not make the impression it ought to have made upon the girl listeners, for Cathy's stormy talk of injustice and cruelty had blown into their minds a tangle of wild thoughts, just as a storm in nature blows all the wild weeds and sticks and stones into a tangle of dust and dirt that confuses and blinds one.

Susy, who appeared so slow and placid, had a keen perception of some things. Her mind was like a little clear lake through which she seemed to look and see the truth. Through this clear little lake she now looked and saw that not one of these girls, not even Joanna whom she specially loved, received her story with much belief. It was not that they thought she was willfully telling what was not true, but they were saying to themselves:

"Oh, that is only Susy's easy, pleasant way of taking people. Susy does n't understand." But Susy *did* understand more than they imagined, and it was out of this understanding that she started up suddenly with a quicker motion than was common with her, and in a quicker tone cried out:

"My father says that prejudice makes people deaf and blind." She paused a second, gave a short sigh, and dropping into her ordinary manner, and in her little, soft, drawling voice, she added, "If 't would only make 'em dumb 't would be all right."

The girls were used to Susy's wise speeches, spoken in that soft voice of hers, and with a curious twist to the letter r, which she could n't pronounce without giving to it a half sound of w, and they generally laughed, not at the speeches alone, but at the quaint combination of the speeches and Susy together. As a matter of habit they laughed now, but Joanna had caught the spirit of the speech, and she followed the laugh by saying:

"Susy is right; prejudice does make us deaf and blind, and it is a pity we could n't be dumb too, instead of talking such stuff! What do *we* know really about stepmothers?"

"We know what everybody has always said," struck in Cathy.

"Everybody is always saying everything."

"But there are the Longley girls — my two friends I told you of."

"And there is Susy's cousin that 's the other side. I 'll set that against the Longlegs, or whatever is their name."

"Well, I sha'n't. I shall never believe in stepmothers; I know —"

A quick "hush" from Joanna arrested Cathy's sentence. She looked up. They all looked up, and there was May Bartlett, not three feet away! How long had she been there? How much had she heard? Perhaps she had just come in and had heard nothing. But she was standing at her

desk, and her books were unstrapped and set in order. She must have heard something in this time. Joanna could have stamped with vexation at herself, and at the others. Oh, why, why, had she — had they all — been so careless? But something must be done. Somebody must go forward and speak as if nothing had happened. Joanna started on this errand, but Cathy was before her, and in the next moment, flinging her arms about May, was saying in an impressive, pitying accent:

"Oh, May, we have heard all about it, and we are *so* sorry."

May Bartlett was a proud girl, who generally held her private affairs in a good deal of reserve, but this sudden demonstration at this time was too much for her self-control, and she burst into tears. Joanna could have beaten Cathy. Why could n't she have greeted May as if nothing had happened? But that was just like Cathy to make a scene.

The girls came forward awkwardly after this, and there was a general uncomfortable time, until Susy suddenly burst out in her odd little way:

"Oh, May 's got a straight bang!"

The girls giggled, Joanna caught Susy in a little hug, and the tragic atmosphere was relieved.

Chapter II.

A week later, May Bartlett was standing at the parlor window waiting for her father and his new wife, her stepmother.

"Why don't you go to the depot to meet them?" asked Mrs. Marks.

May had colored up angrily at this question, and a hot rush of tears had blinded her eyes as she turned away without answering. But it was a natural question for Mrs. Marks to ask, for May had been in the habit of meeting her father at the pretty little suburban station almost every afternoon on his return from the city. "But meet *them* at the depot! How could Mrs. Marks speak of such a thing," the girl thought indignantly.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, went the little cathedral clock on the mantel. In fifteen minutes the train would be in, and in five, ten minutes more the carriage would be at the door, and then — and then — the tears that May had tried to keep under control suddenly overflowed, as she imagined the change that was coming. Eight weeks ago, when she had gone away with her Aunt Mary to the sea-shore to spend her vacation, May had planned what she would do in the autumn. In the first place she would have a party — a garden-party, for September was a lovely month at Hillside, and her father had promised her a garden-party ever since they had taken possession of their new house there, three years ago. She would invite all the girls of her set at the Hillside seminary, and as many of her friends in town — and by "town" she meant Boston, which was only six miles away — as had returned from their summer jaunts. Then she would persuade her father to buy her a village wagon. She could drive very well, as he himself had said, and she could bring him from the station quite as well in a village wagon as in the shabby old phaeton which she was permitted to use, when Patrick was too busy to go with the dog-cart. Yes, a party and a dear little duck of a wagon like Marion Grant's, and then, and then, — but at this point of her recollection her tears flowed afresh, for of course all these pretty plans must go, with the coming of the new mother — no, the stepmother; she would never, never call her *mother!* Her mother! — she looked up at the portrait that hung above the little clock — the portrait of a fair sweet-faced woman with pleasant eyes that seemed to follow you about with a laugh in them. She died five years ago, when May was nine years old, but May could almost fancy she heard her mother saying as those laughing eyes met her daughter's:

"What 's the matter with the little daughter now?"

A sob caught in the daughter's throat here, and she cried aloud, "Oh, Mamma, Mamma, it 's no small thing that 's the matter now, but a very, very great thing. It 's somebody coming to take your place — your place and mine, Mamma." But if May had a half fancy that the eyes would look different, would change their merry expression at this, she was mistaken. As the yellow afternoon sun sent a bright dancing ray across the canvas, the eyes seemed to dance with it, in the happiest possible way, and tick, tack, tick, tack, the little clock sent its

yellow pendulum back and forth in the sunshine. From the portrait, May glanced at the clock-face. Why, why, why! the fifteen minutes had passed, and so absorbed had she been in her thoughts, she had not heard the locomotive whistle. How very odd. She ran out of the room, and out of the hall upon the piazza. The train must have arrived, and in five minutes more she would hear the carriage. From end to end she paced slowly up and down. How sweet the honeysuckle smelled, and the late lilies were all red and gold bloom. Leaning over the railing she broke one from its stem and pinned it in her dress; as she did so she could see the clock through the open window. Not only five, but ten minutes had gone. She stopped and listened. Was that the carriage? No. Five minutes more. The train could n't have arrived. What *was* the matter? Tick, tack, tick, tack, another five minutes went by and Mrs. Marks came out on the piazza.

"My dear, I never knew this train to be late," she said anxiously. Then May's endurance gave way, and catching her hat from the hall stand she ran down the steps, calling back as she went:

"I 'm going to the depot, Mrs. Marks, to see if anything has been heard. I can't wait here."

"That 's right, dearie; you 'll feel better to go, but I would n't worry — there 's been some delay somewhere, that 's all."

"Some delay somewhere!" May thought of the delay that had occurred on the Boston and Providence road the year before, when the Roslindale bridge had given way, and hundreds of people had gone down with it. Her heart seemed to beat up into her throat, to stop her voice, and almost her breath. She could not frame the words to ask a question when she entered the depot, but she heard some one say, "There 's been an accident." She lost the next sentence, and caught only the last words, "— but the track is clear now, and the train has started."

Walking to the further end of the platform, away from all the people, poor May sat down upon a baggage-truck to watch and wait. As she sat there she imagined the worst that could have happened. Perhaps her father was badly hurt, perhaps he was killed, and she would never see him again; and at the very time, when he had been suffering, perhaps dying, she had been having hard thoughts of him, had blamed him for what he had done, and what he had not done — for marrying again, and for not telling her of his plans until the last moment. She grew hot, then cold, as she thought of the words she had said to Cathy Bond — of how she had joined her in calling him unkind, and even cruel. Oh, if only he came back alive, so that she could show him how she loved him! If only he came back she would not do any of the disagreeable things she had declared to Cathy Bond that she would do. She would — yes, she would — even kiss her stepmother when she met her. She had said to Cathy only yesterday, "I shall not kiss her, and I shall be very stiff and cold to both of them." To *both* of them! Perhaps, perhaps —

In another moment May would have lost all control of herself and burst out crying, if the sound of a long shrill whistle had not roused her to the immediate present. As she heard it, she jumped to her feet and ran up the platform.

Yes, there was the train rounding the curve. In a minute she would know — what? She crowded her way through the throng of people to the front. Swiftly, then slackening in speed, the cars roll in and come to a full stop. There are faces at the windows, there are voices saying, "I am so glad to see you"; but not the face, not the voice she is longing for. She turns sick, cold, and dizzy, and staggers backward with an attempt to get away out of this eager throng that seems so happy. Then it is that somebody cries:

"Why, here she is, now!"

She lifts her head, and there he is — her handsome, young-looking father, sound and well and smiling down upon her.

"O Papa, Papa! I thought you were killed — the train was so late, and they said — they said — "

"My dear child! There, there, don't — *don't cry*. It 's all right you see. Here, Margaret, here 's this little girl has been frightened half out of her wits at the delay — thought I was killed."

May made a great effort to be calm, but the reaction was so swift it was hard work, and her

pale face and tremulous lips were expressive of her nervousness as she looked up to meet her stepmother's glance. It was not a smiling glance like her father's, but May found it easier to meet for that reason. She knew her father always dreaded what he called "a scene," and had always discouraged any outbreaks either of tears or excited laughter; and with this knowledge she was perfectly well aware that her twitching lips and pallid face were annoying him at that moment. But this serious glance that met her, and the quiet remark, "I don't wonder that you were frightened at such a delay; *I* should have been very much frightened in your place," gave May a little time to recover herself, and then the quiet voice went on, asking no questions, but speaking of the causes of the delay, that did not, it seemed, involve much danger, being merely an accident of obstruction by the breaking down of a freight-car, of which warning was duly given from station to station.

"Oh, I thought it was something dreadful," May broke forth at this. "I heard some one say something about an accident, and I was too frightened to ask a question myself."

"And so worked yourself up into a fever with your imagination as usual, my dear," her father responded, half laughing.

"She did the most natural thing in the world for a girl. I think I should have done the same thing," the quiet voice here said, with an easy tone of bright decision.

"Oh, you! I dare say. I 've a pair of you, I see."

May looked at her father in surprise. He looked back at her with a funny little grimace.

"Yes, May, she 's just such another goose as you are in some things."

May caught the smile upon her stepmother's face. Her stepmother! In the excitement she had for the moment forgotten *the stepmother*. She regarded her now for the first time with observing eyes. What did she see?

A tall slender young woman, with brunette coloring, and an air of ease and elegance about her. May glanced across at her father. How happy he seemed, and how young he appeared! But he must be a great deal older than this new wife — this "Margaret." He had gray hairs, and there was no gray in that dark coil and fluff under the small stylish bonnet. May took in all these details and said to herself, "Why did she marry him, I wonder?" Then a mischievous little spirit whispered that her father was a rich man, and she remembered what Cathy Bond had said about girls marrying for money. Alas! for May's good resolutions, as she sat waiting for the train a few minutes before. If her father only came back! And here he was, full of life and strength, and she had forgotten already. If he only came back, she would show him how she loved him, she would even — kiss her stepmother when she met her! But as the girl thought of this last duty which she had meant to perform, it suddenly came over her that she had really not been called upon to perform it — that nobody in fact, neither her father nor her stepmother, had seemed to expect it. Of course everything was to be accounted for by the excitement of the occasion, but, nevertheless, a feeling of chagrin sent a flush to May's cheek at the recollection, and then a swift sharp question stung her, "Was this the way she was to be forgotten by them?"

Chapter III.

"A garden-party? Why yes, so I did promise you a garden-party some time. I remember, but it seems to me — it 's rather late in the year, is n't it?"

"Oh, no; not if I set it for next week. Hillside is lovely in September."

"Yes, but next week is the fourth week in September — pretty late in the month to count on the weather. Margaret," and Mr. Bartlett's voice rose a little louder in tone as he called to his wife, who was coming down one of the garden walks to the piazza where he and May were sitting.

"Yes," responded Margaret, looking up from the flowers she carried.

"Don't you think the fourth week in September is rather late for a garden-party?"

"Decidedly late. Why, I hope you are not thinking of giving a garden-party, are you?"

"I? Oh, no; it was May's idea. There, you see — you 'll have to wait until next year, my dear," turning to May.

Margaret lifted her head quickly, and saw a rebellious expression on her stepdaughter's face. It was a still, cold expression, that she had seen several times before in the three days she had been at Hillside. Coming forward more rapidly, she said easily and pleasantly:

"It is very nice of you to think of a garden-party for me, but it *is* rather late, you know."

Mr. Bartlett had taken up his newspaper, and paid no heed to these words. May sat silent, her chin dropped against her breast, all kinds of mutinous little thoughts in her mind, first and foremost of which was, "She thinks everything is to be for *her!*"

Mrs. Bartlett meanwhile stood regarding the downbent face with a look of great perplexity, and with a slight flush on her cheek. The flush deepened, as May suddenly jumped from her chair and, catching up her school-satchel, started off down the walk with a "Good-bye, Papa."

Her father glanced over his paper with a look of surprise. It was not May's habit to go away like this, without a good-bye kiss. He was about to call her back, when he saw her join one of her school friends just outside the gate. In a few moments the matter slipped from his mind, in the absorbing interest of the political news he was reading.

It was Cathy Bond whom May had joined. Cathy was full of a lively interest in the new stepmother. She had found May rather reserved in what she had said within the last three days, and was greatly desirous of discovering the "reason why," of seeing for herself what sort of a person the stepmother was, and "how things were going;" but her little plan of calling for May was foiled by May's joining her outside the gate. In a moment, however, she saw, with those sharp eyes of hers, that something was very much amiss, and in a sympathetic tone asked:

"What is it, Maisie, what is the matter?"

"Matter!" With a catch in her breath, May repeated the brief conversation about the garden-party. The reserve of the last few days had vanished. Her good resolutions had blown to the winds. But it was only to Cathy that she spoke directly. Whether Cathy would have had the strength to have been silent if May had asked her, it is impossible to tell. But May did not ask her,—perhaps in her resentment she did n't care, perhaps she did n't think; at any rate Cathy did not keep silent, and by the afternoon recess all the girls knew the story of the garden-party as they had heard it from Cathy Bond.

Even Joanna Macy was stirred to indignation by this story.

"She *must* be conceited to think the party could only be for her. What had May to do with getting up a garden-party for her stepmother?"

Susy Morris, who heard the indignant tone of Joanna's voice, wanted to know what it meant.

"Oh, it means," cried Joanna, "that Cathy was n't far wrong about the stepmother"; and then Joanna repeated the story, as she had heard it from Cathy, that May had asked her father that morning if she might have the garden-party he had promised her, and that her stepmother had interfered and said that, though she was much obliged to May for thinking of giving a garden-party for her, that it was decidedly too late for it, and that she hoped it would not be thought of any more! "The idea," concluded Joanna, "of her taking it for granted that the party must be for her—that May, a girl of fourteen, would think of getting up any kind of a party for her! I never heard anything so conceited. Well?" as Susy's small face began to wrinkle up with a puzzled frown, "say it out, Susy, whatever it is!"

"My cousin—"

Joanna shouted with laughter.

"Oh, Susy, that cousin of yours!"

But Susy went on: "My cousin was n't but fifteen, and she asked her father to make a sailing party for *her* stepmother. Perhaps May's stepmother thought that May was just asking for the party in the same way, as a kind of welcome, you know. She might have misunderstood, or she might not have heard the whole,—don't you see?"

"No, I don't see. They were *all* on the piazza talking; and May had distinctly asked her father if she might give to the school-girls the garden-party that he had promised that she might. Now, Miss Susy, what have you to say?"

"Nothing, only it does seem queer, if all this was said *right out before the stepmother*,

that she should have thought the party was for her, and should have thanked May. When she did that, why did n't May tell her how it was —or why did n't Mr. Bartlett ? "

" Oh, Susy, you will make a first-class lawyer if you live to grow up," was Joanna's laughing reply to this. But, though Joanna laughed, Susy's words set her to thinking that perhaps there *was* a mistake somewhere, and suddenly she thought of something her mother had said to her once when she had repeated an unkind story to her: " My dear, a story twice told is two stories; and three times told, the truth is pretty well lost sight of."

But when Joanna tried to take this ground with the girls, she could get no hearing, for Cathy Bond was a power at the Hillside school, with her quick sympathies, and her quick, glib way of expressing them. To May, this quick, glib way had always been attractive; it was still more so now, when she found it ranged so warmly on her side. Yet if she had heard Cathy's repetition of her account of the garden-party conversation, I think she would have been a little startled, but she did not hear it, and so matters went on from bad to worse; that is, the story grew and grew, and one girl and another took up what they called poor May's cause, and looked, if they did not speak, their pity, until May became such a center of interest that she could not but be affected by it, could not but feel that she had reason to be very unhappy. Yet, in spite of this feeling, there was n't so much outward indication of it as one might have expected.

Joanna remarked upon this one day to Cathy, declaring that, for her part, she thought that May seemed to look very cheerful under the circumstances.

" Cheerful ! " exclaimed Cathy tragically. " Why she 's just wretched, but she 's keeping up; you know they are having no end of giddy goings-on up there."

" Up where ? "

" Why, at the Bartletts'. Lots of people are calling, and it seems that Mrs. Bartlett has any quantity of friends and relatives in Boston, and they are driving out to see her and having five o'clock tea with her, and all that sort of thing."

" And May is in it all ? "

" Why, to be sure. It 's a trial to her, of course, and it 's as much as she can do to keep up."

" A *trial* to her. Why is it a *trial* to her ? " asked Joanna, imitating Cathy's grown-up words and ways.

Cathy flamed up.

" You don't seem to have any feeling, Joanna. Don't you suppose she thinks of her own mother while these things are going on ? "

This was too much for Joanna's keen common sense, and she laughed outright.

" Things going on ! Calling, and drinking tea ! Oh, Cathy ! "

" Well, but — but — it is n't just ordinary calling; it 's like — like parties," answered Cathy, flushing and stammering.

" And has n't Mr. Bartlett had whist-parties and dinner-parties many a time ? "

" They were gentlemen's parties."

" Well, did n't May's Aunt Mary — her mother's own sister — have parties when she was staying there, and," triumphantly, " has n't May herself had a birthday-party every year since her mother died ? "

" Yes; but that 's different. This is a stranger who comes to take her mother's place."

" She 's a stranger to May; but Mr. Bartlett has married this stranger just as he married May's mother."

" Yes, and I think it was horrid for him to do so."

" Oh, Cathy, lots of people marry again — the nicest and best of people."

" Well, I think it is perfectly dreadful, when there are children, to give them a strange woman in the place of their mother. It is just as selfish as it can be."

" But, Cathy, there are good stepmothers as well as bad ones. Why, stepmothers are just like other people."

" Yes, *before* they are stepmothers; but when they step into own mothers' places, they — they — "

As Cathy hesitated, Joanna laughingly broke in with, " They become wicked wolves, who are all ready to worry and devour their poor victims ! " Cathy could not help joining a little in Joanna's laugh; but she said, almost in the next breath:

" Oh, you can make fun, Joanna, as much as

you like, but you 'll never make *me* believe in stepmothers ! "

Just when Cathy was saying this, just when Joanna was wrinkling up her forehead and wanting to say impatiently, " Oh, you little pig of prejudice ! " around the corner, where they stood talking, there suddenly appeared a big open carriage, full of gayly dressed people.

" There she is ! " whispered Cathy, pointing with a nod of her head to a lady who was smilingly speaking to the gentleman sitting next to her.

Joanna craned her neck forward eagerly. This was her first glimpse of the stepmother.

" Why, she 's a beauty ! " she cried out to Cathy; " and she looks like a girl ! But where 's May, I wonder ? "

" Oh, yes; where 's May ? You see she is n't there. I suppose she was n't wanted — there was n't room for her," answered Cathy spitefully.

But presently round the corner they heard again a light roll of wheels on the smooth road, and there appeared another carriage. It was a little yellow wagon,— a village wagon,— and in it were May Bartlett and a young girl about her own age. May was driving. She looked more than cheerful; she looked as if she was enjoying herself very much, and she was so occupied that she failed to see her two school friends as she drove by.

Joanna laughed.

" That 's what you call ' keeping up,' I suppose, Cathy," she said slyly.

Cathy did n't answer.

" And she has got the village wagon, after all. You were perfectly sure she would n't get it, you know."

" Well, May told me that when she asked her father for it, he said he did n't believe he could afford it now, and her stepmother flushed up and looked at him so queerly, as if she did n't like it, and so, of course, May thought that was the end of it. But I suppose when he came to think it over he was ashamed not to get it for her."

Joanna wrinkled up her forehead again, but she kept her thoughts to herself.

(To be continued.)

DREAMS.

By S. Walter Norris.

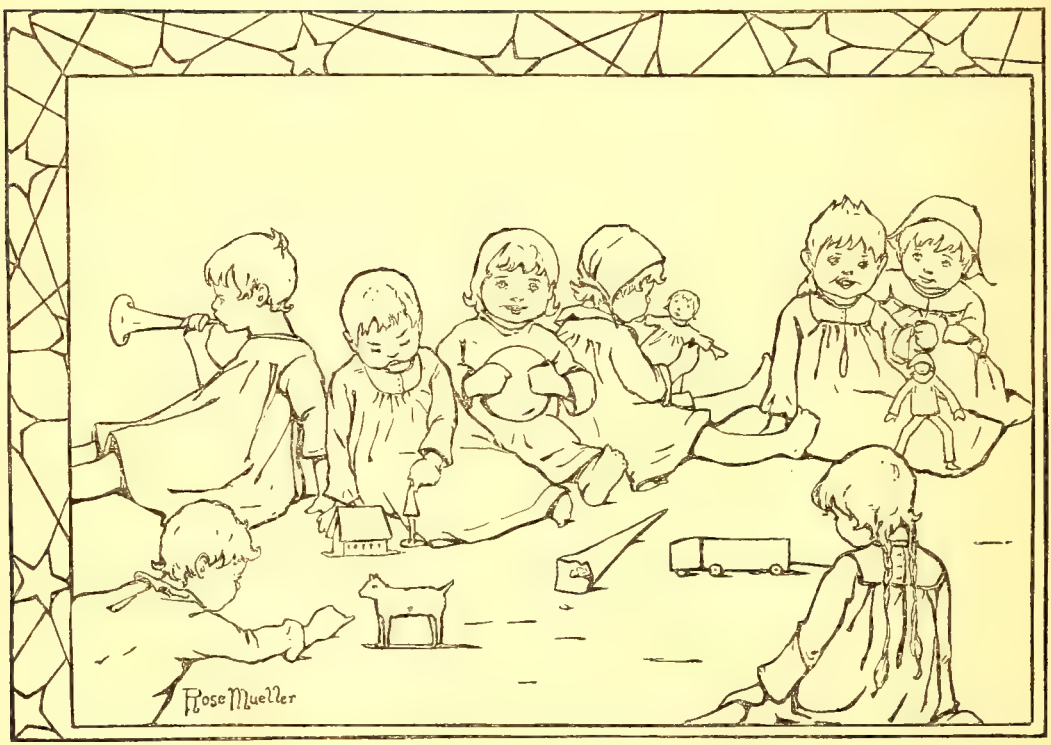
SOME tiny elves, one evening, grew
mischievous, it seems,
And broke into the store-room where
the Sand-man keeps his dreams,
And gathered up whole armfuls of
dreams all bright and sweet,
And started forth to peddle them
a-down the village street.

Oh, you would never, never guess how queerly these dreams sold;
Why, nearly all the youngest folk bought dreams of being old;
And one wee chap in curls and kilts, a gentle little thing,
Invested in a dream about an awful pirate king;

A maid, who thought her pretty name old-fashioned and absurd,
Bought dreams of names the longest and the queerest ever heard;
And, strange to say, a lad, who owned all sorts of costly toys,
Bought dreams of selling papers with the raggedest of boys.

And then a dream of summer and a barefoot boy at play
Was bought up very quickly by a gentleman quite gray;
And one old lady — smiling through the grief she tried to hide —
Bought bright and tender visions of a little girl who died.

A ragged little beggar girl, with weary, wistful gaze,
Soon chose a Cinderella dream, with jewels all ablaze —
Well, it was n't many minutes from the time they came in sight
Before the dreams were all sold out and the elves had taken flight.



HAPPY CHARITY CHILDREN.

By-and-By

by Eva Ogden

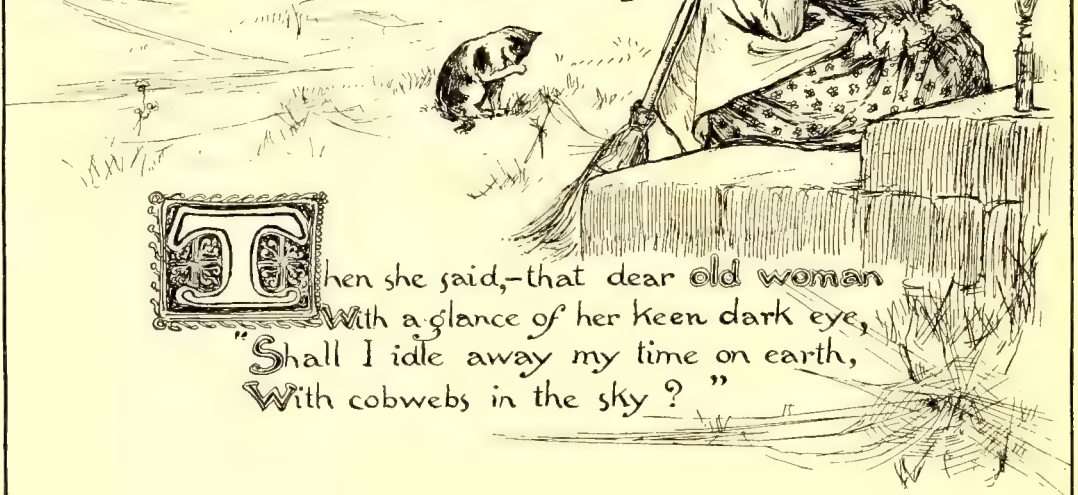
The World was as full of cobwebs
As ever a world could be;
They covered the grass in the meadow
They covered the sedge by the sea.
You could enter never a woodland path
But you felt across your face
The clinging of a cobweb
Like a thread of filmy lace.



Now the dearest of dear old women
In her little house down by the shore
Had brushed and scrubbed
And polished and rubbed
Till she could do no more.

So she sat down to rest on the door-stone,
With her long-handled broom in her hand,
And her eyes went thoughtfully wandering
Away over sea and land.
She saw the webs in the meadow,
She noted the webs on the sedge,
And the gossamer threads that floated
Between her and the hedge.

The neat old woman shook her head
And sadly raised her eyes,
When — Spirits of Spiders! — what should she see
But cobwebs in the skies!
Like films of lace
They lay on the face
Of the far off heavenly blue,
And tangled and spun
Till even the Sun
Couldn't — try as he might —
break through.



Then she said, — that dear old woman
With a glance of her keen dark eye,
"Shall I idle away my time on earth,
With cobwebs in the sky?"

She went to the Men of Gotham,
Three wise men were they,
They were squaring the circle every one
With three long pipes of clay.



"O Men of Gotham!
O Gothamite men!
Ye who are called the wise!
Help me I pray
To travel to-day
Up to the far off skies!"

They looked at their circles, they looked at the dame
And wild was each sunken eye,
But never a word
The Old Woman heard
Save a mutter of "By-and-By!"





"O Man on the Stile!
Don't sit there and smile,
Come show me the way to the sky!"
But the Man on the Stile
Continued to smile
And answered her "By-and-By!"

"Now Peter, good Piper! your pickle forget
And help me up to the sky!"
But he looked at his peppers, there was'nt a peck
And he answered her, "By-and-By!"



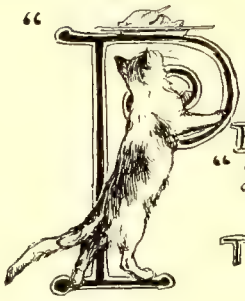
"I'll go to the Dame down under the Hill
If she can help me I know she will."
But the truthful Old Woman was making a pie,
And she rolled out the crust, and said "By-and-By"!

"There is none of them all," the Old Dame sighed,
"Who will help me up to the sky,
They are all too busy or lazy to say
A word save 'By-and-By!'
I'll go to my neighbor the Bramble-bush man
The man so wondrous wise.
He knows me well
And he'll surely tell
Me the way at least to the skies!"

So she put on her beautiful green calash
And started, broom in hand,
For the house of her neighbor the Bramble-bush Man
A mile away over the sand.



"Man of the Brambles!
O Bramble-bush Man!
O Man so wondrous wise!
Will you tell me the way
I must travel to-day"
To reach the far off skies?



"Prithee, tell me why
Thou seekest the sky,
For the rain is coming apace"
"Now Bramble-man, hush!
I go to brush
The cobwebs from its face"

"Then up and away, and over, and on
Till thou the place hast found
Where the Rainbow ladder that reaches the skies
Rests with its end on the ground
And climb by day and climb by night
Each slippery sevenfold round."

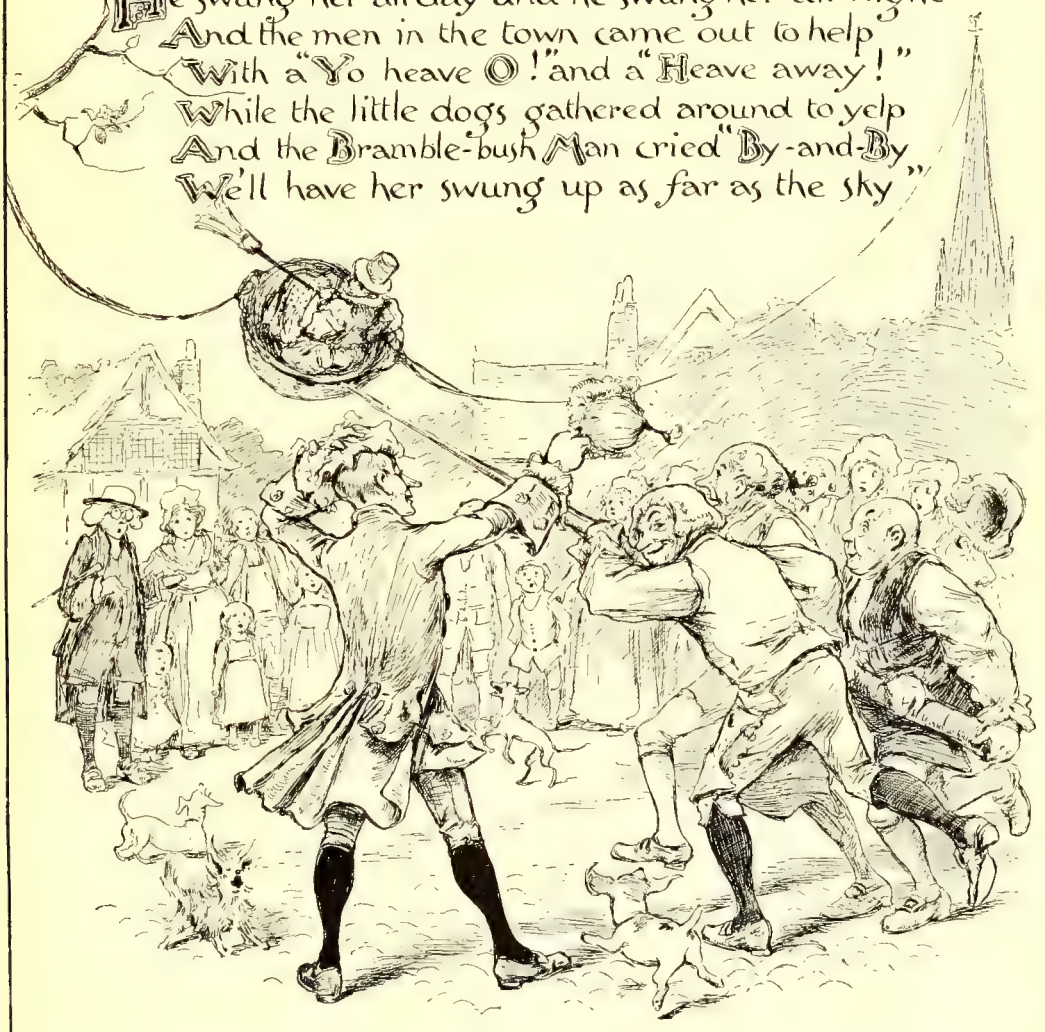


"Nay" said the Dame "I can not so
The road is too long, and my feet are too slow
I must seek some other way to go."

"Old Woman! Old Woman! Old Woman!" quoth he,
"You're bound to have your own way I see
So if you don't like it, you need'nt blame me."

Then he put the Dame in a basket
And ropes to the handles he tied,
And one he made fast to the old church tower
And one to a tree beside.
And then with a pole he pushed her
Till she swung out far and wide.

He swung her all day and he swung her all night
And the men in the town came out to help
With a "Yo heave O!" and a "Heave away!"
While the little dogs gathered around to yelp
And the Bramble-bush Man cried "By-and-By
We'll have her swung up as far as the sky"





Higher, and faster, and still more fast,
Old Woman and basket and broom were sent;
When a farmer's wife
With a carving knife
Cut the ropes-and away she went!

"Ninety times as high as the moon!
Old Woman! Old Woman! Old Woman!" quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs out of the sky,"
And I'll be back again — by and by!



"I 'LL WAIT FOR YOU. COME ON!"

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PATAGONIAN GIANT.

By Tudor Jenks.

Early one morning during my third visit to Patagonia, as I was strolling upon the banks of the River Chico, keeping a sharp lookout for a choice specimen of the *Rutabaga Tremendosa*, I saw what, at the time, I supposed to be a large and isolated cliff. It looked blue, and consequently I supposed it to be at some distance. Resuming my search for the beautiful saffron blossom which I have already named, my attention was for some moments abstracted. After pulling the plant up by the roots, however, I happened to cast my eyes again toward the supposed cliff, and you can conceive my extreme mortification and regret when I saw that it was not a cliff at all, but a giant, and, so far as I could see, one of the most virulent species.

He was advancing at a run, and although not exerting himself overmuch seemed to be going at a rate of some five kilometers a minute. Much annoyed at the interruption to my researches, I paused only long enough to deposit the *Rutabaga* securely in my botany box and then broke into an accelerated trot. Do me the justice to acquit me of any intention of entering into a

contest of speed with the pursuing monster. I am not so conceited as to imagine I can cover five or even three kilometers a minute. No; I relied, rather, on the well-established scientific probability that the giant was stupid. I expected, therefore, that my head would have an opportunity to save my heels.

It was not long before I saw the need of taking immediate steps to secure my specimens from destruction and myself from being eaten. He was certainly gaining upon me. As he foolishly ran with his mouth open, I noticed that his canine teeth were very well developed — not a proof, but strong evidence, that he was a cannibal. I redoubled my speed, keeping an eager eye upon the topography in the hope that I might find some cave or crevice into which I could creep and thus obtain time enough to elaborate a plan of escape. I had not run more than six or eight kilometers, I think (for distances are small in that part of Patagonia — or were, when I was there), when I saw a most convenient cretaceous cave.

To ensconce myself within its mineral recesses was the work of but a moment, and it was fortunate for me that it took no longer. Indeed, as I rolled myself deftly beneath a shelving rock, the giant was so near that he pulled off one of my boots.

He sat down at the entrance and breathed with astonishing force and rapidity.

"Now, if he is as stupid as one of his race normally should be," I said to myself, "he will stay there for several hours, and I shall lose a great part of this beautiful day." The thought made me restless, and I looked about to see whether my surroundings would hint a solution of the situation.

I was rewarded by discovering an outlet far above me. I could see through a cleft in the rocks portions of a cirro-cumulus cloud. Fixing my hat more firmly upon my head, I began the ascent. It did not take long. Indeed, my progress was, if anything, rather accelerated by the efforts of the attentive giant, who had secured a long and flexible switch,—a young India-rubber tree, I think, though I did not notice its foliage closely,— and was poking it with considerable violence into the cave. In fact, he lifted me some decameters at every thrust.

It may easily be understood, therefore, that I was not long upon the way. When I emerged, I was much pleased with the situation. Speaking as a military expert, it was perfect. Standing upon a commodious ledge, which seemed to have been made for the purpose, my head and shoulders projected from an opening in the cliff, which was just conveniently out of the giant's reach. As my head rose over the edge of the opening, the giant spoke:

"Aha, you 're there, are you?"

"I won't deny it," I answered.

"You think you 're safe, don't you?" he went on tauntingly.

"I know I 'm safe," I answered, with an easy confidence which was calculated to please.

"Well," he replied, "to-night I am going to eat you for supper!"

"What, then," I asked, with some curiosity, "are you going to do for dinner?"

"Oh, if that troubles you," said he, "all you have to do is to come out at dinner-time and I will eat you then."

Evidently the giant was not a witling. His answers were apt. After a moment's reflection I concluded it was worth the effort to make an appeal to his better nature — his over-soul.

"Don't you know that it is wrong to eat your fellow-beings?" I asked, with a happy mingling of austere reproach and sympathetic pain.

"Do you mean to come out soon?" asked the giant, seating himself upon an adjacent cliff, after tearing off such of the taller and stiffer trees as were in his way.

"It depends somewhat upon whether you remain where you are," I answered.

"Oh, I shall stay," said the giant, pleasantly. "Game is rare, and I have n't eaten a white man for two weeks."

This remark brought me back to my appeal to his higher being. "Then I shall remain here, too, for the present," I answered, "though I should like to get away before sunset. It 's likely to be humid here after the sun sets. But, to return to my question, have you never thought that it was immoral and selfish to eat your fellow-creatures?"

"Why, certainly," said the giant, with a hearty frankness that was truly refreshing. "That is why," he went on, "I asked you whether you

were coming out soon. If not, I would be glad to while the time away by explaining to you exactly how I feel about these matters. Of course I could smoke you out" (here he showed me an enormous boulder of flint and a long steel rod, the latter evidently a propeller-shaft from some wrecked ocean-steamer), "but I make it a rule seldom to eat a fellow-mortal until he is fully convinced that, all things considered, I am justified in so doing."

The allusion to the smoking-out process convinced me that this was no hulking ignoramus of a giant, and for a moment I began to fear that my *Rutabaga Tremendosa* was lost to the world forever. But the latter part of his speech re-assured me.

"If you can convince me that I ought to be eaten," I said, willing to be reasonable, "I shall certainly offer no objection. But I confess I have little fear that you will succeed."



"I SAW THE NEED OF TAKING IMMEDIATE STEPS TO SAVE MY SPECIMENS."

"I first discovered that I was a giant," he said, absently chewing the stem of the India-rubber tree, "at a very early age. I could not get enough to eat. I then lived in New York City, for I am an American, like yourself."

We bowed with mutual pleasure.

"I tried various sorts of work, but found I could not earn enough at any of them to pay my board-bills. I even exhibited myself in a museum, but found there the same trouble.

"I consulted my grandfather, who was a man of matured judgment and excellent sense. His advice was to leave the city and try for work in the country. I did so, and after some little trouble found employment upon a farm. I stayed there three days. Then I was told that it cost more to keep me than I was worth; which was true. So I left. Then I went to work on a railroad. Here I did as much as twenty men. The result was a strike, and I was discharged."

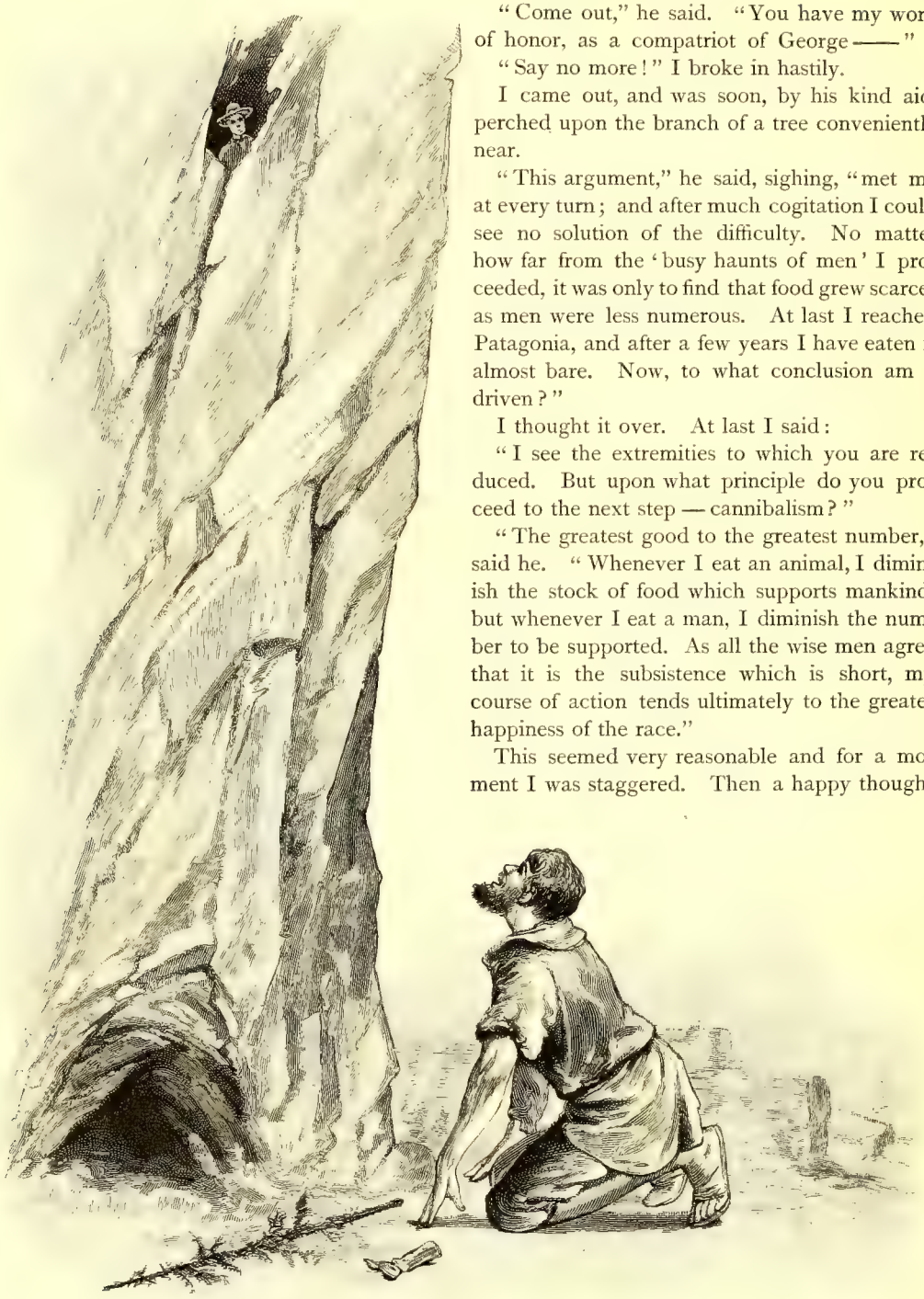
"Is there much more autobiography?" I asked as politely as I could, for I was not at all interested in this unscientific memoir.

"Very little," he answered. "I can sum it up in a few words. Wherever I tried to get work, I was discharged, because my board was too expensive. If I tried to do more work to make up for it, the other men were dissatisfied, because it took the bread out of their mouths. Now, I put it to you, what was I to do?"

"Evidently, you were forced out of civilization," I answered, "and compelled to rely upon nature for your sustenance. That is," I went on, to forestall another question, "you had to become a hunter, trapper, or fisherman,—for of course, in your case, agriculture was out of the question, as you could n't easily get down to the ground, and would crush with your feet more crops than you could raise with your hands."

His eyes sparkled with joy at being so thoroughly understood. "Exactly," he said. "But the same trouble followed me there. Wherever I settled, the inhabitants complained that what I ate would support hundreds of other people."

"Very true," I answered; "but, excuse me, could you hand me a small rock to sit upon?—it is tiresome to stand here."



"Come out," he said. "You have my word of honor, as a compatriot of George ——"

"Say no more!" I broke in hastily.

I came out, and was soon, by his kind aid, perched upon the branch of a tree conveniently near.

"This argument," he said, sighing, "met me at every turn; and after much cogitation I could see no solution of the difficulty. No matter how far from the 'busy haunts of men' I proceeded, it was only to find that food grew scarcer as men were less numerous. At last I reached Patagonia, and after a few years I have eaten it almost bare. Now, to what conclusion am I driven?"

I thought it over. At last I said:

"I see the extremities to which you are reduced. But upon what principle do you proceed to the next step — cannibalism?"

"The greatest good to the greatest number," said he. "Whenever I eat an animal, I diminish the stock of food which supports mankind, but whenever I eat a man, I diminish the number to be supported. As all the wise men agree that it is the subsistence which is short, my course of action tends ultimately to the greater happiness of the race."

This seemed very reasonable and for a moment I was staggered. Then a happy thought

"'AHA, YOU 'RE THERE, ARE YOU?'"

came to me, and I suggested that if he should allow himself to die of starvation the demand for subsistence would be still more reduced.

He shook his head sadly. "I used to hope so myself. But the experience of some years, tabulated and reduced to most accurate statistics, has convinced me beyond a doubt that I can catch and eat enough men, in a year, to more than make up for what would be saved if I should allow my own organism to cease its active exertions in the cause of humanity."

I thought very carefully over these arguments and was unable to pick a flaw in them.

"As a man of science," I said, after a pause, "I could wish that this interview might be reported to the world."

"Give yourself no uneasiness. It shall be done," said the giant.

"And I should also be glad to have the *Rutabaga Tremendosa* forwarded very soon to the Metropolitan Museum," I said thoughtfully.

"With pleasure," said the giant.

There was no excuse for further delay.



THE GIANT AND THE PROFESSOR SETTLE IT AMICABLY.

"And are you convinced?" asked the giant, speaking with much kindly consideration.

"Perfectly," I said, and kicked off the other boot.

[Note, by the giant.— In accordance with Professor Muddlehed's last wishes I have reported our full conversation verbatim. In fact, much of the foregoing account was revised by the Professor himself, before supper. He would have been glad, I have no doubt, to have gone over the paper again, but the bell rang and he was too considerate to keep the table waiting. He had many excellent tastes, and there was a flavor of originality about the man — a flavor I like. I enjoyed meeting him very much, and regret that my principles were such as to preclude a longer and less intimate acquaintance. I forwarded the specimen to the museum as directed, and received in return an invitation to visit the building in New York. Though I can not accept the kind invitation, I should find it gratifying to have the trustees at my own table.]

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL IN AMERICA.

By Walter Camp.



STAGG. RHODES. WOODRUFF. HEFFELFINGER. GILL. WALLACE. BULL.
McCLUNG. CORBIN. GRAVES.
WURTEMBERG.

YALE FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1888.

"What makes a good foot-ball player?" is a question asked over and over again. Many are the answers given, but no answer is correct that does not contain the word "pluck." The same elements that go to make up excellence in any of the other field sports are requisite in foot-ball; but while in certain of the others that peculiar type of courage called pluck is only required in a moderate degree, in foot-ball it is absolutely indispensable. Many a man has said: "Oh! I am too small to play foot-ball; I could n't get on the team." Such a man makes a mistake. Look at the records of our players and see how full they are of the names of small men. Withington, Cushing, Harding, Hodge, Beecher, and twenty others, have played weighing under a hundred and forty! Nor has it been that their deeds have been remembered because performed by such small men. These men made points as well as reputations. There is a place on the foot-ball field for a man, no matter what he weighs; and that brings to mind a remarkable pair of boys and what they did for a Yale team at one time. One was the son of a United States Senator

from Massachusetts, and the other a younger brother of a well-known Brooklyn lawyer. They were classmates at Yale, and had done more or less foot-ball work during the course. These two men weighed about a hundred and twenty-five pounds apiece, or together a little over the weight of the 'varsity snap-back. In that year the 'varsity team was suffering from a combination of two disorders — over-confidence and lack of strong practice. None knew this better than these two little chaps, for they understood the game thoroughly. One day, then, they appeared at the field in their foot-ball toggery, and without assistance from the 'varsity captain set at once to work upon organizing the "scrub side," as the outside or irregular players are called. One of them played center and the other quarter, and it was not many days before the scrub side began to have a game and a way of its own. The overfed, underworked university players began to find that they could n't have things all their own way. Such tricks were played upon them that they were forced to wake from their apathy. These two boys began to show them the way to make use of brains against weight and strength, and the scrub side, that a week or two before had been unable to hold the 'varsity even enough to make the contest interesting, actually had the audacity to score against them once or twice every afternoon. How those two ever got such work out of the rabble they had to handle, no one knows to this day; but it was the making of the 'varsity team, for it speedily developed under this experience into one of Yale's strongest teams, and I have often heard one of that team remark since that he 'd rather play against any team in the Association than against the "scrubs" lead by "Pop" Jenks and "Timmy" Dawes.

This brings us to another quality: the *brains* of a team. That team is the best which has the most brains. Foot-ball is, even now, an undeveloped sport. There is room for an almost infinite number of as yet unthought-of plays. Every season brings forward many new ones. If a player wishes to devote a little of his spare time to a fascinating amusement, let him take pencil and paper and plan out combinations in the evening, and try them the next day. He will soon find that he is bringing out not only new but successful plays. Some think that the captain of the 'varsity team is the only one who has an opportunity to try this; but if two or three on the scrub side will make the attempt they will find that a 'varsity team is no more proof against a new scheme than the veriest scrub team in existence. In fact, oftentimes the 'varsity players are so sublime in their own consciousness of superiority that they are the simplest men on the field to lead into traps and defeat by a little exercise of ingenuity. If a boy at school is n't on the first team, he can get together a few men of the second team and have the satisfaction of actually showing his betters how to play.

"Play not for gain but sport," is thoroughly sound; but it means play honestly and hard, not listlessly and carelessly, and make it your sport to win. Then if you lose, put a good face on it; but go home and think out a way to win next time. Brains will beat brute strength every time if you give them fair play.

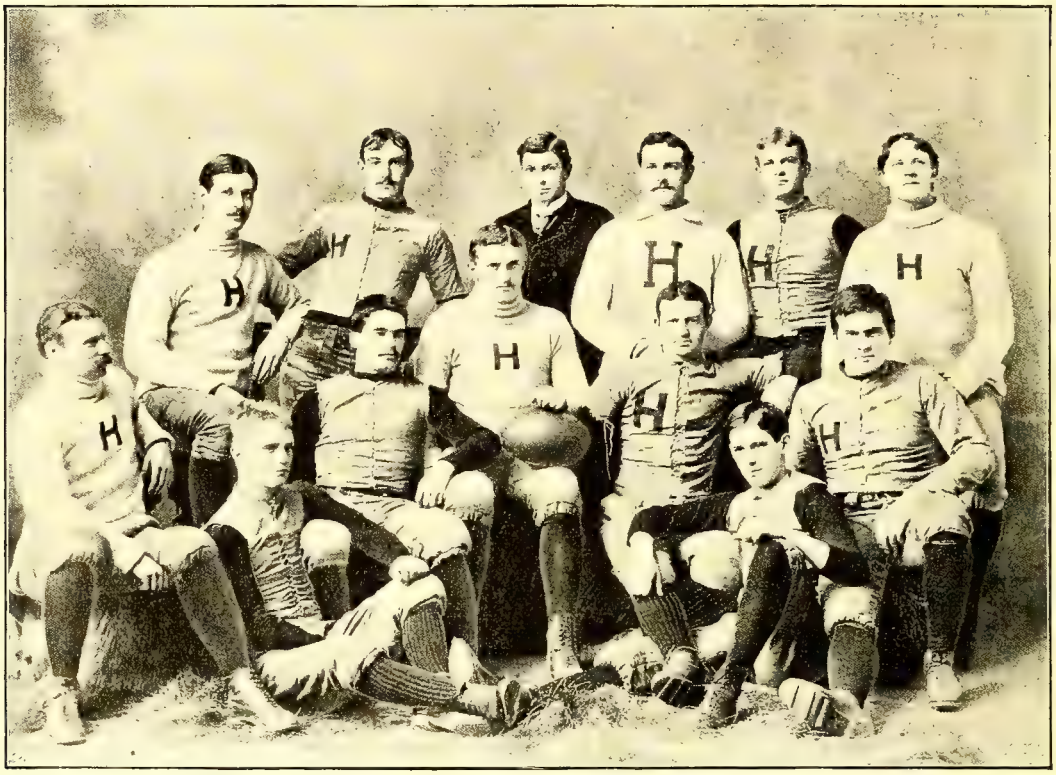
Endurance is another element of success. Plenty of dash when it is necessary, but behind it there must be the steady, even, staying qualities. For these, good training is chiefly responsible; because, although natural endurance does exist in some men, it is not common, while the endurance of well-trained men is a thing that can be relied upon with confidence.

A direct case in point was a victory of Princeton over Yale, in 1878. Upon the Yale team were some three or four men, upper class men, who thought that they had done enough training in former years, and they therefore made but a pretense of following out the rules of strict training. The example of these men affected several of the other players to such an extent that there was great laxity. Up to the time of the final contest, this team had performed well, and it was generally believed that they would have no great difficulty in defeating Princeton.

In the first half of the game they pressed the Orange men hard, and several times all but scored. In the dressing-room at intermission there was a general impression that, with the wind, which would be in Yale's favor the second half, they must surely win. The second half began, and it was not many minutes before the Yale men found themselves steadily losing ground. There was in the Princeton runners a resistless

force that kept Yale retreating nearer and nearer to her own goal. At last, by a brilliant play, Princeton succeeded in making a touch-down from which a goal was kicked. During the remainder of the game, Princeton, although making no further score, held Yale fast down inside the twenty-five-yard line, and the Blue went back to New Haven with a very salutary lesson on the evil of neglecting the laws of training.

These are laws which no foot-ball player can afford to ignore.



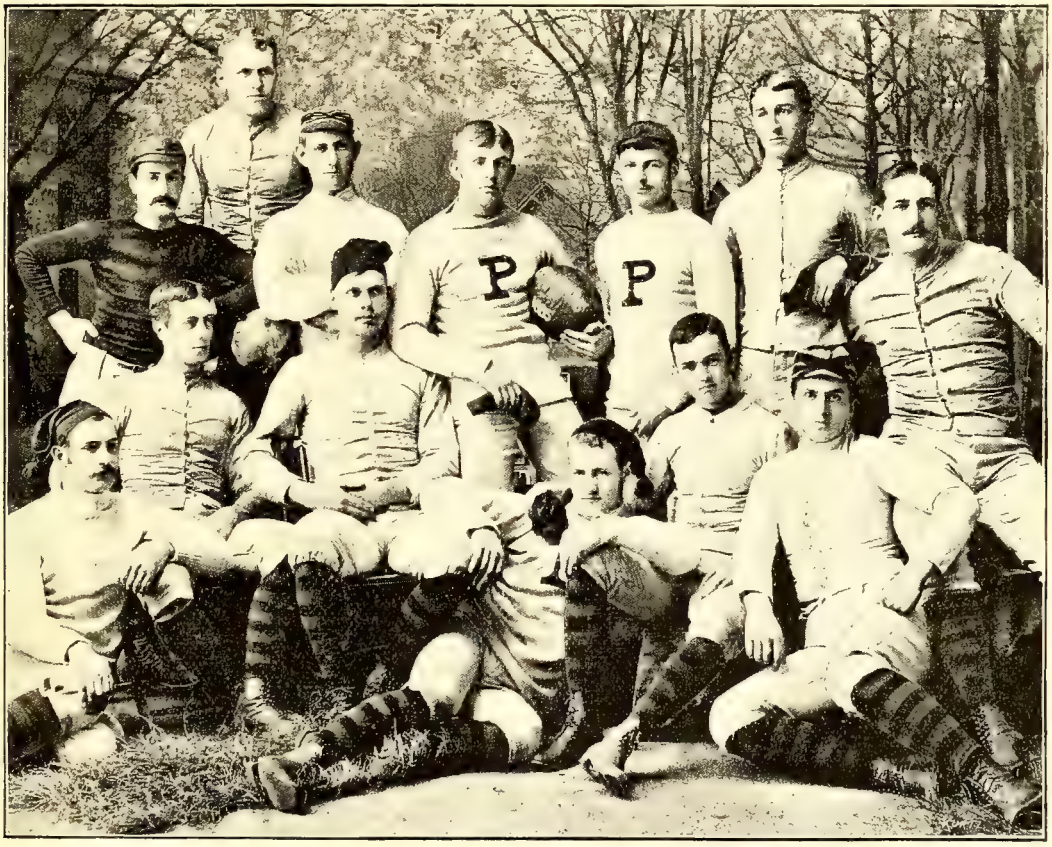
DAVIS. TRAFFORD. WELD—MANAGER. PORTER. CUMNOCK. LEE.
CARPENTER. DEAN. HARDING, V. SEARS. WOODMAN. CROSBY. CRANSTON.

HARVARD FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1888.

Lamar's Run.

One of the most magnificent dashes ever made on an American foot-ball field was the run made by Lamar, of Princeton, in the game with Yale, which was played upon the Yale field, November 21, 1885. The game had been an unusual one in many respects. Princeton had come to New Haven after a long wrangle about the place of playing, and had brought a team supposed by experts throughout the country to be sure winners. The Yale team was a green one, and none of her partisans hoped for more than a respectable showing against the Princeton veterans. But Peters, the Yale captain, had done wonders with his recruits, as the game soon showed. His team opened with a rush and actually forced the fight for the entire first half. They scored a goal from the field upon the astonished Princetonians, and, in spite of the valiant efforts put forth against them, seemed certain of victory. The feeling of the Princeton team and her sympathizers can easily be imagined. The sun was low in the horizon, nearly forty minutes of the second half were gone, and no one dared to hope such failing fortunes could be retrieved in the few remaining minutes. The ball was in

Yale's hands, half-way down the field and on the northern edge. For a moment Captain Peters hesitated, and consulted with another of his players as to whether he should continue the running game and thus make scoring against him impossible and victory certain, or send the ball by a kick down in front of his enemy's goal and trust to a fumble to increase his score. Perhaps not a dozen men knew what was in his mind. A kick was surely the more generous play in the eyes of the crowd. He settled the ball under his foot, gave the signal, and shot it back. The quarter sent it to Watkinson, who drove it with a low, swinging punt across the attempted to catch it, but it shot off his breast toward the southern touch-line. Lamar, who had been slightly behind this man, was just starting up to his assistance from that particular spot. As the ball slid off with its force hardly diminished he made a most difficult short-bound catch of it on the run, and sped away along the southern boundary. The Yale forwards had all gone past the ball, in their expectation of getting it, as they saw the missed catch. Lamar, therefore, went straight along toward the half-back and back. Watkinson, the kicker, had hardly stirred from his tracks, as the entire play had occupied but a few seconds, and he was



COWAN. HODGE, H.
HODGE, R. TOLER. DECAMP. LAMAR. ADAMS.
GRIFFITH. HARRIS. COOK. IRVINE. SAVAGE. FORD.

PRINCETON FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1885.

twenty-five-yard line and toward the farther goal post. It was a perfect kick for Yale's purposes, difficult to catch and about to land close to the enemy's posts. A Princeton man therefore too near the northern side of the field to have even a chance to cut off the runner. Lamar, with the true instinct of the born runner, saw in a moment his opportunity, and ran

straight along the southern edge as if he intended to get by there. Bull and his comrade (who then were inexperienced tacklers) were the two men in his pathway, and they both bunched



LAMAR DODGING THE YALE TACKLERS.

over by the line as the Princeton runner came flying down upon them. Just as he was almost upon them, Lamar made a swerve to the right, and was by them like lightning before either could recover. By this time two or three of the Yale forwards, Peters among them, had turned and were desperately speeding up the field after Lamar, who was but a few yards in advance, having given up several yards of his advantage to the well-executed maneuver by which he had cleared his field of the half-back and back. Then began the race for victory. Lamar had nearly forty yards to go, and, while he was running well, had had a sharp "breather" already, not only in his run thus far, but in his superb dodging of the backs. Peters, a strong, untiring, thoroughly trained runner, was but a few yards behind him, and in addition to this he was the captain of a team which but a moment before had been sure of victory. How he ran! But Lamar — did he not too know full well what the beat of those footsteps behind him meant? The white five-yard lines fairly flew under his feet; past the broad twenty-five-yard line he goes, still with three or four yards to spare. Now he throws his head back with that familiar motion of the sprinter who is almost to the tape, and who will run his heart out in the last few strides, and, almost before one can breathe, he is over the white goal-line and panting on the ground, with the ball under him, a touch-down made, from which a goal was kicked, and the day saved for Princeton.

Bull's Kick.

The season of 1888 had opened with a veritable foot-ball boom. The previous season had ended with a close contest between Harvard and Yale, while Princeton, although occupying third place, had had by no means a weak team. Reports of the preliminary work of the three great teams, while conflicting, pointed in a general way to an increased strength at each university. The Boston papers were lauding the work of the Harvard team, and the New York papers returning the compliment with tales of large scores by the Princeton men. Advices from New Haven showed that Yale had a far greater wealth of material from which to draw players than either of the others, so that although the actual strength of the team could not be learned, it was certain that the lugubrious reports from the City of Elms had little foundation. In this state of affairs, the first game, which was scheduled to be between the Crimson and the Orange and Black, was eagerly awaited. The game was played at Princeton, and an enormous crowd assembled to witness the match. Both sides were confident of victory, and Princeton was also determined to avenge the defeat of the former season. The day was perfect, and the game a thoroughly scientific one.

Although Harvard battled manfully up to the very last moment, she could not overcome the lead which Princeton had obtained early in the game, and was at last forced to return to Cambridge defeated. The hopes of Princeton soared up that afternoon to the highest pitch, and those who were well posted on the relative merits of foot-ball players agreed with them that their prospects were indeed of the brightest. Had it not been for news which came over the wires that evening from New Haven, it would have been concluded that Princeton would find an easy prey in Yale. But that news was something startling. It seems that the Yale-Wesleyan championship game had been played that same day. Harvard and Princeton had each already met Wesleyan, but neither had scored over fifty points against them. The astonishment of all foot-ball men was great, then, when the news came that Yale had made the almost unprecedented score of 105 against the Middletown men. This, then, was the state of affairs previous to the Yale-Princeton match. Harvard was now out of the question, owing to her defeat by Princeton, and all interest centered in this final contest. The day, while not very promising in its morning aspect, turned out propitious toward noon, and fully fifteen thousand people crowded the Polo Grounds before the players stepped out on the field. A perfect roar of applause greeted the entrance of the rival teams, and as they lined out facing one another not even the most indifferent could help feeling the thrill of suppressed excitement that trembled through the vast throng. The game began, and for twenty-five minutes first one side gained a slight advantage, then the other, but neither had been able to score. The Yale men had a slight advantage in position, having forced the ball into Princeton's territory. So manfully were they held from advancing closer to the coveted goal, that people were beginning to think that the game might result in a draw, neither side scoring. At this point Yale had possession of the ball. That slight change in position,— that massing of the forwards toward the center and the closing up of the back, — that surely means something! Yes, Princeton sees it too, and eagerly her forwards press up in the line with their eyes all centered on the back, for it is evident he is to try a drop-kick for goal. This bright-faced, boyish-looking fellow, with a rather jaunty air, is Bull, Yale's famous drop-kicker. He seems calm and quiet enough as he gives a look of direction to the quarter and with a smile steps up to the spot where he wishes the ball thrown. There is a moment of expectancy, and then the whole forward line seems torn asunder, and through the gap comes a mass of Princeton rushers with a furious dash, but just ahead of them flies the ball, from the quarter, straight and sure into Bull's outstretched hands. It hardly seems to touch them, so quickly does he turn the ball and drop it before him, as with a swing of his body he brings him-



LAMAR AFTER PASSING YALE'S TWENTY-FIVE-YARD LINE.

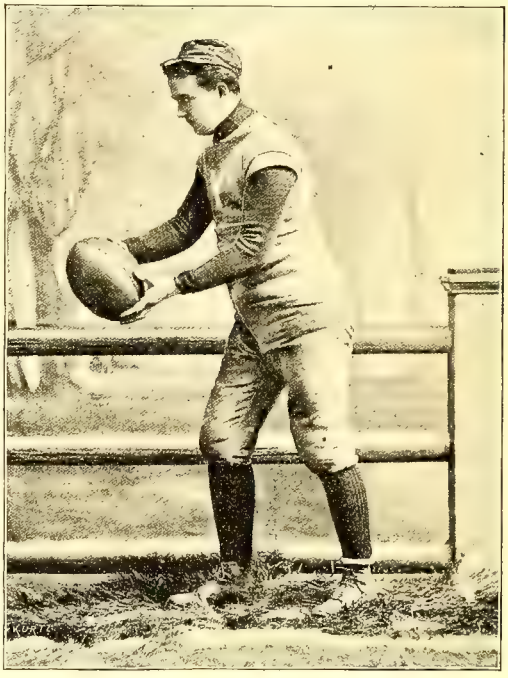
self into kicking attitude, and catching the ball with his toe, as it rises from the ground, shoots it like a bolt just over the heads of the Princeton forwards, and—down he goes in the rush! The



LAMAR, OF PRINCETON.

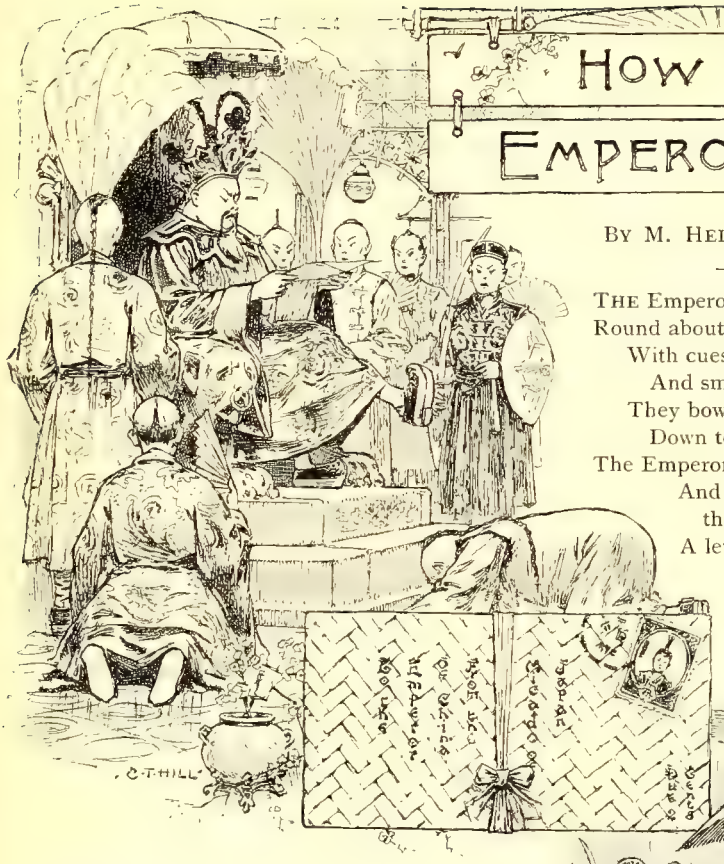
ball, however, sails smoothly on, high in the air, just missing by a few feet the wished-for goal.

A sigh of relief escapes from the troubled breasts of Princeton sympathizers as they realize that, for a time, at least, the danger is past. The Orange and Black bring the ball out for a kick-out, and work desperately to force it up the field, having had too vivid a realization of danger to desire a repetition. Again, however, they are driven steadily back until the Yale captain thinks he is near enough to give Bull a second opportunity, and at a signal the formation for a kick is again made. Bull, a little less smiling, a trifle less jaunty in his air, again takes his position. Again Princeton opens up the line and drives her forwards down upon him, but again that deadly drop sails over their heads; this time a foot nearer the black cross-bar. Another kick-out by Princeton follows, and another desperate attempt to force the blue back to the center of the field, but with a maddening persistency, and with a steady plunging not to be checked, the gray and blue line fights its way, yard by yard, down upon the Princeton territory. Captain Corbin glances once more at the goal, sees that his line is near enough, and again gives the signal. Bull steps up for the third time, and his smile has flown. He realizes that twice have his ten men carried the ball for him up to the very door of victory, only to see him close that door in their faces. His lips are firmly set as his resolve shows itself in every line of his well-knit frame. He settles himself firmly on his feet and gives the signal for the ball to come. For the third time the little quarter hurls it from under the very feet of the plunging mass, and this time Bull sends it true as a bullet straight over the cross-



BULL, OF YALE.

bar between the posts. With a yell of delight the Yale men rush madly over the ropes and seize the successful kicker. In the second half Bull has but one opportunity; but he takes advantage of that one to score another goal, and when the game is over is borne off in triumph by the rejoicing Yalensians, the hero of the day.



How The Emperor Goes

By M. Helen Lovett.

The Emperor sat in his chair of state;
Round about did the courtiers wait.
With cues behind
And smiles before,
They bowed to the Emperor
Down to the floor.
The Emperor's visage was yellow of hue,
And half-shut eyelids his eyes peered through.
A letter he read,



Then he nodded his head,
And, "Indeed it 's quite true," he frequently said.
For the letter described in words glowing like flame
Great Chinaland's glory, her Emperor's fame.

It came from Japan, from the Emperor there
(I don't know his name, but perhaps you don't care),
And it went on to say,
In the pleasantest way:
"Good Brother of China, best greeting to-day.
I beg you 'll accept, as a very small token
Of my regard, which can never be spoken,
This coach and four.
From England, you see,
The Englishmen sent it
A present to me.
The kindly barbarians tendered me two;
As I can't use both, I now send one to you."

Well pleased was the Emperor.
"Bring it up here.
You fellows, stand back there! —
And make the
way clear."
"Pardon, Your Majesty,
That can not be;
The coach will not go through the doorway, you see."



There came a dark frown on the Emperor's
brow.
"Then I 'll go down, for I must see it now."
So down the stairs the Emperor ran,
And the courtiers followed, every man;
As fast as they can they scuffle and run
After their master to see the fun.
After him, mind you, for you see,
The rule of the best society
Had been, for thousand of years and more:
"The Emperor always goes before."



The coach and four at the palace door
Was as large as life, or a size or two more.
With coachman and footman all complete,
And cushions of silk on the very best seat.
And round about in procession they walked,
And examined it all, and stared and talked.
And the Emperor rubbed his hands with pride —
"I 'll climb up in front there and take a ride."
But the coachman said, "Your Majesty,



The seat inside is for you, you see;
The one in front 's where the driver sits — "

"WHAT? This fellow is out of his wits.
Idiot! Don't you know the rule? —
Were n't manners taught when you went to
school?
Remember this, if you know no more:
'The Emperor always goes before.'

"That highest seat
(Must I repeat?)
Is the one where the Emperor ought to go.
I can't ride aft,
And you must be daft.



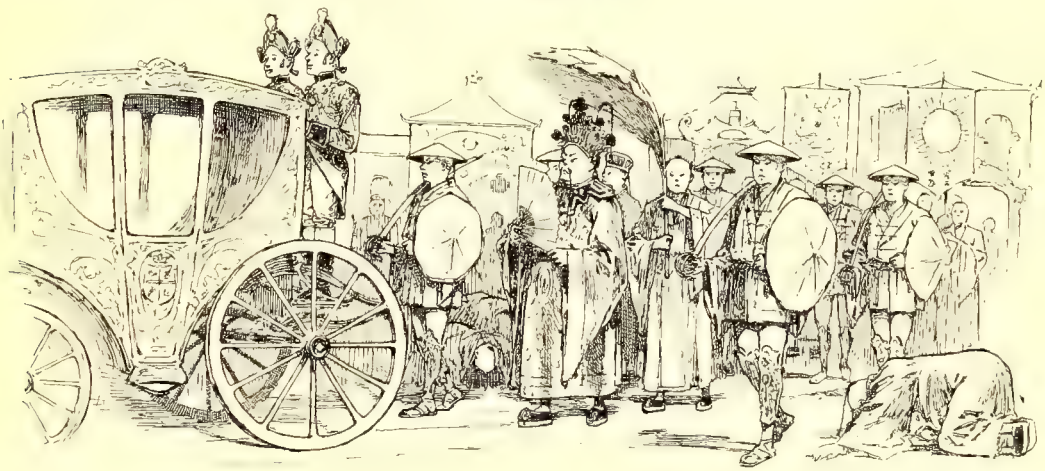
For a moment to have fancied so!"
And up on end each pigtail stood,
To think that the Emperor ever could,
Did, should, might or would
Ride behind. "Now, did you ever?"
"No, really, upon my word, I never."

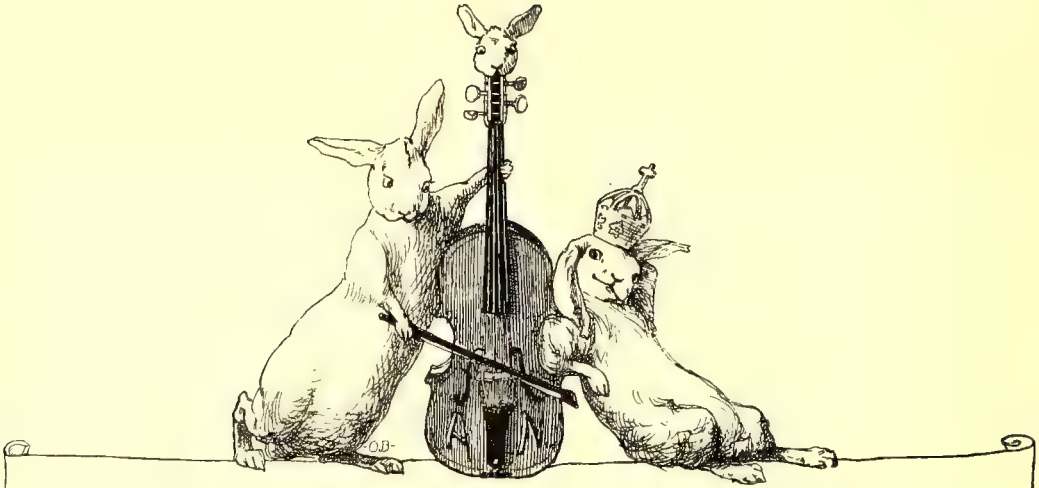
"But how shall I drive, Your Majesty?"
"Through the windows, or,— I don't care," said he.
"That is *your* business, I should say,
But hand those cushions up this way."
It could n't be helped, so off they went.
The Emperor rode to his heart's content,
But long did the Emperor rue that day!
Of course the horses ran away,



And the Emperor, as you may suppose,
Came to the ground on his royal nose.
His royal brow had a bump for a token,
And one of the royal legs was broken.

All he could do
(What more could you?)
Was to hang the coachman and footman too.
And then the Emperor changed the rule,
And now you would learn, if you went to school
In Chinaland ('t is a proverb reckoned),
"We call it *first* when the Emperor 's second."





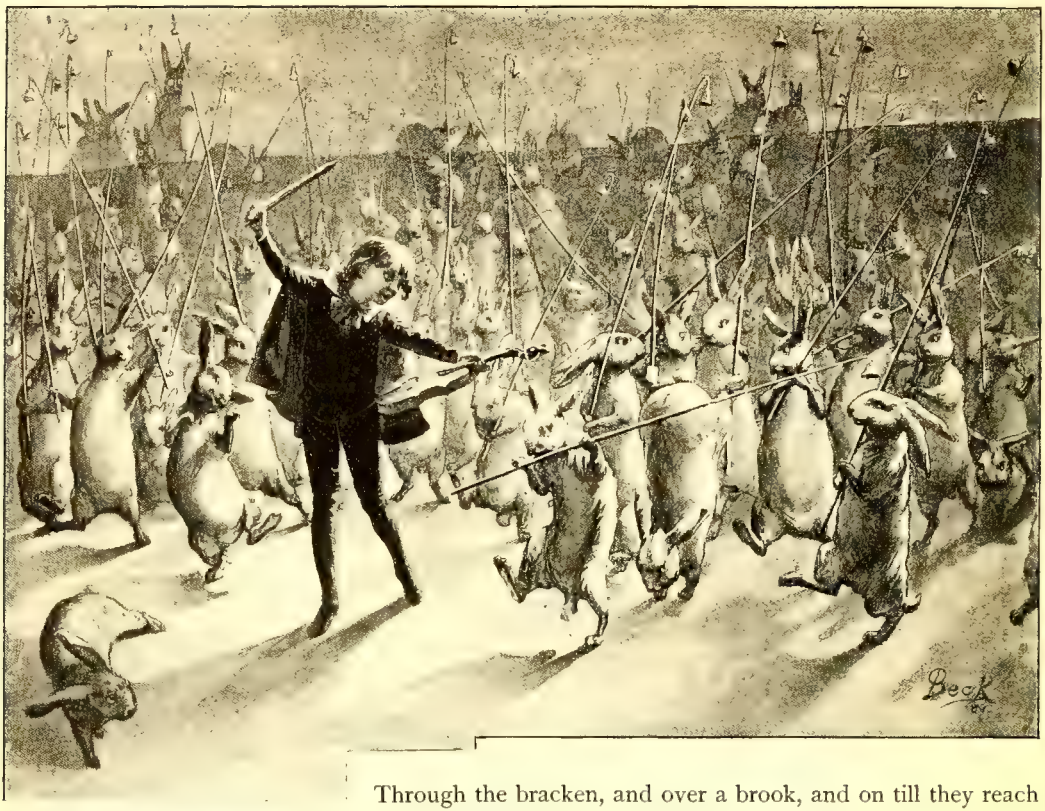
By Ida Warner Van der Voort.

The shadows of night lie drifted over the valley and hill,
And earth is hushed and silent under the starlight still;
A low-voiced breeze is complaining among the willows and reeds,
Where the brook creeps stealthily onward away through the flowery meads;
The goldenrod 's drowsily nodding, heavy with dew and perfume,
The grasses are whispering tenderly their secrets in the gloom;
When hark! thro' the hush and the starlight, a low sweet note is heard —
A low sweet note, like the call of a dreaming, half-wakened bird;
On the air it lingers a moment, then trembling passes away,
As a falling summer blossom floats down from the parent spray.
But again and again it rises, in tones ever stronger and stronger,
Calling, and calling, and calling, it grows ever louder and longer;
And see! from behind a hill-top the ruddy-faced moon appears,
As if she paused to listen to the strange sweet sounds she hears;
While dark against the brilliant disk a boyish form is seen,
An elfish, wild-eyed lad is he, with hair of a golden sheen;
A bonny boy, most fair to see, and tucked beneath his chin
He holds, and plays with loving touch, a quaint old violin.
But what can bring him here to-night? For whom does he wait and call?
For whom are they meant, those pleading strains that softly rise and fall?
There 's a sudden rustle of little feet within the dusky shade —
With timid approach, and swift retreat, a rabbit comes over the glade;
Nearer, still nearer he comes, like stars are his eager eyes,
They glow thro' the gloom of the evening, filled with a shy surprise;
And soon on every side are seen, eager, but half afraid,
The rabbits young, and rabbits old, of every size and shade,



"CLOSE TO THE FEET
OF THE PLAYER
THEY CREEP."

Drawn by the notes so wild and weird, they gather from far and near;
Advancing, retreating, on they come, pausing to listen, and peer,
And prick their silken, sensitive ears, and turn each little head,
Starting in fright if a withered leaf but crackles beneath their tread.
Soon, however, their fear departs, and under the magic spell,
Close to the feet of the player they creep, while higher the wild notes swell,
Until, like one who wakes from a trance, the player stays his hand,
And his large dark eyes look dreamily over the charmèd band.
A faint smile curves his rosy lips, he flings back his golden hair,
And, slowly rising, forward moves, through the mellow moon-lit air.
The rabbits, grasping harebell wands, alert and upright stand,
And playing a merry elfin march, he leads them through the land.
Past fields where the yellow corn-husks whisper in drowsy surprise;
Past vagrant vines' detaining arms, red with the autumn dyes;



"PLAYING A MERRY ELFIN MARCH, HE LEADS THEM THROUGH THE LAND."

Through the bracken, and over a brook, and on till they reach a dell
Deep in the heart of an odorous wood, where night has cast its spell;
A mossy glade where the mounting moon but glances through clustering trees,
And there, on a stately cabbage throne, the leader sits at ease,
While thronged about on every side, his furry followers sing,
As sweetly from their chiming bells a blithe refrain they ring:

"*We come from the valley, we come from the hill,*
At thy summons we rally to answer thy will.
We hail, we hail thee with joyous delight,
We'll dance 'neath the trees in the mystic moonlight,
For we come from the valley, we come from the hill,
At thy summons we rally to answer thy will."

With a madder, merrier peal of bells, they gayly end their song,
The violin takes up the strain, and soon the little throng
Is whirling o'er the dewy sward to a waltz's dizzy measure,
And not a rabbit of them all but joins the dance with pleasure.
As round and round they wildly fly, one slips upon the moss;
Her partner still whirls gayly on, unconscious of his loss.
Thus many couples come to grief; exhausted, down they sink,
Their heads spin round with giddiness the while they wink and blink.

At last, of all the jolly throng, one couple 's left alone,
And now an impish spirit seems to rule the music's tone.
Fast and furious flies the bow, the antics grow more mad;
Such flapping ears and twinkling feet,—'t would make a hermit glad;
Such leaps, and bounds, and capers queer, their comrades grow excited,
And ring their bells applaudingly, and cheer them on, delighted.



"WE COME FROM THE VALLEY, WE COME FROM THE HILL."

At length the willful measures cease, the weary dancers pause,
And answer with triumphant smiles the well-deserved applause.
The fiddler now advances, the lucky pair are crowned,
As King and Queen of Rabbitland they 'll reign the whole year round.
Then some, of course, are envious, and mutter, "Are n't they proud!"
As the new-made monarchs proudly turn to greet the cheering crowd.
But when a stately air is played, all march up two by two,

Salute the royal couple, and for grace and favor sue.
A cheerful banquet now is served, composed of cabbage salad;
(The way that cabbage disappeared would make a gardener pallid!)
The kind old moon, upon the wane, looks down and smiles benign,
In low and mystic monotone murmur the oak and pine.
But see!—once more the elfish lad shakes back his golden hair,
Draws bow across the singing strings. His summons cleaves the air.



"AND NOT A RABBIT OF THEM ALL BUT JOINS THE DANCE WITH PLEASURE."

The eager rabbits upward spring and each one grasps his bell,
And now begin the queerest games within the dim-lit dell.
One little bunny, long of ear, and with most roguish eyes,
Sits quite erect, while over him to leap each comrade tries;



"THE FIDDLER NOW ADVANCES, THE LUCKY PAIR ARE CROWNED."

And one falls unexpectedly upon his precious head,
And lies a moment not quite sure if he 's alive or dead.
Another turns a somersault just as he 's nearly over,
And finds pine-needles, as a bed, can not compare with clover.



"A CHEERFUL BANQUET NOW IS SERVED, COMPOSED OF CABBAGE SALAD."



"AND NOW BEGIN THE QUEEREST GAMES WITHIN THE DIM-LIT DELL."

They play a royal game of "tag," and "hide-and-seek" comes after,
While all the dusky woods resound with peals of rabbit laughter.
Some form a ring and dance about their harebells stacked together,
One dares to tickle the monarch's ear with downy bits of feather,
And shakes with mirth unbounded, as his Majesty flaps and twitches,—
No lover of fun would have missed the sight for all Golconda's riches!
But now the music changes, the strain grows weirdly wild,
Then sinks, and almost dies away, in cadence soft and mild;
A pause, and then an outburst so unrestrained and glad,
Each rabbit takes a partner and dashes off like mad.
And round and round, and to and fro, they gayly fly, until—
The tired old moon slips out of sight, and all is dark and still.





IF THE BABES WERE THE BARDS

By Francis Randall.
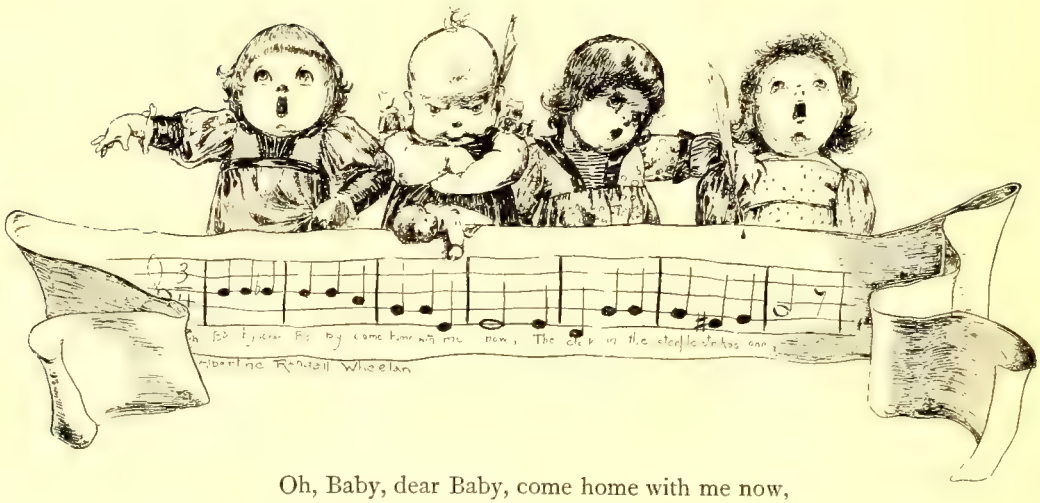


IF the little toddling babies
Were the makers of our lays,
You 'd find verses very different
In a thousand different ways.
The babes would be exalted,
And the rest of us appear
As the secondary creatures
Of a very different sphere.
Just imagine that the baby
Wrote the songs we here have shown
And gave them to the world at large
From his little baby throne :

Be kind to the baby,
For when thou art old
Who 'll nurse thee so tender as he,—
Who 'll catch the first accents that fall from
thy tongue
Or laugh at thy innocent glee ?

Rock-a-bye, Papa,
On the tree-top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock ;
When the bough bends
The cradle will fall—
Down will come Papa
And cradle and all.



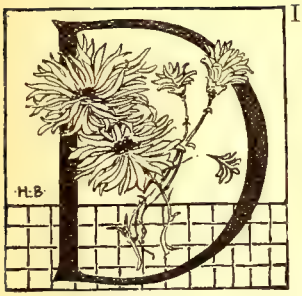
Bye, Mamma Bunting,
Baby 's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit-skin
To wrap the Mamma Bunting in.



Oh, Baby, dear Baby, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right in from the yard,
As soon as your mud-pie was done.
The fire 's gone out; the house is all cold;
And Mother 's been watching since tea,
With poor Father Jimmy asleep by the fire,
And no one to help her but me.

DAISY'S CALENDAR.

By Daisy F. Barry.



DID you ever keep a calendar? I have kept one all this year, and it has given me so much pleasure that I have resolved to keep one always as long as I live. I will tell you how I came to keep it. For three or four years past, my sister has been in correspondence with the secretary of a society in which we are both very much interested; but she has been the working member, for, although I am the elder, I am never quite well.

One New Year's Eve I received a letter from the secretary telling me that he wished me to keep a calendar. "It does n't matter for us older ones," he said, "for our lives are tinted with the sober grays of evening; but you others, you young ones, who never know what is coming to you, are as happy as the song-birds one minute, and ready to break your hearts the next because of sorrow and disappointment. Your lives are like pictures with brilliant lights and deep shadows contrasted.

"Now it is a fact that all of us have more bright spots than shadows in our lives, especially while we are young, but as we grow older we do not believe it, perhaps because our sorrowful moods are easier to remember than our joyful ones; but if you keep a record of the gleams of gladness that brighten your life, you will be astonished, when you look back, to find how much happiness you have enjoyed, and then, too, it will always be a pleasure to recall the memory of past joys.

"The keeping of a calendar," he went on, "is a very easy matter. All that you need is the calendar, a clean pen, and a bottle of red ink. Every evening you take out your calendar, and, if the day has been a happy one, draw a red line all around the date; if it brought you only some gleams of gladness, make a red dot for every gleam; and if it was a day of sorrow unrelieved by any brightness, leave the date blank, surrounded only by its own black line."

Well, of course I was delighted with the idea, and also with the calendar and pen which accompanied the letter; and as New Year's Day was a day of unalloyed gladness, although the doctor kept me a close prisoner all the time, I drew a red line all round the date.

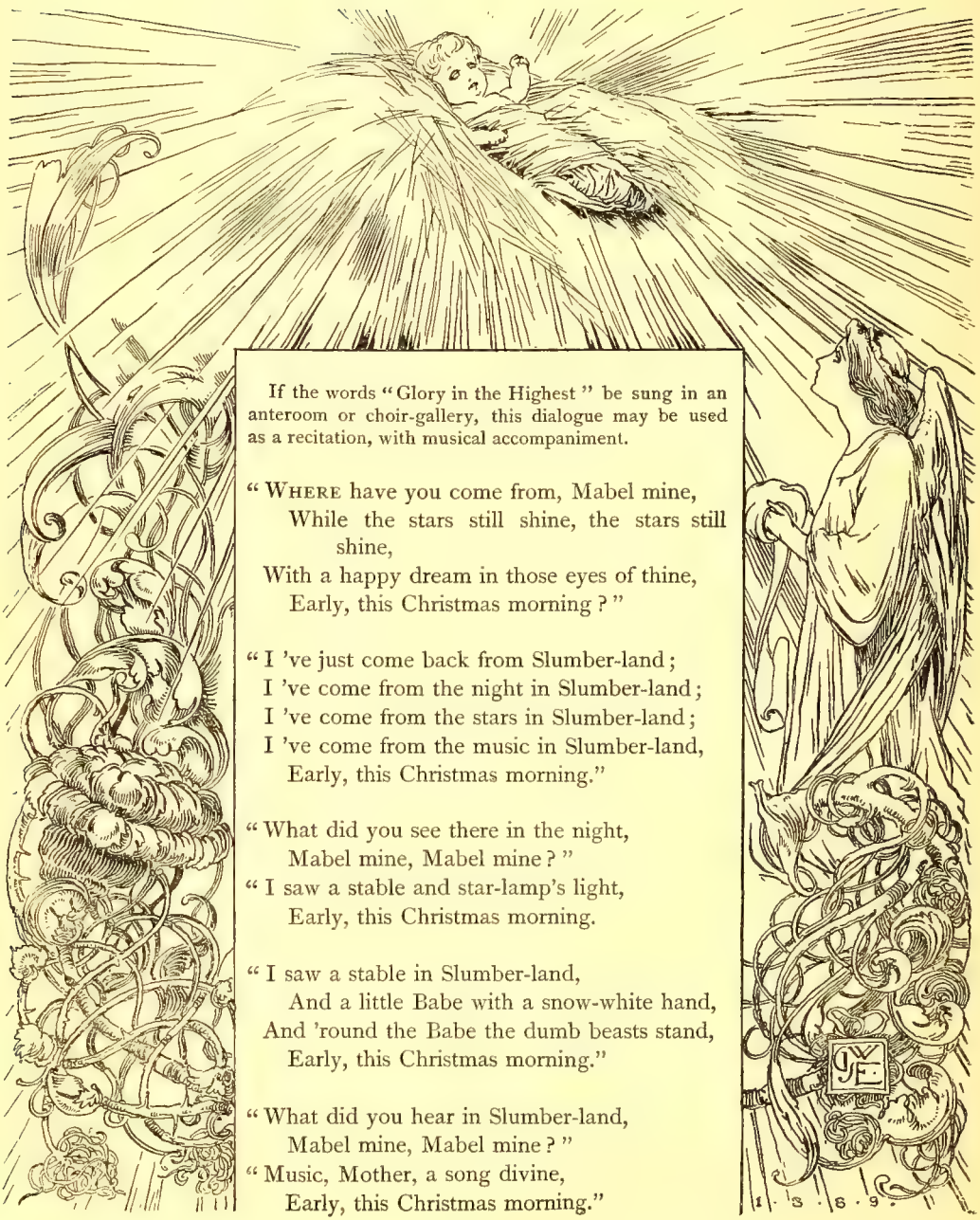
Since then my brother has had a long illness, and my mother broke down under the strain of nursing him, and me, for I was ill too; but for all that, if you could only see how my calendar is illuminated with red all through, you would be convinced that my life is a happy one; and I do really believe that it is all the brighter for my calendar. It forces me to notice the bright moments that come every day, and which would otherwise be lost in the shadows.

The calendar I have, however, was not intended for "keeping." It does very well to show which days were happy and which were not, but there is no space for writing a word or two to tell the cause of the pleasure or why some of the dates are left blank; but next year there will, perhaps, be a calendar made expressly for the use I have described. I suppose I am the first who ever kept such a calendar. Keeping a diary is quite another matter. There ought to be a space with each date for a few words to explain the causes of the brightness of some days, and the colorlessness of others.

I hope that next year everybody will keep a calendar, for I feel quite sure that all who do so will find great pleasure in it.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

By H. Butterworth.



If the words "Glory in the Highest" be sung in an anteroom or choir-gallery, this dialogue may be used as a recitation, with musical accompaniment.

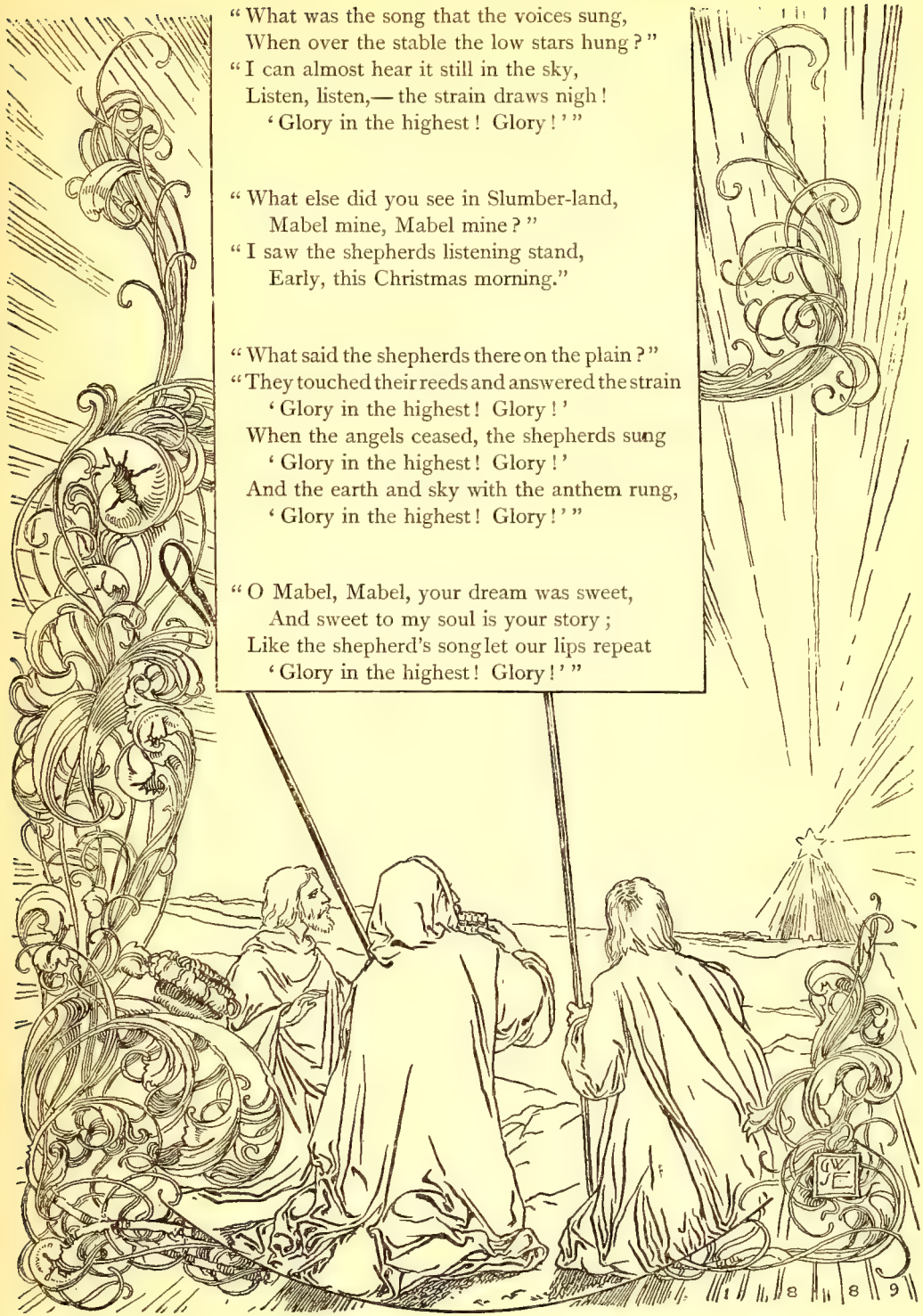
"Where have you come from, Mabel mine,
While the stars still shine, the stars still shine,
With a happy dream in those eyes of thine,
Early, this Christmas morning?"

"I 've just come back from Slumber-land;
I 've come from the night in Slumber-land;
I 've come from the stars in Slumber-land;
I 've come from the music in Slumber-land,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What did you see there in the night,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"I saw a stable and star-lamp's light,
Early, this Christmas morning.

"I saw a stable in Slumber-land,
And a little Babe with a snow-white hand,
And 'round the Babe the dumb beasts stand,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What did you hear in Slumber-land,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"Music, Mother, a song divine,
Early, this Christmas morning."



"What was the song that the voices sung,
When over the stable the low stars hung?"
"I can almost hear it still in the sky,
Listen, listen,— the strain draws nigh!
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'"

"What else did you see in Slumber-land,
Mabel mine, Mabel mine?"
"I saw the shepherds listening stand,
Early, this Christmas morning."

"What said the shepherds there on the plain?"
"They touched their reeds and answered the strain
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'
When the angels ceased, the shepherds sung
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'
And the earth and sky with the anthem rung,
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'"

"O Mabel, Mabel, your dream was sweet,
And sweet to my soul is your story;
Like the shepherd's song let our lips repeat
'Glory in the highest! Glory!'"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

"PLEASE give us some more stories by Miss Alcott — we want so much another long serial by Miss Alcott," was the request that came to us again and again from hundreds of our young readers in the years lately flown; and again and again their beloved author complied, striving to meet their demand — in heart and will devoted to her faithful work. And now that she can tell them no more, a truer story than them all has been sent out to the world by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, of Boston — a story told by her own earnest and inspiring life: "Louisa May Alcott: Her Life, Letters, and Journals. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney."

The book will endear her more than ever to thousands of boys and girls, for in some respects it is like a new part of "Little Women," appealing also to the now grown-up generation of early admirers of the brave and good "March" family. The pages contain two excellent portraits of Miss Alcott, and fac-similes of some of her letters.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT, who has, this month, given his two pages to Mr. Butterworth's "For Christmas Day," will greet his merry crowd again in the January number.

He bids us give you, all, his compliments and the best wishes of the season. And he also asks us to correct an error that slipped into his sermon last month. The credit of those big Thanksgiving pumpkins, he says, belongs to Southern California, not to Nebraska. The photograph that came to him had, by some oversight, been wrongly inscribed — and he says no one can judge merely by the expression of a pumpkin's face where in the world it comes from. Everything depends upon its being properly presented.

THE LETTER-BOX.

TACOMA, W. T.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You will consider me a pretty large "boy," I fancy, to write letters to the ST. NICHOLAS, when I tell you that I am a full-grown man of twenty, already in business. But I thought it might interest your young readers to get a letter from this far distant but most beautiful "City of Destiny," as it is called. We — my brother and myself — have taken your magazine ever since the first number was issued, and we have every volume complete, neatly bound. So much do we value it, that we shall continue subscribers as long as we live, and we hope our children and grandchildren may enjoy it as much as we do. You published, some years ago, a letter we sent to you, as having been the *first children* to make the ascent of Mount Marcy, the highest peak of the Adirondacks, in 1877. I wish you had space to publish all I should like to write about this wonderfully thriving city on the shores of Puget Sound, not very far from Alaska, and the region made famous by the Arctic exploring expeditions. I should like to interest the children of the East in the beautiful Pacific Coast country in this section of the land, so wonderful in its developments, so fertile in resources.

I hope to attempt the ascent of Mount Tacoma, over fourteen thousand feet high and always snow-capped, and, if I do, will give you my experience.

I will just mention that there are few, if any, birds here; no cats except such as are brought from other places, and a scarcity of dogs.

But I have taken up too much space already, although there is much of absorbing interest to young and old that I could write about from this distant part of our Union.

Very sincerely, your "old" boy, W. A. B——.

MORRISTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Morristown is a very pretty and healthy place, about thirty miles from New York; and there are many beautiful places here. There is a very fine girls' school, which I attend.

I will now tell you about my pets. I have one kitten and three turtles. My kitten, "Bright Eyes," is a small, gray-striped kitten. My turtles are "Apollo," "Diana," and "Venus" Apollo is an orange and black turtle. I have not tamed him very well yet, and he is quite cross. Diana is yellow and black, and exceedingly gentle, and feeds out of my hands. Venus is my little water-turtle. His back is black, with small, bright orange spots on it, and underneath it has three stripes, two black and one a sort of pinkish orange. He also feeds out of my hands. Turtles like to eat all kinds of berries, meat, and some vegetables. They sleep very soundly, and sometimes snore. Your constant reader, K——.

NEW RIVER, WHITE SULPHUR, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and I have been spending a month at these Springs with my mother and father, and my three brothers and my sister Grace. The Indians used to call the New River "The River of Death." It is so dangerous, though very beautiful. Here it flows through cliffs three hundred feet high. They are of perpendicular gray rock, and clothed with lovely vines, and, with dark cedars springing up in every nook, are just like huge ruined castles. At the foot of the cliffs the river runs so deep it has never been sounded. Seven miles from here is Mountain Lake — a salt lake three thousand feet above the level of the sea — at the top of all the mountains, and from the top of "Bald Knob," one of them, you can see five States. When ST. NICHOLAS came here this month, we each of us were willing to take care of our two-year-old brother three hours, for the sake of reading it. And Mother said she wished it would come every day. She did not think we would be like the little girl who became so sick of Christmas. The presents this ST. NICHOLAS brings of splendid stories are so much more durable than those of the other ST. NICK.

Affectionately, your friend, ANNA C. S——.

DUNMORE, PA.

MY DEAR FRIEND ST. NICHOLAS: I have intended for quite a long time to tell you about my "Mother Goose" scrap-book. My first idea of it came when I read the article in the August number, for 1883. It was called "Home-made Mother Goose," and proposed that all who were weary of pasting their advertisement cards in books, should make a book of linen, and use cards and

parts of them cut out, to illustrate the "Mother Goose" melodies. Well, I concluded to try it, and only now, in 1889, is my book completed. To begin with, I made a book out of paper-muslin, which had twenty-two leaves, and I used but one side of the page. It was no easy matter, for I often waited months for a particular part I needed. My friends all remembered me, and looked out for figures. I remember, in the rhyme, "One, two, buckle my shoe," when I came to "Eleven, twelve, toil and delve," I could find nothing that was suited for it. At last I found a card, of some children playing on the sea-shore. I put two rhymes on a page, except when they were long. Now, I did not think that the book would be very satisfactory without the words; so I printed in the rhyme with water-colors. I soon found that red and blue were the best to work with. It was rather hard to use a brush on the muslin, for, unless great care was taken, the letters would be dauby. The words are printed right in with the picture, around it, and all sides of it.

"Climbing up the Golden Stairs" was very popular at that time, so here I used my darky cards. I illustrated the first verse. The "golden stairs" are pieces of gilt paper, pasted in like steps, which go up to the top of the page. One of the darkies is stepping up, playing on a tambourine. A little fellow is falling off the last step. He looks exceedingly surprised; while "Aunt Dinah" is traveling slowly and surely upward. The "Dude" is as dudish as one could wish, while "Old Peter" is ready to hand you "the ticket," which happens to be a pass on the D. L. and W. R. R., over "Hoboken Ferry." I had such a time to find any "half a dollar," but a friend procured a pictured one from a bank-book, which "Sambo" offers in his outstretched hand. At last, last winter I finished it, and had it bound with a dark red, flexible cover. I named it "Pluckings from Mother Goose, by One of Her Goslings," and I dedicated it to my little sister, Nan, and her large darky doll, "Topsy."

We children enjoy you so much, and never get tired of reading over the old stories. I wish that Mrs. Dodge would write us another story. Hers are so enjoyable. We all liked the story that has just finished, "A Bit of Color," and agree that "Betty" must have been a lovely girl; one we should like to know.

The town of Dunmore is two miles from Scranton. We have two different lines of electric cars running into the town, which make it seem very near to Scranton. Our ugly-looking culm piles are being utilized as "plants" for the making of electricity. When we go away, and see the "horse-cars," they seem very much "behind the times."

I would like to know whether any one else tried the "Mother Goose" scrap-book, and with what success.

Well, good-bye, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and with many wishes for a long and happy life to you, I am,

Your sincere friend, HELEN M——.

ALAMEDA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to write a letter to my dear and esteemed friend, ST. NICHOLAS, hoping that its constant readers may see this in the "Letter-box." I am a man near fifty-eight years old, and its readers may not think a man of my age should write a letter to a magazine of its class. I like the story of "Grandpapa's Coat," and "Laetitia and the Redcoats," which we understand to be the British of those times. I shall always esteem it as my home friend. I have several volumes and will have them bound. I remain,

Your constant reader, JOSEPHUS P——.

P. S.—If proper, place this letter in "Letter-box." I enjoyed the two stories above, and could n't help reading them over and over again.

LAKESIDE, LAKE ONTARIO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We—a family of six—are spending the four summer months on the shore of beautiful blue Ontario. It is a quiet place, about forty miles from Niagara Falls, with a dozen or so cottages, and a low, rambling hotel among the trees.

My mother, sister, and myself are very fond of walking, and take long tramps, seeing the country and the people, which latter we often find amusing. Our longest tramp was to Albion, a town ten miles away, and back the same day. We were only three and a half hours going in, but longer coming back.

We went one day to see an old lady who still spins and weaves her own linen and cotton. She was immensely amused to learn where we lived, and said, "To think o' comin' all the way from Washington, to go to the mouth o' Johnson's Creek! You must ha' been hard up!" She thought the President lives in the Capitol.

Another old lady told Mother she had never been away from the farm a day since she was married, but added, proudly, that she "was born south of here." Inquiry revealed the fact that she "had been born on a farm two miles south of here," and only left it for her present home.

We have found several odd localisms, one of which is, "quite a few," meaning a large number, and another, "right smart and away of a walk," means a long distance.

In June, I made a study of tadpoles, putting several into an improvised aquarium. They were almost black, about an inch long, and it was very interesting to see first the hind legs come out, then the fore legs, and, finally, the tail dwindle to nothing. At that stage they were brown, with dark spots, and barely half an inch long. I let them go, and they hopped round the road and fields. Their comrades in the little pond had all developed, and were likewise hopping in the fields.

Now, a few weeks ago, as I was watching the odd water-animals there, I saw two gray-green tadpoles, or pollywogs, nearly three inches long, with undeveloped legs. And, recently, a brilliant green froglet, about an inch and a half long, has come up to greet me. Can any country boy or girl tell me whether the smaller ones were toads? And which is the correct name — tadpoles or pollywogs?

If I have made my letter too long, dear ST. NICHOLAS, as I fear, could you please find room for the last part? I was going to write to "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," and ask him about the "tads," but he seemed to be taking a vacation with the rest of his congregation.

It is needless to tell you how much you are enjoyed, from Grandpa to the youngest. With best wishes for ST. NICHOLAS, from EDITH F. K——.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your charming magazine for seven or eight years, since I was only four years old. That was while we were in Germany. How glad we were to see it every month, and how we did enjoy "Lord Fauntleroy"! Some of our German and English friends enjoyed the magazine, too, very much, and since we came back we sometimes send it over to Munich. I studied drawing there, and I hope, some day, to be able to illustrate for dear ST. NICHOLAS.

This spring we set a hen on ducks' eggs; only one came out, and the mother took care of it as long as she was shut up in a coop. When the mother was let out, she left her little duck of three weeks. Another hen, with seven chickens, at once went to the little duck's coop and took care of it at night, and took it about with her family all day. We thought she was so kind, but to our surprise, after ten days, when she had taught the duck to look after her chickens, she left them to the entire care of the little orphan nurse. We found that it

was the duck that deserved praise, for, although she is full-grown now, she never goes around with the other ducks, but still takes care of these now large chickens, and sleeps in their coop at night. Is that not a remarkable duck?

Your devoted reader, G. B. C——.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if any of your little readers ever had such a nice present as mine on my ninth birthday,—a full set of ST. NICHOLAS, handsomely bound! That was a year ago, and I think there has not been a day since when they have not been used by my brother or myself. It would be hard to tell what we like best. We like it all.

I live fourteen hundred miles from my grandma's and grandpa's, uncles' and aunties', but I go to see them nearly every year. The boys and girls have great fun there in the winter-time. We never think of staying in the house here because it is cold. If we have an ice palace this winter, I will send any of your subscribers, who will send me a stamp, a good picture of the palace.

I hope to take you as long as I live, and then leave you to my children.

Truly your friend, MARION W——.

CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A little while ago I went to a Greek christening, and I thought that perhaps you would like to hear about it. Sometimes it takes place in a house and sometimes in a church. The one I saw was in the house. This is the way it was done:

First, two priests came in with a man, who carried a large metal thing on his back which looked something like a bath. This was the font. He put it down in the middle of the room and filled it with warm water and oil. While he was doing this, the priests let down their hair and put on their robes. Then one took the baby, which was quite naked, and dipped it three times in the font, saying prayers at the same time. After that it was taken out and put into a lot of clean, new linen and given to the godfather, who walked three times round the font with the child in his arms, while the priests scattered incense about and said some more prayers. Then the mother took the baby and bound it up tightly in long bands, tied a little muslin cap on its head, and put it to bed. At the beginning each guest received a lighted candle to hold; and when it was over they gave every one a little piece of money which had a hole in it and a piece of blue and white ribbon tied to it. You are expected to pin this upon your dress till you go away. They gave the guests sweets. Sometimes instead of money they have little silver crosses. The godfather or godmother provides everything—the baby's dress and clothes, the sweets and crosses, and also gives the baby a present. The candles are rather dangerous, as they give them to little children as well as grown people. A little child behind me burned off some of her front hair. She did not burn very much off, as I caught sight of her just in time, and I told the mother, who was very much disgusted. But she did not seem to mind the child's having been in danger so much as she minded her hair being burned off. Now, this is all I remember. So, good-bye.

I remain, your affectionate reader,

ELIZABETH PAYNE S——.

MARDIN, TURKEY IN ASIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am twelve years old, and have taken you for three years, and enjoy you very much. To get to me, you have to ride on horseback six hundred miles, for the post is brought by horses from Samsoon, on the Black Sea, to Mardin, and takes them from nine to ten days. From where our houses stand, we can see the plain of Mesopotamia stretching away to the south, as far as the eye can reach, and hundreds of miles farther. A few months ago a party of us went down on the plain to a village named Dara—supposed to have been built by Darius, the great king. It is all in ruins now. We saw the remains of immense buildings. One was said to have been the palace of the king. Another was entirely underground. It is thought it was a prison. There was the ruin of a reservoir large enough to supply the whole city with water during a long siege. The city was surrounded by a great wall, high and wide, and outside of the wall was a large moat. Right through the city is the bed of a large river, which is now but a small stream. Across it is a bridge that has lasted to this time. It has two tracks, as if they were worn by chariot wheels. On the tops of many of the ruins were storks' nests. There is a small village there now. The people that live in it are all Moslems. It took us—or rather we took—two days to ride there; it is only eighteen miles from here. But we went out for a good time, and did not hurry. I have an Arabian colt, only two years old, that I ride nearly every day; his name, in Arabic, is "Karrumful," meaning *Cloves*. My sister Minnie, four years younger than myself, has a little white Bagdad donkey named "Filfil," meaning *Pepper*.

Lest you get tired of me, I will bid you good-bye for this time, always wishing, dear ST. NICHOLAS, the best of success. I am ever your true friend,

NELLIE E. T——.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Eunice O., Ella G. S., Blanche Keat, John D. M., Adèle and Jessie, Alice Putnam, Marion Clothier, May N. H., Marguerite B., Gertrude C. P., Freddy R., Marion E. S., "Evie," Ernestine Robbins, Anna FitzGerald, Allan Moorfield, C. L. Darling, Frank D. C., Sacka de T. Jones, Maria de T. Jones, Allerton Cushman Crane, Daisy A. Sylla, K. B., Lola Barrows, Fannie L. H., Matchie Willingham, Etta Levy, Lillie Jacobs, Kathleen Howard, Mabel Maynard, Patty Gregg, P. L. D., Isabel C., W. Palmer, Olive Knibbs, L. L. W., Alta Fellows and Ruth Myers, "Ethel," Nora Walker, E. C. Wood, Mary B. Tartt, Marie Buchanan, Sadie F., Lionel Hein, Kate J., Anna N. H., Eloise and Lucienne, Maude D., Daisy S., Lizzie W. Leary, Hattie S. Fitch, R. M. and A. F., Bessie Longbridge, Mary Caldwell, Raymond Buck, Maud C. Maxwell.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Porte. 2. Harms. 3. Games. 4. Peris. 5. Tenor.

PI.

'T is the time
When the chime
Of the season's choral band is ringing out.
Smoky brightness fills the air,
For the light winds everywhere
Censers full of flowery embers swing about.
There is sweetness that oppresses,
As a tender parting blesses;
There 's a softened glow of beauty,
As when Love is wreathing Duty;
There are melodies that seem
Weaving past and future into one fair dream.

Lucy Larcom, "*The Indian Summer.*"

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC. First row, demeans; second, oversee; fifth, accuses; sixth, leeside. Cross-words: 1. Dorsal. 2. Evince. 3. Menace. 4. Erebus. 5. Assisi. 6. Needed. 7. Setose.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Doses. 2. Obole. 3. Solid. 4. Eliza. 5. Sedan. —— CHARADE. Whole-some.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

There 's not a flower on all the hills,
The frost is on the pane.

ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Bryant. Cross-words: 1. caBbage. 2. haRness. 3. toYshop. 4. crAvats. 5. caNteen. 6. buTtons. —— RIDDLE. Pillow.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE. Thomson. 1. Tempest. 2. tHroned. 3. moOrish. 4. diaMond. 5. modeSty. 6. kingdOm. 7. ruffiaN.

BROKEN WORDS. Thanksgiving, Old Homestead. 1. Turn Over. 2. Hire Ling. 3. Anti Dote. 4. Night Hawk. 5. Keels On. 6. Sides Man. 7. Gods End. 8. Inter Scribe. 9. Vesper Tine. 10. Imp End. 11. Not Able. 12. Glad Den.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Capratina; finals, Dindymene. Cross-words: 1. CarotiD. 2. AlfierI. 3. PenguiN. 4. RumoreD. 5. AbilitY. 6. TransoM. 7. ImpingE. 8. NankeeN. 9. AndantE.

PROVERB PUZZLE.

May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Arthur Gride — Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — J. Russell Davis — Pearl F. Stevens — A Family Affair — Jamie and Mamma — Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley — Nellie L. Howes — Maxie and Jackspar — "Wit and Humor" — Blanche and Fred — Helen C. McCleary — Jo and I — Henry Guilford — Ida C. Thallon — Mathilde, Ida, and Alice.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from J. Norman Carpenter, 1 — L. T., 1 — Emma Sydney, 8 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 4 — M. E. W., 1 — Clara and Emma, 1 — M. H., 1 — Papa and Honora, 1 — Susy I. Myers, 2 — May Cadwallader, 1 — Guy H. Purdy, 3 — Sadie and Mary F., 2 — M. H. V., 5 — Kitty, Bessie, and Eugene, 3 — R. M. and A. F., 1 — Elsie Rosenbaum, 2 — "Wamba, Prince Charming, and Molly Bawn," 5 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 4 — "Karl and Queen Elizabeth," 8 — Gita and Pink, 9 — Clara and O., 4 — Charlie Reta and Ernie Sharp, 4 — "We Two," 8 — B. F. R., 9 — Sissie Hunter, 3 — Marion S. Dumont, 2 — J. M. Wright, 5 — "May and 79," 8 — Irvin V. G. Gillis, 10 — Albert E. Clay, 10 — "All of Us," 3 — Jim, Tom, and Charlie, 10 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Carrie Holzman, 2 — Gert and Fan, 6 — G. Goldfrank, 7 — Adrienne Forrester, 5 — Nagrom, 3 — Katie Guthrie, 3 — Eleuthera Smith, 5 — A. A. Smith, 1 — Three American Readers, 4 — Kendrick Family, 1 — No Name, Conn., 5 — A. W. Bartlett, 1 — G. Harwood, 6.

A PENTAGON.

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1. IN muscular. 2. Reverence. 3. Songs or tunes. 4. A wooden instrument used for cleaning flax. 5. Gold coins of the United States. 6. To become unconscious. 7. To discover.

F. S. F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE letters in each of the following thirteen groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed they will answer to the following definitions: 1. Relating to color. 2. Half a poetic verse. 3. A name for buttercups, given them by Pliny, because the aquatic species grow where frogs abound. 4. Just. 5. Benumbed. 6. Shaped like a top. 7. The summer solstice, June 21. 8. Mineral pitch. 9. Layers of earth lying under other layers. 10. The more volatile parts of substances, separated by solvents. 11. Accused. 12. The goddess of discord. 13. The utmost point.

1. I match roc.
2. She hit mic.
3. I run clan U.
4. A limp rat, I.
5. Fed, I set up.
6. I run at Bet.
7. Rinim mused.
8. Put a sham L.
9. As tar tubs.
10. I rust cent.
11. Dime peach.
12. Cari is odd.
13. Extry time.

When the above letters have been rightly transposed, and the words placed one below the other, the primals will spell a festal time, and the finals will spell an anniversary of the Church of England, held on the 28th of December.

F. S. F.



EACH of the six pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 20 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of an eminent scholar and divine who was born December 13, 1815.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. In Chinaman. 2. A pert townsman. 3. An old word meaning the crown of the head. 4. The Indian name for a lake. 5. A prize given at Harvard University. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. In Chinaman.

DOWNWARD: 1. In Chinaman. 2. A capsule of a plant. 3. A printer's mark showing that something is interlined. 4. Men enrolled for military discipline. 5. A fibrous product of Brazil. 6. The first half of a word meaning very warm. 7. In Chinaman.

H. AND B.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the cross-words are of equal length. When they have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the last row of letters, reading upward, will spell something often read at this time of the year; the row next to the last, reading downward, will spell something often overhead at this time of the year.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Flourishing. 2. A company of singers. 3. A rope with a noose. 4. The "Wizard of the North." 5. Baffles. 6. Small, insect-eating mammals. 7. A great artery of the body. 8. A maxim or aphorism. 9. Silica.

DOT PEERYBINGLE.

PI.

YAUNJSAR sklapser dolc,
Erarubſy strigtel,
Charm mosce ni, a dydum clods,
Ripal boss nad stirett;
Crangtik cloes reh dribse-daim yam,
Slubseh nuje wiht seros stewe;
Neht teh sleml fo wen-monw yha,
Enth het sewva fo delgon hewta,
Tenh eth selentin fo lafl;
Hent teh rawzid thmon fo lal;
Neth het seridfie swogl, dan enth
Cashstrim scome ot hater aniga.

DIAGONAL.

THE diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, spell the surname of a famous musician born in 1756.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Central. 2. A body of about five hundred soldiers. 3. An enchanter. 4. A country of North America. 5. To expand. 6. A parcel.

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READY FOR A NEW YEAR.

ST. NICHOLAS.

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THE Yule-log's Song

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

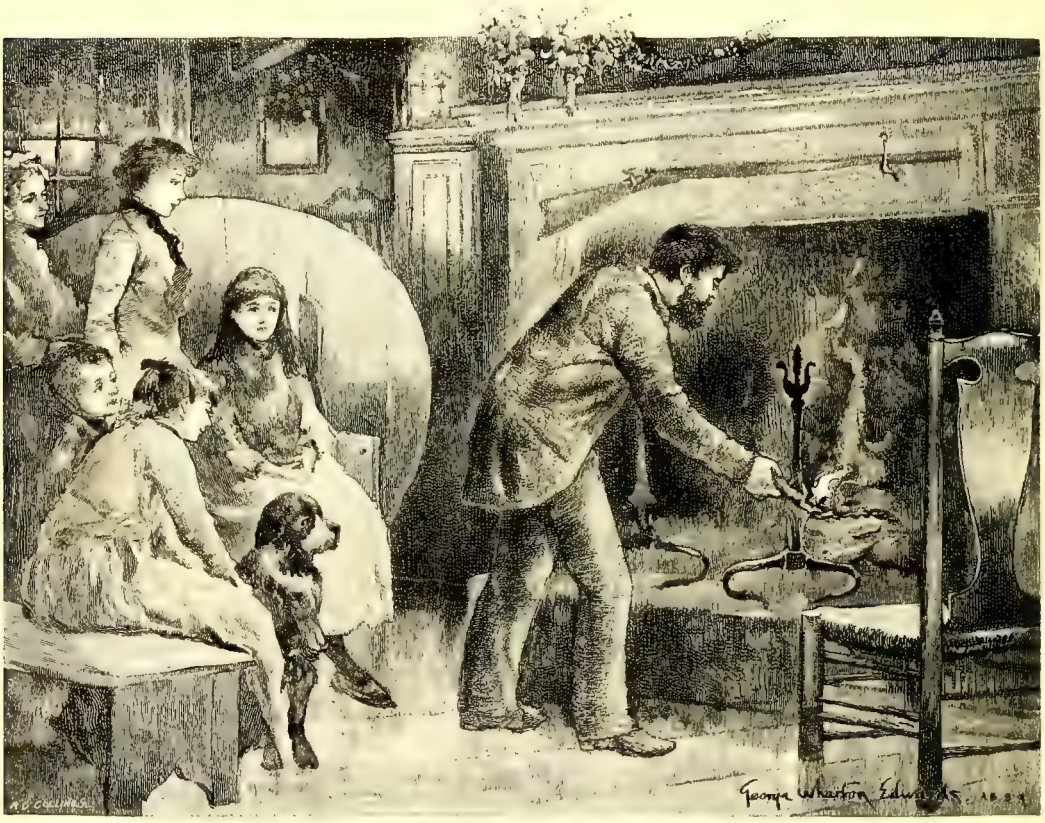
HIGH in the mountains where we went
To have our Christmas among the snows,
The far white slopes stretched up the sky
Where the young moon sank and the great stars rose;
And with every gust of the long slow wind
The forests of fir from root to crown
Made murmuring music, and softly shook
A cloud of sifted silver down.
But round the hearth of the room within,
Like the cherub throng of some heavenly choir,
The children clustered, and held their breath
While their father lighted the yule-log fire.

The little flames crackled and crisped and curled,
And sweet were the cries from the happy crew,
As higher and higher the blue smoke twirled,
And then what a blaze the great log threw,

What a glory swept up the chimney shaft,
And vanished into the vast night-blue!
And the rafters started out of the gloom
With all their festooning apple-strings,
With the silver skin of their onion-stalks,
Their crook-necked squash, and their herby things.
And the gleam glanced high on the powder-horn,
And the king's-arm flung back a startled light,

"Thank God for Christmas!" the father said,
And the mother, dropping her needles, turned,
"Thank God for Christmas, for roof, for fire!"
She answered him, and the yule-log burned.

On roared the billowy flames; the sparks
In shining showers up the darkness whirled;
And the sap on the great ends stood like beads,
And bubbled and simmered and hummed and purled,



"THEIR FATHER LIGHTED THE YULE-LOG FIRE."

And the face of the clock was like the moon
Red in the mists of the August night,
While all the depth of the dusky room
Was full of the firelight's blush and bloom.

The grandame's hair like the aureole
Of any saint in a picture showed,
And a wreath of roses about her there
The frolicking children's faces glowed.

And its thin note quavered and swelled and sighed,
And tuned and twittered and rippled along.

"The worm is dying," the children cried.
"Oh, hush!" said the grandame; "you do it wrong,—"
And they bent to listen, all eager-eyed,—
"Hush, 't is the yule-log singing his song!"

And the place with a sudden warble rang,
And this is the song the yule-log sang:

"Far in forest glades I grew,
Fed on draughts of noontide dew;
Passed the spotted snake's low lair,
Passed the browsing of the bear,
Fresher branches thrust each year,
Passed the antler of the deer,
Till space and sun and solitude
Made me king of all the wood.

"Then, my lower branches laid
In a mighty depth of shade,
Glad my tops the sun descried
Coursing up the great earth's side,
Knew the cloud's phantasmal forms,
Wrestled with a thousand storms,
Proudly bore victorious scars,
And measured lances with the stars!

"Twice a hundred years the snow
Her white and glimmering veils did throw
Round me; moonbeams touched my spires
With a light of frosty fires;
Knee-deep in the summer fern
Twice a hundred years return,
And into leaf my full plumes burst
Green as when they bourgeoned first.

"Spices of the sun-soaked wood
Rose about me where I stood;
Gums their richest resin cast
On every wind that wandered past;
Blossoms shed their petals sweet
In balmy drifts about my feet;
Berried fragrance filled the gloom,
And the wild grape's ambrosial bloom.

"Here the bee went blundering by
Honey-drunk, the butterfly
Flittered,— ah, what songs I heard
Shrilling from the building bird!
How all little life did house
Securely in my sheltering boughs
That drew the green walls close when there
The great hawk hung in upper air!

"Still the dawn, the star-flame old,
That steeped me through and through, I hold,
The gladness wrought in every root
While the wood-thrush blew his flute,
And music ordering all my art
With sorrow fit to break the heart
When the summer night was still
And far off mourned the whippoorwill.

"Now, my wealth of centuried hours,—
Memory of summer showers,
Bloom and song and leaf and wing,—
Upon this yule-tide hearth I fling.
All the life that filled my year
I bring back to the Giver here,
Burning gladly in His name
The hoarded sunshine of my flame!"

And the children listened, but all was still;
A core of heat was the yule-log's heart,
And into the ashes the live coals dropped
Like rubies that flash and break apart;
And the shadows skimmed up the darkening wall,
And the wind brought a clamor of music near,
And the stars themselves bent down to hear,
While out in the valley far below
The peal of the Christmas-bells rang clear.

MAY BARTLETT'S STEPMOTHER.

By Nora Perry.

Chapter IV.



CATHY BOND was spending the first vacation of the autumn with her "dear May," as she had been in the habit of calling May since the intimacy that had sprung up between them.

The girls who lived at a distance from Hillside generally remained at the seminary through the shorter vacations. Cathy Bond's home was two days' journey from the school. The Macy sisters and Susy Morris also lived at a distance, and the four hitherto had spent their vacations together at the seminary. Cathy's invitation had come about in this way:

"I 'm glad I don't have to spend my vacations at the seminary, as some of the girls do," May had happened to say one day to her father. Mrs. Bartlett, who was present, had looked up and remarked quickly:

"It must be very forlorn for them." And when May had answered with emphasis, "It *is* forlorn," Mrs. Bartlett had surprised her by saying:

"Why don't you invite one of them to spend the week with you?"

"But — but," May stammered, "Papa does n't like it."

"Papa does n't like what?" then inquired Mr. Bartlett, waking up from his absent-mindedness. May explained, and related how she had begged for this privilege of hospitality before, only to be told that it could n't be. Her father laughed at the recital, and then astonished her by this speech:

"Oh, well, that was last year! I could n't have two giddy young things turned loose in the house then; I should have been totally neglected, if not trampled upon. Now, you see, I 've somebody to be company for me, while you neglect me."

"Oh, Papa! do you mean, that now — "

"Yes; now, if you like," nodding and smiling at her.

"And I hope," said Mrs. Bartlett, smiling also, "that you will invite that pretty, bright-faced Cathy Bond."

Cathy Bond! The color in May's cheeks and her embarrassed look showed Mrs. Bartlett that something was amiss, and she immediately remarked:

"Of course it makes no difference to me, my dear, which of your friends you invite, but I remembered this one particularly, and I thought her your favorite, from seeing her more with you than the others."

"Oh, yes; yes, she is," was May's rather confused reply.

And this is the way it came about that Cathy spent the vacation with her "dear May."

"After she has talked as she has, I should n't think she 'd feel much like going there to visit," Joanna exclaimed indignantly to her sister Elsie.

And at last something of this kind was said to Cathy herself, who retorted that she was going to visit *May* at May's invitation, and not the stepmother. Perhaps it was this last sharp word that sharpened Cathy's temper, and sent her on her visit with her prejudices more alive than ever.

"That pretty, bright-faced girl," Mrs. Bartlett had said; and Cathy was all that,—pretty and bright-faced; but when she sat at table that first night of her visit, Mrs. Bartlett felt a vague sense of disappointment in her. She had seen her only a moment or two at different times when she had called upon May, and then her prettiness and brightness had impressed Mrs. Bartlett very favorably. But as she sat at table, there was a sort of forward smartness, a too self-possessed, grown-up-ish air in what she said and did, to suit fastidious, well-bred people.

"Oh, dear," thought Mrs. Bartlett, "what a pity!—and such a nice-looking girl," and then, "perhaps this is one reason why May has such a forbidding way with her."

And while these thoughts were passing through Mrs. Bartlett's mind, Cathy with her sharpened temper was pluming herself upon her manners, and upon taking a stand against the stepmother. "I shall be polite," she had said to herself; "but I shall not be sweet and cordial, and I shall let them see that May has a real, independent friend."

Mr. Bartlett who at first had begun to try and make "the little girl," as he called her, feel comfortable by saying pleasant, kind things to her, soon gave up his endeavor, and as he did so, he looked at her with one of his queer satirical expressions. May caught the look and grew hot, then cold. She knew perfectly what it meant—that he was half-displeased, and half-amused. What she did not know, was that he was thinking just then, "What in the world led Margaret to suggest that piece of trumpery, as a visitor for May?" But as he ceased his endeavors to make "the little girl comfortable," another idea flashed into his mind. It would be a saving grace to let May see, as he could make her see, what a second-rate simpleton—for so he judged then—this friend was. The idea was too tempting not to be acted upon, and suddenly addressing her with a deference he might have shown to an older person, he drew the girl on to display—as she supposed—her knowledge and brilliancy. Instead, however, of these qualities, Cathy only displayed her foolishness and forwardness, behaving in fact in a very second-rate manner indeed. "Oh," thought poor May, "I would n't have believed that Cathy could go on like this. She can be so sensible. And Papa—Papa is too bad."

She looked appealingly at him, but he did not notice her. She then tried to stop Cathy by asking her a question about school matters. But Cathy would not be stopped. Still she rattled on, perking up her little chin, and laughing, until May began to feel very much ashamed, and to wish that something would happen, or



CATHY ADORNS HERSELF FOR THE PARTY (SEE PAGE 204.)

somebody would come to the rescue. And somebody did come to the rescue; and this somebody was—the stepmother.

Mrs. Bartlett had been observant of everything—of her husband's "mischief," as she termed it, of Cathy's silliness, and of May's annoyance.

"What possesses Edward," she thought, "to draw out that child's absurdities like this?" And then she echoed May's thought, "It is too bad of him." But, like May, she did n't understand his motive. Yet if she had understood, I think she would have done the same thing. And this

is what she did. As she saw her husband, with that look of mischief on his face, about to address Miss Cathy again, she turned to him with a sudden question relating to an important matter in which he was interested. His attention once caught, she held it, though there was an amused sparkle in his eyes that showed he was perfectly well aware of his wife's purpose. But the purpose was served, and May drew a sigh of relief.

But Cathy was not so well pleased to be thus robbed of what she considered such flattering attention, and responded rather absently to May's low-voiced attempts to talk with her; and, after they had left the table, when May tried to draw her into her own special sanctum —a charming room full of books and pictures and games—Cathy said decidedly:

"Oh, let 's go into the parlor; I think it 's so pleasant where there 's an open fire."

But if she fancied she was again to receive the attention that had so flattered her, she was mistaken. Mr. Bartlett became absorbingly interested in a book, from which he now and then read passages to his wife. He took not the slightest notice of "the children," as he would have called them. Disappointed by this neglect, Cathy looked about her for some amusement, and as she saw the open piano in the further corner of the large room, she whispered to May that they might try one of their duets.

"Oh, no, no, not now; we 'll try to-morrow," poor May whispered back. But Cathy could not or would not understand, and saying carelessly, "Well, let me look at the music," led the way to the instrument. Once there, she did not content herself with looking; she must just try whether she could remember this or that, she had taken for a lesson. "This or that" turned out to be a few bars of various compositions, not of the highest order, and played without particular skill. May stole a glance down the room at her father. Mr. Bartlett was fond of music, and had some knowledge of it, and a cultivated taste. May saw him twist his mouth into a comical smile,



"CATHY RATTLED ON UNTIL MAY BEGAN TO FEEL ASHAMED."

and shake his head ruefully as he looked at Cathy.

"Come, let us play 'Halma'; I have a new board," she whispered to Cathy.

But Cathy just then struck into a gay waltz, and banged away with all her might. As she played the last bars, Mrs. Bartlett approached.

"That was one of the Strauss waltzes, was n't it?" she asked Cathy politely; and then she began to speak of the great Peace Jubilee in Boston, when Johann Strauss had come all the way from Austria to play, and to lead the great orchestra in the colosseum that was erected for the jubilee.

"I was about your age then," she said, looking at Cathy, "and I never had had such a perfectly lovely time as I had then." As she went on describing that fairy-like structure, with its glass roof, covering so many acres, and the bands from England and Germany and France and Austria and Ireland, that came over to America to play their own music in celebration of the peace of the world, May leaned forward, spell-bound by the description and all it brought before her, and even Cathy forgot herself for the time. After this, Mr. Bartlett called out:

"Margaret, play something for us;" and Margaret played some beautiful selections from Schumann and Beethoven, and then, at the last, she sang a good-night song by Robert Franz; and with the concluding words, "Good-night, good-night," she rose, smiling, from her seat, and as at that instant the little clock on the mantel struck half-past nine, May knew that it was time to go to bed, and rose also, expecting Cathy to follow her example; but Cathy hung back, and began to speak.

"Do you know any waltzes that you could play for us to dance, Mrs. Bartlett?" she asked. Before Mrs. Bartlett could reply, Mr. Bartlett had come forward, and was saying, "Good-night, children," and in the next moment he was asking his wife to play a Hungarian march for him.

May was only too glad to get away. Once upstairs by themselves, Cathy would be herself again, she reasoned. But there were several things rankling in Cathy's mind, not the least of which was that "Good-night, *children*," and when May, with a little skip of relief, entered the chamber, and said cheerfully:

"I don't feel a bit sleepy; do you, Cathy?" Cathy answered sharply:

"I? No; I could have waltzed for half an hour."

The color flew to May's face.

"But, Cathy, it is half-past nine, half an hour later than I usually go to bed, and you told me that nine was the seminary hour."

"Well, this is n't the seminary. I did n't expect to visit a school," sarcastically.

May had to remember that Cathy was her guest, and that she must be polite to her, so she said:

"I 'm so sorry, Cathy. But—she—will play for us to dance to-morrow, I dare say."

"'She'—oh, that 's what you call her? I 've wondered what it was! What do you call her when you speak to her?"

"I—I—don't say anything. I wait until she is looking at me. I—"

Cathy went off into a giggle.

"Oh, it 's too funny. I must tell the girls when I get back that you only speak of her as 'she,' and wait until she looks at you before—"

"Oh, don't, Cathy."

"Don't what?"

"Don't make fun—like that—to the girls."

"Well, I *should* just like to know what has come over you, May Bartlett; but I know well enough. *She* has got the upper hand of you in your own home, that 's clear."

The color in May's face deepened.

"How can you talk so foolishly, Cathy?"

"I 'm not talking foolishly. I saw it at the very first, when we were at the tea-table. What did she do when your father was so nice and pleasant to me but stop him and make him talk to her! And then she would n't let him come near us in the parlor, but came herself after a while, and told us stories about that old jubilee. I 've heard my mother tell about it a hundred times."

"Oh, Cathy! you don't know—"

May stopped. She could n't tell Cathy that she had been saved twice: once from making herself ridiculous, and again from being an annoyance, by—yes—by the stepmother. And it was the stepmother who had encouraged her

visit, who had spoken of her as pretty and bright-faced, when Cathy had been so bitter against her, and, worst of all, at the very time when she had been really doing her a kindness;—but what was it Cathy was saying?

"I *do* know one thing, May, that you are another girl here at home from what you are at school. You don't seem to remember what you 've told me about the garden-party, and the wagon, and everything. You to tell *me* not to talk to the girls!"

May began to feel very angry, and luckily very small too; the latter feeling prevented the outburst of the former. How could she admonish Cathy? There was a silence for a few minutes, while Cathy, with an injured look, made her preparations for bed. By and by May said, with an effort:

"She wanted you to come."

"*She* wanted me;" a little rasping laugh, and then, "what do you mean by that?"

May explained by relating the conversation where Mrs. Bartlett had spoken of her so pleasantly. The angry lines relaxed a little in Cathy's face, and presently she said, easily:

"Well, it was never *my* affair, you know. *I* never knew anything about her, except what you told me, and I 'm sure I hope she will turn out nice, for your sake."

May struggled with her temper. She felt put in the wrong on every side. But even if she yielded to the wild impulse within her, what could she say? If Cathy had encouraged *her* to talk against her stepmother, she had likewise encouraged Cathy!

There was nothing to be said then; and nothing to be done, except to listen to Cathy with what patience she might; but Cathy herself presently turned from the subject to something else, and a little later, all unkind thoughts were lost, for the time, in slumber.

CHAPTER V.

"PLAY for you to dance? Certainly I will. But, May, how would you like to invite the other girls who are spending their vacation at the seminary to join a little party here on Saturday evening?"

"But there are not enough to make a party."

Mrs. Bartlett smiled.

"But I said 'join a party.' I thought I would invite some of my friends in Boston with their young people, if you would like it, and then we might have enough for a dancing-party. *Would* you like it?"

May looked up. There was something in the wistful tone of this "*would* you like it?" that made her ashamed of her ungracious hesitation; yet Cathy's sneering accusation of the night before, "you are another girl here at home from what you are at school," had been rankling in her mind. She must prove herself; she must show Cathy that she was the same, and so instead of responding at once as she felt, with delight at the project, she said after that hesitation, in a cold tone:

"Yes, I should like it very well." And then Cathy, who was standing by, sprang forward and exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Bartlett, I think it would be just lovely, and I 'm sure *I* shall like it above all things!"

Again May felt herself put in the wrong and misunderstood, and again she had to struggle with her temper. This conversation had taken place on the morning after Cathy's arrival, which had been upon Friday, the beginning of the vacation. The party proposed was for the next Saturday.

"The only thing that troubles me is that I have n't a light dress to wear—I 've only my garnet cashmere here at Hillside," Cathy remarked, when she and May were alone together.

"Oh, but we are so near of a size you can wear one of mine; I have two white wool dresses," May answered readily.

When the dresses were produced and tried on, Cathy found that the latest-made dress suited her best.

"But, Cathy, don't you think it is too long? It comes almost to the floor upon *you*. I am taller, you know."

"Oh, no, 't is n't a bit too long. I like it," Cathy replied hastily. And so the matter was dismissed, Cathy after removing the dress hanging it up in the closet with a pleased air. The week sped by very quickly, and for the most part smoothly. Cathy evidently enjoyed

herself, though she found that Mr. Bartlett was no longer disposed to treat her as a grown-up young lady; indeed, that he took but scant notice of her. The long drives, however, in the little village-wagon in the bright early days of winter that were like autumn, the trips to Boston, to a matinée performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and to visit one or two picture galleries, filled the short days to overflowing. On several occasions during this time, Cathy had said things that had made May exceedingly uncomfortable. Once, at the beginning of the preparations for the little party, she suddenly asked, "Don't you help, when anything of this kind is going on?"

"Help — how?" May inquired, in a bewildered tone.

"Why, with the notes of invitation for one thing. I always do that part at home."

"No, I never thought of it. When Aunt Mary lived with us I was too young, and she left us only two years ago."

"Well, you do have an easy time, May, I must say," Cathy had responded to this. May did not care to ask Cathy for any more of her opinions on the subject; a sense of hurt pride was beginning to affect her — to make her draw back within herself, and to feel that Cathy was going too far. Once she would have told Cathy this, would have told anybody who had spoken to her in such a fashion; but now, the consciousness that she herself had opened the way for Cathy to be so free with her silenced her.

Yet in spite of some annoyances like this, the week ran rapidly toward its end, and Saturday morning came. Just after luncheon, Mrs. Bartlett said to the girls:

"Had n't you two girls better try on your dresses now, and see if everything is all right? They may need new ruching in the neck, or some little changes. I always try on a dress after it has n't been worn for a while, before the last minute, as we used to say at home."

May started up readily; Cathy was not so ready.

"But I 've tried the one I 'm to wear, Mrs. Bartlett," she said.

"Yes, I know — all by yourselves; but don't you want to let me see if everything is right? If it is n't, I can let Julie attend to it at once."

May was already upstairs, and Cathy slowly followed her.

As Mrs. Bartlett entered the chamber, she saw her stepdaughter standing arrayed in a very pretty white gown, much too short in the skirt.

"There now, my dear, here is something to be done. You have grown so tall, your skirt must be lengthened." She busied herself for several moments in taking measurements, and then turned to Cathy.

"Why, my dear, you both have made a mistake. This is as much too long for you as the one May has on is too short for her;" and she went forward, smilingly, ready to help remedy this "mistake." But Cathy stepped back.

"No, there is no mistake, Mrs. Bartlett. I — my party-dress at home is as long as this. I like it."

"But — with your hair down in a braid, it hardly seems to suit you. The skirt is as long as mine, I think," Mrs. Bartlett remarked quietly.

"Oh, well, I shall put my hair up to-night. I often do at home," quickly responded Cathy. "Besides, the other dress would be short for me, too. I 'm nearly as tall as May."

As she spoke, Cathy walked across the room to the mirror, and as she did so the difference in height allowed May to look easily over her head. Mrs. Bartlett caught May's eye at that moment, and laughed! This was very undignified, no doubt, but Mrs. Bartlett was only an older girl herself, and the whole situation had suddenly become irresistibly ludicrous to her. May, too, in that moment, felt her indignation at Cathy change to merriment, and, as Cathy wheeled about with a look of questioning, she surprised an exchange of glances that both mortified and offended her.

But, with the easy readiness of her greater experience, Mrs. Bartlett instantly said:

"It was so funny, my dear, to see May in that ridiculously short skirt overtopping you that I had to laugh;" and then turning briskly to May, she treated the matter as of no consequence by saying:

"Now, May, if you will come with me to the sewing-room, Julie will attend to your skirt."

The two girls saw little of each other after this, until it was time to dress for the evening. It was an early party, on account of the young

people, and May had been occupied with Julie most of the afternoon.

When, therefore, the two met later in the day, something of Cathy's irritation had been overlaid by other things; but it had only been overlaid, and May knew, by the rather artificial manner in which Cathy tried to be cordial and natural, that she had not forgotten. Specially was this noticeable when May donned the gown that Julie had altered.

"Oh, does n't it look nice, though!" cried Cathy, in a slightly strained and nervous tone.

"It does very well," was all that May could reply; for in fact the gown did not look particularly nice, spite of Julie's efforts. The lengthening process showed in the white surface, and even the broad sash did not conceal that the waist also had been a little outgrown. Julie, who had been sent in by Mrs. Bartlett to assist the girls at their toilets, turned to Cathy at last, saying, in her French-English:

"Now, if Mees Cathy 's ready for me, I make her ready."

Cathy still waited. Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, she cried:

"Oh, May, will you see if I can have some of that red kalmia from the green-house instead of the daisies?"

May took the hint — Cathy wanted to get rid of her. It was on the stroke of the hour for which the guests had been bidden when they next met.

"What can your friend be about?" Mrs. Bartlett asked with some concern as the minutes sped by. May knew no more than her stepmother. She only knew that the bunch of kalmia had been sent up to Cathy half an hour ago.

"Perhaps you had better run up and see if she is waiting for you to come for her," Mrs. Bartlett then suggested. But just as May started, the clock struck eight, and at the same time the door-bell rang. At that very moment a white vision appeared on the parlor threshold. It was a slender young lady in a white dress, with her dark hair piled in a crown-like coil upon the top of her head. At the neck, a cluster of scarlet flowers began, and, widening out in a bright mass of color, drooped in long sprays to the waist-line. Both May and her stepmother looked at this vision at first with surprise. Was it a guest whose arrival they had not heard? The white vision stepped forward; the red mouth above the red flowers smiled.

"Why, Cathy!" cried May. Yes, it was Cathy. In her long, white dress, with her dusky hair gathered up, and all those scarlet kalmias, she looked like a young lady, and a very pretty one, it must be confessed. Cathy was quite aware of the effect that she produced. She saw surprised admiration in May's glance. It was not so easy to read Mrs. Bartlett's face, but in the smile of recognition Miss Cathy saw no sign of disapproval.

The ring at the door-bell was that of the little party from the seminary. When they came into the parlor, Joanna, as the eldest of the three, advanced first, Elsie and Susy shyly following. All three were dressed somewhat alike, in different shades of dark-blue cashmere. If, as they observed the white-robed figures before them, they might have felt a little shade of girlish regret and mortification that they too were not so whitely clothed, the warm reception that they received from Mrs. Bartlett and May went far to reassure them. None of the party at first recognized Cathy. When they did, Susy forgot her shyness for the moment in her astonishment, and cried out in that little soft odd voice of hers:

"Oh, it 's Cathy in a fancy costume — how funny!"

The rest of the girls laughed — that is, all but Cathy; and Susy, noting the vexed expression of her face, added:

"I did n't mean by 'funny' that it was n't nice, too."

The girls laughed again, Cathy joining this time. As for Mrs. Bartlett, she thought:

"What a dear, quaint little darling it is. If only *she* had been May's visitor!"

But as the other guests began to arrive, there was little opportunity to indulge in regrets of any kind. The guests were some of them strangers to May even: they were old friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Bartlett's, with their young sisters, or daughters, and their brothers.

"Oh, is n't it nice to have real partners!" exclaimed Cathy, as she saw the latter enter.

Joanna, to whom she spoke, laughed, and said she thought *she* was real enough whenever she had been Cathy's partner.

"Oh, but you know what I mean—*gentlemen* partners," pettishly responded Cathy; and Joanna had responded to this:

"*I* call them boys."

Two violins, a harp, and a cornet, in a small room leading out of the parlors, made music for the dancers. All the girls entered into the dancing with great zest, Cathy more than the rest. When May had first recognized her, in the long dress and piled-up hair, she had felt such a thrill of admiration that all her old belief and regard, which had been sorely shaken within the last few days, revived. In fact, Cathy looked so much like a splendid grown-up young lady then, that to criticise her seemed an impertinence; and introducing this splendid young lady to one and another, May had a feeling of pride in her, and when she saw with what a self-possessed air these introductions were received, she was sure that there was not one of those Boston girls who had nicer manners.

The dancing was in the long wide hall, as well as in the parlors. Cathy seemed to prefer the hall, and May found herself in the parlor, separated from her as the evening went on; and now and then she would wonder whether Cathy was having a good time. May herself was having a delightful time. She had forgotten all about her dress being short in the waist, and showing where it had been let down; she had forgotten everything that was disagreeable, indeed, when she suddenly became conscious that the music was greatly accelerated in speed, and that over and above the music there seemed to be a good deal of noise — the sound of voices and laughter.

She was vaguely wondering what it meant, when she heard one of the boy strangers from town say to another, with a laugh:

"They 're rushing things out there in the hall, are n't they?" And the other answered:

"It 's that seminary girl. She 's set them all a-going. I saw her speak to the musicians just now."

That seminary girl! Who, *who* could they mean? Just then the final quadrille change was called, and the moment she was free May dashed out into the hall. But the music, which had ceased for a second, had struck up again into a wild jig tune, and there was Cathy, her hair flying, her laugh sounding, leading off down the polished floor, almost on a run, to the jig tune, with one of the older boys for her partner.

"Margaret, if you don't stop that little hoyden, I will!" May here overheard her father say. The next instant she saw her stepmother walk rapidly past, and in another instant the music came to an abrupt close.

Cathy, in her mad speed, at that instant met Mrs. Bartlett face to face as she was leaving the music-room.

"Oh, Mrs. Bartlett," she broke forth, "how *could* you stop our fun?"

"Hush, my dear," began Mrs. Bartlett; but Cathy, wild with her fun, as she called it, interrupted with a pleading and protesting—pleading for "just one more swing," and protesting generally in a foolish, flippant little manner, full of vanity and silliness, with a notion that she was behaving in a very young ladyish style, and attracting the admiration of everybody about her; when she was attracting, instead, that very unenviable attention which expresses itself in astonished stares and questions of: "Who is that little hoyden?" If she had turned, as she stood there protesting, she would have seen the master of the house approaching with an ominous frown upon his face; but she did not turn, and she only saw the mistress of the house shake her head at some one, and then heard her say:

"Come, Cathy, it is nearly supper time, and I want you to go upstairs and let Julie put your hair and dress in order." As Mrs. Bartlett said this, she fixed her eyes upon Cathy with a perfectly kind, but a compelling gaze, and the girl knew that she must obey; but there was in her heart a blind, unreasoning fury as she did so.

May, full of shame and disappointment, shrank back into the shadow of the portière near her father, but unseen by him. It was then she heard her stepmother say:

"No, Edward, I could n't let you speak to her. You must remember she is only a child —a willful, spoiled child, and her head is a little turned by her high spirits, and her prettiness, and the effect she seemed to produce."

"Margaret, you would find excuses for anybody."

"I would certainly find excuses for such a mere child as this."

They moved away together, but May still remained behind the portière, thinking, thinking, thinking. This was the third time her stepmother had shielded Cathy — Cathy, who from the start had been against her, had said hard things, had had hard thoughts of her, had done her best to injure her. But who had encouraged Cathy? Again this question confronted May.

"May, is it you, my dear?"

Somebody was pushing the portière aside. It was her stepmother.

"Oh, it *is* you. Will you run up, my dear, and see if Cathy is ready to come down. I can't think what keeps her so long. It could n't have taken Julie more than five minutes to put her dress in order."

As May sped on her errand her thoughts sped with her, tormenting her with fears and regrets. At the door of her room she paused a moment, with the fears increasing, for there was a confusion of voices, Cathy's rising above the others.

"No; I shall *not* go down again! — to be sent away like a baby! — do you think —!"

"Oh, Cathy! Cathy! you *must* come down; I 've been sent for you," cried May, as she entered the room.

"I shall *not!*"

"How silly you are, Cathy. Of course you 'll go down."

It was Joanna who spoke. As May crossed the threshold she saw that Joanna and Susy were both standing by the dressing-table.

"There 's no 'of course' about it," Cathy retorted sharply, "and you may call me silly if you like, Joanna Macy, but I should just like to ask you how you would feel to be treated like a baby — sent off to have your hair brushed and your face washed, right in the middle of a dance?"

"Hair brushed and face washed! How you do go on, Cathy! But it was n't in the middle of a dance. The cotillon had ended, and it was you who started that other thing — I saw you, and I should have thought Mrs. Bartlett would have been disgusted. It was horrid of you — a school-girl like you, to be so forward. I was so ashamed I did n't know what to do."

"A school-girl like me! I 'm fifteen, Joanna Macy."

"What 's fifteen? We are all nothing but a pack of school-girls, any way."

"And to be stopped like that, and sent off, and your partner — a young gentleman, standing with you!"

"Oh, that 's it! A young gentleman! That Everett boy!" and Joanna laughed scornfully.

Cathy's rage did n't cool at Joanna's speech, and she was about to retort again, when May broke in with her entreaty:

"Oh, *do* come, Cathy! I have been sent for you."

"Yes, *she* sent you, I suppose," with a sneering emphasis upon the pronoun.

"Cathy, you are very — very unjust. If you did but know it, she has been very kind to you," cried May.

"She! She! She!" Cathy mockingly repeated. "That is what May calls this stepmother of whom all at once she is so fond!" and then, in a few sharp, stinging words, Cathy let loose the irritation that had been accumulating from her hurt vanity for the last few days. In these words were reproach and accusation, which had enough truth in them to make it very difficult for May to control herself; but with the reproach and accusation against herself were mixed at last such comment and criticism of her stepmother as not only May, but the two other girls, felt to be both unfair and impertinent.

"How can you, Cathy?" burst out Joanna indignantly. "Mrs. Bartlett has been lovely to you — to us all, I 'm sure. If you had to sputter out that silly prejudice against stepmothers at first, you might stop now. I should think you 'd harmed May about enough."

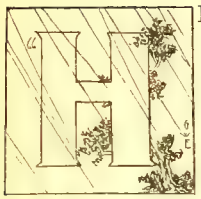
"*I* harmed May! May hated her stepmother from the first. It was May who told me —" Her voice suddenly ceased as she caught the expression of horror in May's eyes, — May, who was looking beyond her at somebody, or something, — who — what could it be?

To be continued.)

THE ENCHANTED MESA.

(A Legend of New Mexico in the Fifteenth Century.)

By Charles F. Lummis.



EAR ye, people of Acoma, for I, the Governor, speak. To-morrow, go ye down to the fields to plow; already it is the month of rain, and there is little in the store-rooms. Let all go forth, that we build shelters of cedar and stay in the fields. The women, also, to cook for us. Take ye each one his burros, and food for a month. And pray that the Sun-Father, Pa-yat-yama, give us much corn this year."

As white-headed Kai-a-tan-ish passed deliberately down the front of the houses, the soft Queres words rolling sonorously from his deep throat, the people stopped their work to listen to him. The ruddy sun was just resting over the cliffs of the Black Mesa, which walled the pretty valley on the west, and the shadows of the houses were creeping far out along the rocky floor of the town.

Such quaint houses as they were! Built of gray adobe, terraced so that the three successive stories receded like a gigantic flight of steps, they stood in three parallel rows, each a continuous block a thousand feet long, divided by interior walls into wee but comfortable tenements. There were no doors nor windows in the lower story, but tall ladders reached to its roof, which formed a sort of broad piazza before the second-story door. Women were washing their hair with the soapy root of the palmilla on the yard-like roofs, or coming home from the great stone reservoir with gaily decorated *tinajas** of rain-water perched confidently upon their heads. Children ran races along the smooth rock which served for a street, or cared for their mothers' babies, slung upon their patient young backs. The men were very busy, tying up bundles in buckskin, putting new handles on their stone axes and hoes, or fitting to damaged arrows new heads shaped from pieces of quartz or volcanic glass.

As the governor kept his measured way down the street, repeating his proclamation at intervals, a tall, powerfully-made Indian stepped from one of the houses, descended the ladder to the ground, and walked out toward the sunset until he could go no farther. He stood on the edge of a dizzy cliff. From its beetling top the old cedars in the plain below looked like dark-green moss. For in those days the Queres city of Acoma stood on the Rock of Katzimo — a great round, stone table two miles in circumference, and with perpendicular walls a thousand feet high. The level valley, five miles wide, was hemmed in by cliffs, forming a gigantic box; and in its very center rose the red Rock of Katzimo.

Sho-ka-ka stood looking out at the fiery sunset with a sad and absorbed expression. He did not hear the patter of bare feet on the rock behind him, nor did he turn till a small hand nestled in his own and a boy's clear voice said:

"Ah, Tata! To-morrow we go to the planting! The governor has said it. And perhaps I may kill rabbits with the new bow thou didst make me. When I am bigger, I will use it to kill the wicked Apaches."

The man laid his muscular hand upon the boy's head and drew it to his side. "Still for war and the chase!" he said, fondly. "But it is better to kill rabbits and deer than men. Think thou of that, A-chi-te. We Queres fight only to save our homes, not for the sake of fighting and plunder, as do the Apaches. But thy mother is very sick and can not go to the fields, and it is not kind to leave her alone. Only that I am a councilor of the city and must give a good example in working, I would stay with her. A hundred children will go to the fields, but thou shalt be a man to keep the town.

* Large earthen jars.

Two other women lie sick near the *estufa*, and thou shalt care for thy mother and for them."

The boy's lip quivered an instant with disappointment; but Pueblo children never even *think* disobedience, and he shut his teeth firmly.

"Poor Nana!" (little mother) he said, "poor little Mamma! Truly she can not be left alone. And, if the Apaches come, I will roll down such stones on them that they shall think the Hero Brothers have come down from the Sun-Father's house to fight for Acoma!"

"That is my brave. Now run thou home and grind the dried meat and put it in my pouch, that I may be ready to start early. All else is done. If thou dost well while I am gone, I will make thee the best bow and quiver of arrows in all Acoma."

A-chi-te started homeward, running like a deer. He was fifteen years old, tall for his age, clean-limbed and deep-chested. His heavy black hair was cut straight above his big, black eyes, and behind fell below his shoulders. He had the massive but clear-cut features of his father — a face of remarkable strength and beauty, despite the swarthy skin.

Sho-ka-ka sighed as the boy ran off. "It is in an ill time that we start for the planting. I saw an owl in the cedars to-day, and it would not fly when I shouted. And when I smoked the holy smoke, I could not blow it upward at all. Perhaps the spirits are angry with us. It is good that we make a sacrifice to-night, to put their anger to sleep." And he strode thoughtfully away to the great, round *estufa*, where the councilors were to smoke and deliberate upon the morrow's work.

When the Sun-Father peeped over the eastern mesas in the morning, he looked in the eyes of his expectant children. Motionless and statuesque they stood upon the house-tops, awaiting his coming; and now they bowed reverently as his round, red house rose above the horizon. A solemn sacrifice had been offered the night before, and all the medicine-men deemed the omens favorable, save old Poo-ya-tye, who shook his head but could not tell what he feared.

Already an active young brave had rounded-up the hundreds of burros at the foot of the rock; and now a long procession of men, women, and children, bearing heavy burdens for the packs, was starting toward the southern brink of the cliff. A deep, savage cleft, gnawed out by the rains of centuries, afforded a dangerous path for five hundred feet downward; and then began the great Ladder Rock. A vast stone column, once part of the mesa, but cut off by the erosion of unnumbered ages, had toppled over so that its top leaned against the cliff, its base being two hundred feet out in a young mountain of soft, white sand. Up this almost precipitous rock a series of shallow steps had been cut. To others, this dizzy ladder would have seemed insurmountable; but these sure-footed Children of the Sun thought nothing of it. It gave the only possible access to the mesa's top, and a well-aimed stone would roll a climbing enemy in gory fragments to the bottom. They could afford a little trouble, for the sake of having the most impregnable city in the world — these quiet folk who hated war, but lived among the most desperate savage warriors the world has ever known — Apaches, Comanches, Navajos, and Utes.

The seeds, the provisions, the stone hand-mills, the stone axes and hoes, the rude plows — each made of a young pine, with one short, strong branch left near the butt for a share — were packed upon the patient burros. Upon other burros mounted the men, riding double, and the women, each with children clinging before and behind her. As Sho-ka-ka rode away, he turned to look up once more at the Rock, and at the tiny figure outlined against the sky. It seemed no more than a wee black ant, but he knew it was his son, A-chi-te, and waved his hand as he yelled back, "*Sha-wa-tsosh!*" from lungs as mighty as those of Montezuma.

In half an hour the long procession had melted into the brown bosom of the valley; and even A-chi-te's keen eyes could distinguish it no longer. He drew a deep breath, threw back his square young shoulders, and walked away to his mother's house. Alone with three sick women, the only man in Acoma — no wonder the boy's head was carried even straighter than usual. Truly, this was better than going to the planting. All the *boys* had gone there, but *he* was trusted to guard alone the proudest city of the Queres!

He ran up the tall ladder and entered the

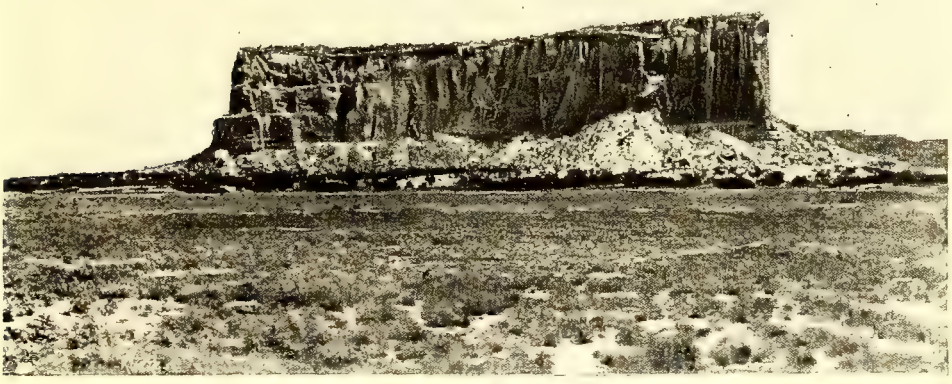
house. At one side of the dark little room lay his mother on a low bed of skins. The boy put his warm cheek against the wasted face, and a thin hand crept up and stroked his heavy hair. "Little one of my heart," she whispered, "are they all gone?"

"All gone, Nana, and I am left to guard thee and the town. Now, await me while I make thee a drink of *atole*."*

A-chi-te went over to the big lava *metate*,† at the other side of the room, drew from a buck-skin bag a handful of blue corn that had been parched in the big beehive of an oven, and, laying the hard kernels on the sloping block, began to scrub them to powder with a small slab of lava, flat on one side and rounded on the other to fit the hand. When the corn was reduced to a fine, bluish meal, he brushed it carefully into a little earthen bowl, and with a gourd-cup dipped some burro's milk from a *cajete*.‡ This he poured slowly upon the meal, stirring with a stick, till the bowl was full of a thin, sweet porridge.

"Drink, Nana," he said, holding the bowl to her lips, and supporting her head on his left arm. "Then I will carry *atole* to Stchu-muts and Kush-eit-ye."

When he had fed his three charges and carried a supply of gnarled cedar sticks into each house to feed the queer little mud fire-places,— for, at that altitude of over seven thousand feet, it was cold even in summer,— A-chi-te turned his attention to the duty which naturally seemed to his boyish ambition the most important — to guard the town. He slung over his shoulder his bow and arrows, in a case made from the skin of *mo-keit-cha*, the mountain-lion. Then he went scouring over the pueblo, gathering up all the stones he could find, from the size of his fist to that of his head, and carried them down to the foot of the great cleft where the Ladder Rock began. Here he stowed them in a little recess in the rock; and as they were not so many as he thought desirable, he added to them several score adobe bricks from ruined houses. When this was done, he viewed his battery with great satisfaction. "Now let the Apaches come! Truly, they will find it bitter climbing!" And, indeed, it was so. So long as his rude ammunition should hold out, the boy alone could hold at bay a thousand foes. No arrow could reach to his lofty perch, nor could the strongest climber withstand even his lightest missile on that dizzy "ladder."



THE ROCK OF KATZIMO THE ENCHANTED MESA.

A-chi-te now brought down some skins, and

* A gruel made by boiling Indian corn in water or milk. † A curved stone in the shape of an inclined plane, used for grinding corn. ‡ A flat bowl of clay.

made a little bed beside his pile of stones. There was no danger that the Apaches would come in the daytime, and he would sleep with his weapons by his side, so that they should not surprise him by night. During the day he could devote himself to the sick.

Two days went by uneventfully, and A-chi-te was disappointed. Why did not the Apaches come, that he might show his father how well he could guard Acoma? The third day dawned cloudy, and a ragged, sullen drift hid the Peak of Snow, away to the north. In the afternoon the rain began to sweep down violently, a savage wind dashing it against the adobes as if to hurl them from their solid foundations. Little rivers ran down the streets and poured from the edges of the cliff in hissing cataracts. A perfect torrent was running down the cleft, and spreading out over the great Ladder Rock in a film of foam. Luckily, A-chi-te's missiles and bed were out of its reach.

"Surely thou wilt not sleep in the Ladder to-night," said his mother, as she listened to the roar of the storm.

"Yes, Nana, it must be. On such a night the Apaches are likeliest to come. I am not salt, that the rain should melt me; and my bed is above the running water. What would Tata say, if he came home and found I had let the Apaches in, for fear of getting myself wet?"

When he had fed the sick, A-chi-te took his bow and quiver and started for his post. It was already growing dark, and the storm showed no sign of abatement. It was a fearful climb down to his little crow's-nest of a fort. The narrow slippery path was at an average angle of over fifty degrees, and was now choked with a seething torrent. He had at one time to climb along precarious ledges above the water, and at another to trust himself waist-deep in that avalanche of foam — keeping from being swept down to instant death only by pressing desperately against the rocky walls of the gorge, here not more than three feet apart. But at last, trembling with exhaustion, he drew himself up to his little niche and sank upon his drenched bed, while the white torrent bellowed and raved under his feet, as if maddened at the loss of its expected prey.

Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, fiercer and fiercer the storm. Such a rain had never been seen before in all the country of the Hano Oshatch. It came down in great sheets that veered and slanted with the desperate wind, dug up stout cedars by the roots, and pried great rocks from their lofty perches to send them thundering down the valley. To the shivering boy, drenched and alone in his angle of the giant cliff, it was a fearful night; and older heroes than he might have been pardoned for uneasiness. But he never thought of leaving his post; and, hugging the rocky wall to escape as far as he could the pitiless pelting of the cold rain, he watched the long hours through.

"A-chi-te! A-chi-te!"

Surely that could not be his mother's voice! The gray of dawn was beginning to assert itself on the dense blackness of the sky. The rain and the wind were more savage than ever. She could not be heard from the house he thought — and yet ——

"A-chi-te! A-chi-te!"

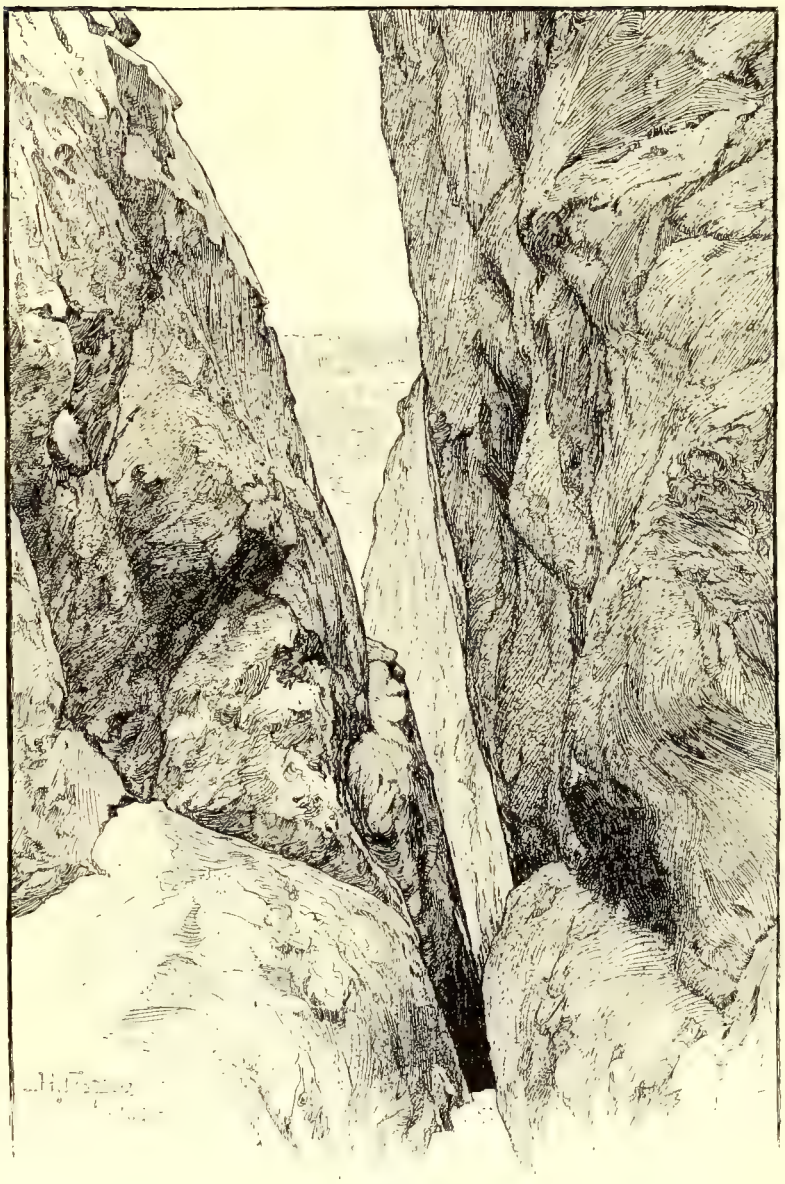
It *was* her voice; and in surprise and consternation A-chi-te started up the cleft. It was still dark in that narrow, lofty-walled chasm; the torrent was deeper and wilder than before. It was easier to go up than down in such a place; but it was all his lithe young limbs and strong muscles could do to bring him to the top. There stood his mother, her soft, black hair blown far out on the fierce wind, her great eyes shining unnaturally in their shrunken settings.

"*Sashe mut-yet-sa!* The house is fallen! It has broken my arm, and Kush-eit-ye is buried to her head under a wall. The white shadows have come for us! Thou must run to thy father, and bring him home before we die! Run, my brave, soul of my heart!"

The boy looked at her, and then down the roaring chasm. It was far worse than when he had descended before. And the Ladder Rock — could he do it? He put his arm across his mother's shoulder and drew her head against his cheek, patting her back gently,—the quaint embrace of his people.

"Get thee into a house, Nana. I go for Tata. *Sha-wa-tsosh!*" And in another moment he had disappeared between the black jaws of the abyss.

The horror of a lifetime was in that few hundred feet. Blinded by the rain, deafened by the hoarse thunder of the stream, he let himself down foot by foot with desperate strength. Once the flood swept his feet from under him and left him hanging by the clutch of his hands upon the walls. It took two full minutes to bring his feet back to the rock beneath. But at last he came to where the cleft widened and the frantic stream spouted out and went rolling down the precipitous slope of the Ladder Rock. Here he stood a moment to catch his breath, and then turning, began to back down the slippery rock, his hands dug fiercely into one foot-notch, while his toes groped in the hissing water for the notch below. His teeth were set, his bronze face was a ghastly gray, his eyes were like coals. The wet strands of his hair whipped his face like scourges, his finger-ends were bleeding as he pressed them against the sandstone. But slowly, automatically as a machine, he crept down, down, fighting the fierce water, clinging to the tiny toe-holes. Once he stopped. He was sure that he felt the rock tremble, and then despised himself for the thought. The great Ladder Rock tremble? Why, it was as solid as the mighty mesa!



IN THE STONE CLEFT.

It was half an hour before he reached the bottom of the rock; and when he looked downward, over his shoulder, he cried out aghast. The cataract had had its way with the great hill of fine sand on which the base of the rock rested; and where the path had been was now a great gully fifty feet deep. To drop was certain death. He thought for a moment. Ah! the *piñon!** And he crawled to the side of the rock, which was here only a gentle slope. Sure enough there was the *piñon* tree still stand-

* Pine-tree (literally, the pine-nut seed or kernel).

ing, but on the very edge of the chasm. It was fifteen feet out and ten feet below him — an ugly jump. But he drew a long breath and leaped out. Crashing down through the brittle branches, bruised and torn and bleeding, he righted himself at last and dropped to the ground. A moment's breathing spell and he was dashing down the long sand-hill, and then away up the valley. The fields were eight miles away. Would his strength last, sorely tried as it had been? He did not know; but he pressed his hand against his bleeding side and ran on.

Suddenly he felt the ground quiver beneath his feet. A strange, rushing sound filled his ears; and, whirling about, he saw the great Ladder Rock rear, throw its head out from the cliff, reel there an instant in mid-air, and then go toppling out into the plain like some wounded Titan. As those thousands of tons of rock smote upon the solid earth with a hideous roar, a great cloud went up, and the valley seemed to rock to and fro. From the face of the cliffs three miles away, great rocks came leaping and thundering down; and the tall *piñons* swayed and bowed as before a hurricane. A-chi-te was thrown headlong by the shock, and lay stunned. The Ladder Rock had fallen — the unprecedented flood had undermined its sandy bed!

And the town, — his mother — ! The boy sprang to his feet and began running again, stiffly, and with an awful pallor on his set face.

When the men of Acoma came galloping home on foaming burros, it was in deathly silence. And even when they stood beside that vast fallen pillar of stone, looking up at the accursed cliff, not one could speak a word. There was Acoma, the city in the sky, the home of their forefathers; but their feet would never press its rocky streets again. Five hundred feet above their heads opened the narrow cleft; and five hundred feet higher, against the sullen gray sky, flitted two wan figures whose frantic shrieks scarce reached the awe-struck crowd below. No ladder could ever be built to scale that dizzy height. The cliff everywhere was perpendicular. And so, forever exiled from the homes that were before their eyes, robbed of their all, heart-wrung by the sight of the doomed women on the cliff, the simple-hearted Children of the Sun circled long about the fatal Rock of Katzimo. Council after council was held, sacrifice after sacrifice was offered; but the merciless cliff still frowned unpitying. It became plain that they must build a new town to be safe from the savage tribes which surrounded them on every side; and on a noble mesa, three miles to the south, they founded a new Acoma, where it stands to-day, five hundred feet above the plain, and safe from a similar catastrophe.

For weeks the two women haunted the brink of their aërial prison, and daily Sho-ka-ka and A-chi-te went to its foot with sympathizing neighbors to weep, and to scream out words of hopeless encouragement. Then Stchu-muts came no more, and Nai-chat-tye was alone. Back and forth she paced, like some caged beast chafing at the bars; and then, throwing up her wasted arms, sprang out to her death.

Full four hundred years have passed since then, and the land of the Pueblos is filling with a race of white-skinned strangers. Scientific expeditions have exhausted the ingenuity of civilization to scale the Rock of Katzimo and recover its archæological treasures, but all in vain. The natives shun it, believing it accursed.

And to-day, as I sit on the rocky battlements of the Acoma that now is, watching the sunset glory creeping higher up that wondrous island of ruddy rock to the north, an old Indian at my side tells the oft-repeated story of the Enchanted Mesa. He is the many-times-great-grandson of A-chi-te.





TRACKED BY A PANTHER.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

The story which I am about to relate was told me beside the camp-fire, on the banks of the Big Squatook, in south-eastern Quebec.

The wild regions about the Squatook lakes are rich in fish and game. With their virgin forests, wild streams, exquisite and varied landscapes, this country is a Paradise for sportsmen and canoemen. A party of four, devotees of gun and rod and paddle, we went one July to this land of the Big Squatook; and round the camp-fire one chilly evening, when a sudden north wind had put an abrupt end to our fishing, Stranion, being in a certain sense the leader of our party, was called upon for a story of adventure. We all were experienced woodsmen, with a large stock of stories at our command; but Stranion's experience was the widest, and to him had fallen the strangest and most thrilling adventures. When Stranion was not with us, a good yarn might be elicited from the lips of W. B., or Sam, or even myself; but in Stranion's presence we paled our "uneffectual fires." It was on this account, perhaps, that we were given to interrupting Stranion with occasional gibes and questionings, lest he should grow too overwhelmingly conscious of the superiority of his gift.

When we had heaped our camp-fire to thrice its accustomed height, and had huddled ourselves comfortably in our blankets under the lee of the tent, we turned our attention to Stranion, and Stranion began:

"Boys, the air bites shrewdly. It is a nipping and an eager air. In fact, it puts me forcibly in mind of one of my best adventures, which befell me that winter when I was trapping on the Little Sou'west Miramichi."

"Oh, come! Tell us a good *summer* story, old man," interrupted W. B. "I 'm half frozen as it is, to-night. Tell us about some place down in the tropics where they have to cool their porridge with boiling water."

"Nay," replied Stranion, "my thoughts are wintry, and even so must my story be."

He traced in the air a few meditative circles with his pipe (which he rarely smoked, using it rather for oratorical effect), and then resumed:

"That was a hard winter of mine on the Little Sou'west. I enjoyed it at the time, and it did me good; but, looking back upon it now, I wonder what induced me to undertake it. I got the experience, and I indulged my hobby to the full; but by spring I felt like a barbarian. It is a fine thing, boys, as we all agree, to be an amateur woodsman, and it brings a fellow very close to nature; but it is much more sport in summer than in winter, and it 's better when one has good company than when he 's no one to talk to but a preternaturally gloomy Melicite.

"I had Noël with me that winter — a good hunter and true, but about as companionable as a mud-turtle. Our traps were set in two great circuits, one on the south side of the stream, the other on the north. The range to the north was in my own charge, and a very big charge it was. When I had any sort of luck, it used to take me a day and a half to make the round, for I had seventeen traps to tend, spread out over a range of about twenty miles. But when the traps were not well filled, I used to do it

without sleeping away from camp. It 's not much like play, I can tell you, tramping all day on snow-shoes through those woods, carrying an axe, a fowling-piece, food, ammunition, and sometimes a pack of furs. Whenever I had to sleep out, I would dig a big oblong hole in the snow, build a roaring fire at one end of the hole, bury myself in hemlock boughs at the other end, and snooze like a dormouse till morning. I relied implicitly on the fire to keep off any bears or Indian Devils* that might be feeling inquisitive as to whether I would be good eating.

"The snow must have been fully six feet deep that year. One morning, near the last of February, I had set out on my round, and had made some three miles from our shanty, when I caught sight of a covey of partridges in the distance, and turned out of my way to get a shot at them. It had occurred to me that perchance a brace of them might make savory morsels for my supper. After a considerable *détour*, I bagged my birds and recovered my trail near the last trap I had visited. My tracks, as I had left them, had been solitary enough; but now I found they were accompanied by the foot-prints of a large Indian Devil.

"I did n't really expect to get a shot at the beast, but I loaded both barrels with ball-cartridges. As I went on, however, it began to strike me as strange that the brute should happen to be going so far in my direction. Step for step his foot-prints clung to mine. When I reached the place where I had branched off in search of the partridges, I found that the panther had branched off with me. So polite a conformity of his ways to mine could have but one significance. I was being tracked!

"The idea, when it first struck me, struck me with too much force to be agreeable. It was a very unusual proceeding on the part of an Indian Devil, displaying a most imperfect conception of the fitness of things. That I should hunt him was proper and customary; but that he should think of hunting me was presumptuous and most unpleasant. I resolved that he should be made to repent it before night.

"The traps were unusually successful that trip, and at last I had to stop and make a *cache* of my spoils. This unusual delay seemed to mislead my wily pursuer, who suddenly came out of a thicket while I was hidden behind a tree trunk. As he crept stealthily along on my tracks, not fifty yards away, I was disgusted at his sleuth-hound persistence and crafty malignity. I raised my gun to my shoulder, and in another moment would have rid myself of his undesired attentions, but the animal must have caught a gleam from the shining barrels, for he turned like a flash and buried himself in the nearest thicket.

"It was evident that he did not wish the matter forced to an immediate issue. As a consequence, I decided that it ought to be settled at once. I ran toward the thicket, but at the same time the panther stole out on the other side and disappeared in the woods.

"Upon this I concluded that he had become scared and given up his unhallowed purpose. For some hours I dismissed him from my mind and tended my traps without further apprehension. But about the middle of the afternoon, or a little later, when I had reached the furthest point on my circuit, I once more became impressed with a sense that I was being followed. The impression grew so strong that it weighed upon me, and I determined to bring it to a test. Taking some luncheon from my pocket, I sat down behind a tree to nibble and wait. I suppose I must have sat there ten minutes, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, so that I was about to give it up and continue my tramp, when — along came the panther! My gun was leveled instantly, but at that same instant the brute had disappeared. His eyes were sharper than mine. 'Ah!' said I to myself, 'I shall have to keep a big fire going to-night, or this fellow will pay me a call when I am snoring!'"

"Oh! surely not!" murmured W. B., pensively. The rest of us laughed, but Stranion only waved his pipe with a gesture that commanded silence, and went on:

"About sundown I met with an unlucky accident, which dampened both my spirits and my powder. In crossing a swift brook, at a place where the ice was hardly thick enough to hold up its covering of snow, I broke through and was soaked. After fishing myself out with some difficulty, I found my gun was full of water which had frozen as it entered. Here was a pretty

* A name sometimes given to panthers.

fix! The weapon was for the present utterly useless. I feared that most of my cartridges were in like condition. The prospect for the night, when the Indian Devil should arrive upon the scene, was not a cheerful one. I pushed on miserably for another mile or so, and then prepared to camp.

"First of all, I built such a fire as I thought would impress upon the Indian Devil a due sense of my importance and my mysterious powers. At a safe distance from the fire I spread out my cartridges to dry, in the fervent hope that the water had not penetrated far enough to render them useless. My gun I put where it would thaw as quickly as possible.

"Then I cut enough fire-wood to blaze all night. With my snow-shoes I dug a deep hollow at one side of the fire. The fire soon melted the snow beneath it and brought it down to the level whereon I was to place my couch. I may say that the ground I had selected was a gentle slope, and the fire was below my bed, so that the melting snows could run off freely. Over my head I fixed a good, firm 'lean-to' of spruce saplings, thickly thatched with boughs. Thus I secured myself in such a way that the Indian Devil could come at me only from the side on which the fire was burning. Such approach, I congratulated myself, would be little to His Catship's taste.

"By the time my shelter was completed it was full night in the woods. My fire made a ruddy circle about the camp, and presently I discerned the panther, gliding in and out among the tree-trunks on the outer edges of the circle. He stared at me with his round green eyes, and I returned the gaze with cold indifference. I was busy putting my gun in order. I would not encourage him lest he might grow too familiar before I was ready for his reception.

"Between my gleaming walls of snow I had worked up a temperature that was fairly tropical. Away up overhead, among the pine-tops, a few large stars glimmered lonesomely. How far away seemed the world of my friends on whom these same stars were looking down! I wondered how those at home would feel if they could see me there by my solitary camp-fire, watched relentlessly by that prowling and vindictive beast.

"Presently, finding that I made no attack upon him, the brute slipped noiselessly up to within a dozen paces of the fire. There he crouched down in the snow and glared upon me. I hurled a flaming brand at him and he sprang backward, snarling, into the gloom. But the brand spluttered in the snow and went out, whereupon the brute returned to his post. Then I threw another at him; but he regarded it this time with contempt, merely drawing aside to give it room. When it had gone black out, he approached, pawed it over, and sniffed in supremest contempt. Then he came much nearer, so that I thought he was about to spring upon me. I moved discreetly to the other side of the fire.

"By this time the gun was ready for action, but not so the cartridges. They were lying further from the fire and dangerously near my unwelcome visitor. I perceived that I must make a diversion at once.

"Selecting a resinous stick, into which the fire had eaten deeply, so that it held a mass of glowing coals, I launched it suddenly with such careful aim that it struck right between the brute's forelegs. As it scorched there, he caught and bit at it angrily, dropped it with a screaming snarl, and shrank farther away. When he crouched down, biting the snow, I followed up my advantage by rushing upon him with a blazing roll of birch-bark. He did not await my onset, but bounded off among the trees, where I could hear him grumbling in the darkness over his smarting mouth. I left the bark blazing in the snow while I went back to see to my precious cartridges.

"Before long the panther reappeared at the limits of the lighted circle, but seemed not quite so confident as before. Nevertheless, it was clear that he had set his heart on making a meal of me, and was not to be bluffed out of his design by a few firebrands.

"I discovered that all my ball-cartridges were spoiled; but there were a few loaded with shot, which the water had not penetrated. From these I withdrew the shot, and substituted ball and slugs. Then, slipping a ball-cartridge into one barrel, slugs into the other, and three or four extra cartridges into a handy pocket, I waited for my opponent to recover his confidence. As he seemed content to wait awhile, I set about



"THE CRISIS HAD COME. I SEIZED MY GUN AND KNELT DOWN BEHIND THE FIRE."

broiling my partridges, for I was becoming clamorously hungry.

"So also was the panther, as it seemed. When the odor of those partridges stole seductively to his nostrils, he once more approached my fire, and this time with an air of stern determination quite different from his former easy insolence.

"The crisis had come. I seized my gun and knelt down behind the fire. I arranged a burning log in such a manner that I could grasp and wield it with both hands in an emergency. Just as the animal drew himself together for a spring, I fired one barrel,— that containing the ball,— and shattered his lower jaw. Mad with pain and fury, he sprang. The contents of my second barrel, a heavy charge of slugs, met him full in the breast, and he fell in a heap at my feet.

"As he lay there, struggling and snarling and tearing up the snow, I slipped in another cartridge; and the next moment a bullet in his brain put an end to his miseries.

"After this performance, I ate my partridges with a very grateful heart, and slept the sleep of the just and the victorious. The skin of that audacious Indian Devil lies now in my study, where Sam is continually desecrating it with his irreverent shoes."

A few moments after Stranion had finished his story, the camp on the Big Squatook was wrapped in slumber, and the loons out in the bosom of the moonlit lake were laughing to one another unheeded.



BERTHA'S DÉBUT.

By Elia W. Peattie.



THE theater was crowded from the topmost gallery to the orchestra chairs. Out at the entrance was the legend "Standing-room only." Warmth and music and perfume floated out to the loungers in the vestibule. People chatted in the dim light and commented upon the new mural decorations, or wondered who the people in the boxes could be. Presently the orchestra finished the overture. The "gods" in the gallery grew impatient and began to call for the curtain to rise. Better-bred people wondered what *could* be the matter, and read the cast, and all the advertisements, and then read the cast again. There were on the list names of men and women famous in their profession; and, indeed, every name on it except one was known to the impatient audience. This was a very short name half-way down the cast, and it stood opposite the character Richard, Duke of York. "Joe Wade," they read,—"Master Joe Wade," with the thought, "Now, where did *he* come from?" and then they fell to studying the curtain and the orchestra began the bars which served as a prelude to the opening of the play.

At this time, behind the scenes everything was in a state of systematic bustle. Each man or woman had something to do and was at work. The only calm figure on the busy scene was that of Walsh, the stage-manager,—a middle-aged man with iron-gray hair and mustache. His face wore a serious look, heightened by the furrows about the mouth. He sent directions and commands flying to unseen stage-hands in the mysterious region below the floor, or in the dimly lighted space above. "Take that 'fly' out of the way!" he shouted to one; "Hoist up the moon about two feet. Bring an extra 'tormentor' 'down left'! Get out of the way, Pie!"—this last to a sharp-featured lad of sixteen who acted as call-boy. "Is everything ready for the first act?" "Yes," came the answer. "All right!" said Walsh; "clear the stage." And there was a scurrying of feet as all the stage-hands left the set-scene and huddled in the wings to watch the opening action, or went off about their other duties. One man, watching through a peep-hole in the curtain, saw the signal from the leader of the orchestra, and communicated it to the curtain-man by two sharp strokes on a gong, and sprang off the stage as the curtain with a steady crackle rolled itself in ponderous folds into the upper region. Kings, queens, and lords moved about through the mimic tragedy. Pie, the call-boy, hurried to and fro in a state of distraction. The men *would* stop to talk and the women to put the finishing touches to their "make-up," and they all seemed to object to being ordered about by a boy with freckles; but it was the business of Pie to have every one in readiness to step upon the stage at the proper moment. The great tragedian was in excellent mood, and he limped and frowned through the part of Richard the Third (for it was Shakspere's tragedy of that name they were representing) in a truly blood-curdling manner. He was as wicked and cruel as any one could wish, and the people applauded him to the echo. In the midst of this highly successful act, Pie happened to go to the dressing-room which was assigned to the two little princes who had come there to be smothered. The Prince of Wales was there, in an elegant velvet

suit and in a state of despair. He was the son of an actor, and had been on the stage ever since he could tell taffy from peanuts. Even earlier, in fact, for he had been carried on in his long clothes and had then caused every woman in the theater to exclaim, "How lovely!" This small gentleman was in a rage truly princely.

"That little dunce, Joe Wade, has n't turned up," he said. "Now, what am I to do? I can't go on and speak his lines and mine too, and I suppose the audience won't be satisfied with only one prince."

Pie rushed to Mr. Walsh. "Duke of York is n't here, sir," he cried.

"Not here!" said the stage-manager, in a tone of dismay. "Let us see,—that is Wade, is n't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder what can be the matter with him. He rehearsed this morning letter perfect. Has n't any word come from his mother?"

"I 'll see, sir," said Pie as he dashed off to ascertain. The stage-manager stepped quickly to the dressing-room of the tragedian, where, in a brief absence from the stage, the cruel Richard was eating a sandwich with evident relish.

"The boy who rehearsed the younger prince has n't showed up yet," said Walsh.

"Oh, come now," said the malignant Gloster. "That 's too bad. He was a bright lad, 'so young and yet so subtle.'"

"Can't we cut the Duke of York scene?" suggested the stage-manager.

"No, sir," retorted the other. "Not a line shall be cut out. Is n't there any one else?"

"I can't think of any one else who can do the part," said the stage-manager.

"I should think you would have an understudy all coached ready for an emergency like this," said the actor with considerable spirit. "To cut that scene will be to spoil the act, and then we 'll catch it from the critics in the morning."

"Well, it 's all we can do to run a theater, let alone a Foundlings' Home," retorted Walsh.

Pie rushed up in his usual state of breathlessness. "There 's word come, sir, from Wade."

"Well, what is it?"

"It 's his sister, sir. She says he 's broke his leg."

"Here 's a pretty mess!" Walsh stamped out to investigate. He found, standing in the wings, a very chilly little girl, who began talking fast, as he came up.

"You 're Mr. Walsh, are n't you? Joey 's broken his leg. He fell down the back stairs just as he was starting to come here. He tried to come even after that, sir, and wanted to make Mamma think he could limp all the better on 'count of it. But 't was no use. He just *could n't.*" Bertha flung out her hands in her earnestness; then clasped them again. "And he cried so hard. He said the piece would all be spoiled. That it was just no good at all if the princes were n't smothered in the tower and—and what are you going to do, sir?"

"Do?" said Mr. Walsh. "I 'm in a fix."

"I suppose not another person knows the words to say," said Bertha; the tears dried up in her eyes and they shone with excitement.

"No," confessed Mr. Walsh, "not a soul."

"You don't think—" the little girl stopped and trembled, with her cheeks as red as live coals. "Joey 'll just go crazy if all the people see his name on the bill, and know it was he that spoiled the play." She choked down a sob. "I could n't help it, sir, I really could n't. I 've *got* to do something. I shall have to play the part myself." She looked like a little general about to storm a fort.

"Why,—have you ever played it?"

"Lots of times,—at home with Joey."

"But would n't you be frightened at all the people when you went on the stage?" The stage-manager had a gleam of hope in his eye.

"I don't think I should. It would be easier than going home and telling Joey the play was spoiled. I would n't look at them. I 'd just *act.* He says to me, 'How fares our loving brother?' and I say, 'Well, my dread Lord; so must I call you now.'"

"Bless me!—" said Walsh, half to himself. "She knows the lines."

"Oh, yes, sir. I know all the words 'way down to 'I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.' Then I mock King Richard when he walks, so." She drew up her arms, made an imaginary hump and limped along, scowling. "Then I make a face at him behind his back and tell him, 'I 'm afraid of my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.'"

"Capital!" said the stage-manager. "I 'll take the risk. I 'm afraid there 's no time to lose. Here!"—he held out his hand. She took it, and trotted along, stumbling over the shawl that was falling from her shoulders. He led her to the dressing-room of one of the ladies, to which he presently brought the Duke of York's costume. He explained the emergency, and the good-natured actress aided Bertha to put on the little prince's dress. The next half-hour passed like a dream.

"Mamma and Joey did n't know I was going to act," she explained to the actress. "I 'm afraid they 'll think something dreadful has happened to me when they find I don't come home, but I knew they 'd think I could n't, if I told them. Are n't these clothes a fine fit? We 're exactly the same size, Joey and me. You see it was n't only that Joey could n't bear to break his promise, but then,"—frowning a little and looking very serious,—"we could n't afford to lose the money, either. We 'll need it more than ever, now that Joey's leg is broken." She sighed, and the tears welled up in her eyes. The lady put her arm around her and drew her close.

"Try hard not to be frightened," said she. "Don't think about the crowd in front, at all."

"No," broke in Bertha, "I 'll just think of Joey."

"And when you stand still," said the actress, "stand perfectly still. Don't move your hands or feet unless you have reason to. Be sure and look straight at the person you are talking to, and when you speak, hold up your chin a little so the sound will go out into the house. It will be easier to speak in a high tone." She showed her how, gave a few finishing touches to her hair,—for they found it prettier than the wig,—and almost before Bertha knew it, she was on the stage.

In the mean time, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, had been in a sad way. "I hate to act with a girl," he said, and kicked about his histrionic legs. "She 's a greeny, too, and probably does n't know her lines. She 's sure to spoil my part. I had counted on making a great hit, but she does n't know anything about the proper 'business' of the part. These wretched 'amachures' never do." But the talented young man was compelled to bow his head to fate and go on the stage at the proper cue.

Bertha's head swam a little, and the words the others were speaking sounded far off. She glanced at the audience. It seemed to rise from her feet up, up to the very ceiling. Then it seemed to swell into one immense face with myriad eyes all looking at her. For one terrible moment she was tempted to cover her face with her hands and rush from the stage. Then she remembered Joey at home crying with pain and disappointment, and she was recalled to her



senses by the well-remembered words: "How fares our loving brother?" She tried to speak as if she always had been a prince and was quite used to talking in such high-sounding language. She tried to hate the wicked Richard, as she had heard her mother tell Joey to do, and to speak as fiercely and saucily as she could to him. She pulled at his garments and mimicked his gait, and screwed up her face in imitation of his, and tried to speak with great politeness to the royal prince; and in her heart all the time whispered "Joey! Joey!" The

house became quieter as she went on; the child was so intent upon her work. She never faltered till the last word was spoken, but when she was safe in the wings again, she began to feel faint and weak. The speeches on the stage were lost in a burst of applause that swelled and swelled until it grew quite deafening.

"What is it?" she said, very much frightened, turning to the Prince of Wales.

The stage-manager came up.



AFTER THE PLAY.

"Well, well," he said, smiling for once that evening, "I believe you 'll have to go back."

"And do it all over again?" said Bertha aghast. She feared that she had made some dreadful mistake.

"No, no; go on and bow to the audience and come right back again."

"I 'll lead her on," said the Prince of Wales.

"No," said Walsh, "she 'd better go alone."

"Are they pleased, sir?" asked Bertha as the applause still continued.

"Well, what a little greenhorn!" ejaculated the prince. The actress who had dressed her gently pushed her on the stage again. "I 'm just cheating," she thought to herself; "they think it 's Joey."

"Bow to them, my dear," said the great tragedian in an undertone. A little girl about her own age leaned far out of the nearest box and smiled at her, and flung something that fell just at Bertha's feet. It was a bunch of beautiful pink roses. Somebody picked them up and handed them to her. The audience applauded more loudly than ever. The child looked so pretty and small and shy. "These flowers are for Joey," said Bertha's guilty little heart. She formed a sudden resolution. She walked straight down to the footlights, holding the beautiful roses in her hand. The people were quiet instantly, wondering what could be coming now. She held up her chin, as the actress had told her to do, and spoke high. "Please," she said, "please, you must n't think I 'm Joey. He 's broken his leg and could not come. I 'm only Bertha." Then she grew terrified at the sound of her voice, speaking alone in that great place to so many people, and, burying her face in the roses, ran from the stage in a tumult of alarm and tears.

When Bertha was dressed in her own clothes again and ready to go home, Richard the Third came to her, all dressed in his ermine as he was, and took her in his arms and kissed her. It was something to remember all her life, if only Bertha had known it. Then he hurried back to his duty, leaving something in her hand that Bertha was then too excited to examine, but which she held.

"I think my carriage has come," said the actress who played the part of Lady Anne; "I 'd better send the child home in it."

"You must play Joey's part till he is well again," said the stage-manager. Bertha nodded.

They asked her where she lived, told the driver, and Bertha was put in among the warm cushions of the carriage, and whirled over the streets toward her home. She sat quite on the

edge of the seat in her trepidation, and held both hands close shut, one around the roses and the other around the great man's gift. She was afraid the driver would make a mistake in the house, but he found the right one, and when she was lifted out she flew up the steps like a bird. The door was open and Mamma was standing on the threshold, looking very pale and anxious.

"Oh, Bertha, where have you been?" But the little daughter's bright face stopped her with the sentence half spoken.

"Is Joey asleep?" whispered Bertha; and as the mother shook her head, the little girl could contain herself no longer. "Joey! Joey!" she cried, springing into the room, "I played it. I said all your words, and they thought I was you. But I told them I was n't. And a little girl gave me the flowers, and Richard the Third gave me"— she opened her hand and looked at the contents. It was a twenty-dollar gold-piece. It might have been a penny for all Bertha cared. "King Richard is real nice off the stage, is n't he, Joey? Oh, Mamma! I hope you were n't very frightened."

"Bertha," said Joey, "you 're a brick!"

"Oh, I 'm so glad you think so!" she said. Two little tears started in her eyes. "Mamma, I 'm so tired. Won't you put me to bed?"

IN THE TENEMENT.

(Before Christmas)

By Malcolm Douglas.



DADDY 's lost the job he had a-drivin' on the line,
An' so he 's took to carryin' a advertisin'-sign;
All 'at he 's a-makin' now is fifty cents a day,
Walkin' up an' down, an' givin' little bills away.

Daddy he tells Mammy 'at it won't be long afore
He fin's anudder job at sumpin 'at 'll pay him more;
An' Bess an' me 's a-hopin' 'at he 'll git it soon, a-cause
It 's putty nearly 'bout the time to look fur Santy Klaws!

I 'm 'mos' eight years old, an' Bess is littler 'an me,
An' Mammy 's been a-promisin' 'at we could have a tree
Big as what the Dolans had las' year on Chrisa-mus,
An' there 's seven little Dolans, an' there 's on'y two of us!

But Mammy now is worried 'bout the rent a-comin' on,
An' we don't drink no more coffee, an' the bag o' flour 's gone;
An' the coal 'at 's in the closet is a-gittin' down so fast
We sif 's the cinders over twict to try an' make it last.

So it don't much look as if a tree 's a-goin' to be had,
An' we 've stopped a-askin' Mammy 'cause it on'y makes her mad,
An' we both have made it up to stop a-plaguin' Daddy too
Fur centses to buy candy with, jus' like we used to do.

But we keep a-hopin' to oursel's it won't be allus so,
An' a-prayin' an' a-prayin', though we don't let Mammy know,
If there 's a job to spare, 'at Daddy 'll git it right away—
Sumpin' 'at 'll bring him more 'an fifty cents a day!



A WELL-FILLED CHIMNEY.

By Mabel Loomis Todd.

A wide window in my little house lets in a great many beautiful sights through the day, and all the year it fills the room with pleasantness.

When the air is a whirling confusion of snow-flakes, and the birches standing in the midst of the falling snow can hardly be distinguished from the flying whiteness, as well as when the same fairy trees, fluttering their dainty leaves in imperceptible breezes, quiver in the August sunshine, there are lovely and satisfying pictures in that favored room, whether snow-birds flit by, or robins and song-sparrows.

In early May, the outlines of the trees grow softer against the sky — a grayish mist enfolds each little branch and twig. The elms and maples dream of their coming foliage — not far behind such gentle prophecy. Just at sunset, all over the lawn the fresh young clovers fold their little green hands, and bow their heads above them for the quiet night — and then something interesting happens.

While the sun is still bright, but the shadows, growing longer, stretch the gables in silhouette across the meadow, suddenly the air is filled with a soft flutter of wings, and a sound of twittering falls from the sky. A grand procession of swallows vibrates above us, sweeping around in a great circle, so swiftly that our eyes can not follow the separate flights. Where they came from we did not notice; but a moment before the blue sky was clear, and now, looking black in the sunlight, these busy little visitors float, sharply outlined, against that airy background.

Around and around they sweep, sometimes in a solid mass of dark, fluttering wings — often scattered far apart in their invisible, circling track, but ever around, like forest leaves blown wildly by November gales. They keep up this mad whirl for an hour, while the sunlight grows less and less, and the cool dampness brings out the sweet odor of fresh grass.

Then Millicent and I sit at the big window, and watch for what may happen next.

Near us stands an old house with a generous chimney in the middle, toward which, as a center, this swinging circle gradually contracts. The tremulous flutter above is like the fall of raindrops; but, while we look, the wings are frequently spread and fixed, here and there a little bird floats smoothly around the chimney-top, only to flutter onward again in a few seconds still more swiftly, as the wind or the notion takes him.

Near the end of their sunset flying, often all the swallows reverse their direction, suddenly doubling backward, until, with a quick "order out of chaos," the circle is re-formed with every bird turned the other way.

Having short, stubby tails, they lack the grace of the beautiful barn-swallows; but our delight in these fascinating neighbors is not strictly measured by length of tail.

Finally the circle grows almost confusingly small; and, as we look, six — eight — ten — fourteen drop quickly into the capacious chimney, while the rest keep on in their dizzy whirl more madly than before. One or two pretend to go in, fluttering coquettishly for an instant at the opening, only to dash off again into the free air with triumphant energy. A little steadying of tiny bodies by quivering wings for the descent, and nine more plunge in, not precisely head-first, but still in such tumultuous and quick succession that Millicent wonders how all can possibly settle comfortably so soon. Then follow six more; those outside still flashing through their circle as if intoxicated with the joy of motion. Group after group pitches in, until we imagine that the whole chimney must be solidly packed with them; but the numbers above still fly on, to all appearance undiminished.

Twilight grows deeper; Millicent's brown eyes are heavy, and she rests her head against my shoulder as we watch; but she wishes to wait until the last little swallow shall be comfortably tucked into his sooty bed before she goes to her white one.

At last the circling procession is really thinning. We can see that fewer remain outside, while the in-tumbling groups grow more frequent.

Fourteen — eighteen — twenty now dive in at once. Finally all are safely stowed away but one, which flies around the house and barns for several minutes more, as if searching for stray children needing care.

The sky is almost dark now, but very soon against the ashes of western brightness this faithful little guardian flutters above the well-filled chamber, then, hesitating an instant, peacefully drops in, and only the piping of frogs breaks the silence of the spring evening.

Would it not be entertaining to quietly open that chimney, as Audubon opened the old sycamore tree in Kentucky, and see the many little bodies hanging close together by their claws — supported as well by their sharp tail-feathers — upon the black walls?

In former years these swallows always occupied hollow trees and other natural openings, hanging, as now, methodically side by side. But they choose, in these days, almost exclusively, chimneys for their home, building their nests of twigs cemented by saliva, and raising two broods of young each season.

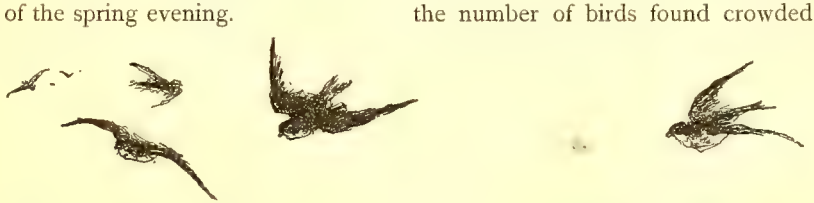
Except when it rains, this performance, which I have described to you, goes on every night. In rainy evenings we watch for them in vain. Perhaps they go to bed very early in the afternoon — at all events they have no sunset parade. But night after night, when the sky is clear, come the twittering, and the fluttering, and the sweeping circle with its occasional reverse — the tumbling into the chimney in groups; and finally the lone little sentinel searching the quiet evening air.

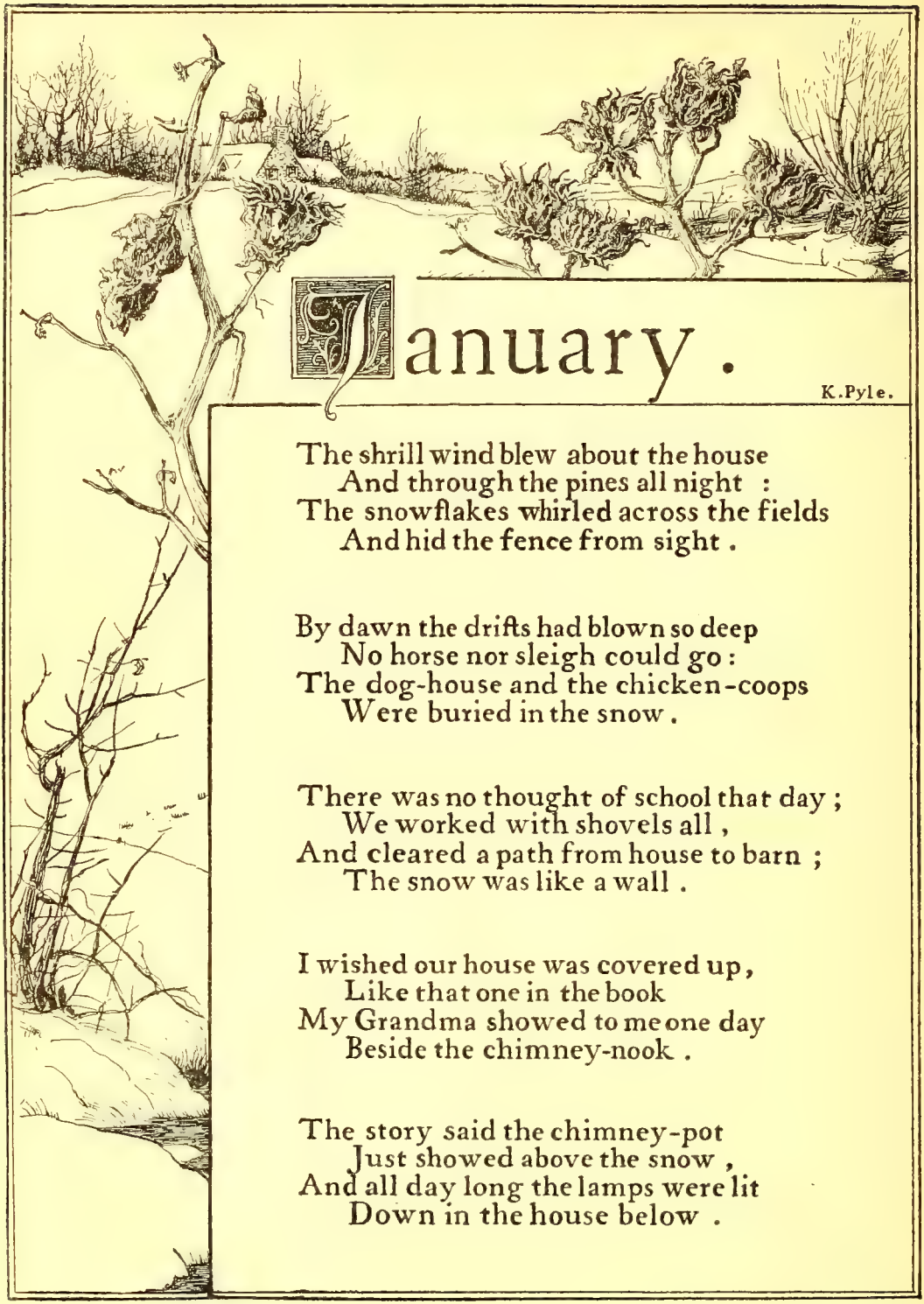
And one season we counted them every night for three weeks — two of us independently writing down the number in each group as it went in. One of us has a mathematical mind, while the other has not; but, nevertheless, the two results came out within twenty of each other every time. And how many do you think there were? How many little bedfellows dropped into that old chimney, while a silver-haired couple sat alone in the quaint cottage rooms below, listening to the birds' shrill good-nights?

"'Leven or seventeen," said a little girl who had not watched them with us, but who was interested in guessing.

"Sixty or eighty," answered an older friend.

There were between eight hundred and twenty, and eight hundred and forty; and Audubon tells even more surprising tales of the number of birds found crowded together.





January.

K.Pyle.

The shrill wind blew about the house
And through the pines all night :
The snowflakes whirled across the fields
And hid the fence from sight .

By dawn the drifts had blown so deep
No horse nor sleigh could go :
The dog-house and the chicken-coops
Were buried in the snow .

There was no thought of school that day ;
We worked with shovels all ,
And cleared a path from house to barn ;
The snow was like a wall .

I wished our house was covered up,
Like that one in the book
My Grandma showed to me one day
Beside the chimney-nook .

The story said the chimney-pot
Just showed above the snow ,
And all day long the lamps were lit
Down in the house below .

Today in a Garden

By Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

To-day in the garden I heard a complaining,
And little tears dripping as if it were raining.



And there sat a Lady-bug under a leaf,
With a Spider's-web handkerchief, sobbing with grief!
I stopped all astonished and asked her, "What is it?"
And she said, "Little Allie 's gone off on a visit
For six weary weeks, and oh! how shall I bear it!
The sunshine 's not bright without Allie to share it."

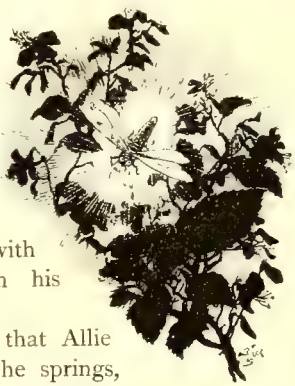
I met an old Crow in the midst of the meadow,



He stood on one leg like a sulky black shadow,
And croaked as he stood there, so solemn and sober,
"Allie is gone till the first of October!"
The Bumble-bee heard it, the foolish old hummer,
How Allie was gone for the rest of the summer.
"Six weeks without Allie! I wish they were over!"
He boomed out his grief in the depths of the clover.



The Wren wiped his eye with the tip of his feather,
"I 'd rather have six weeks of hard, rainy weather!"
The Rose in the woods told her buds to stop blowing,
"For Allie can't see them and what 's the use growing!"
There was also a Firefly, young and romantic,
When he heard she was gone, he was very near frantic;
A-thinking of Allie he sat up all night,
And wept till his tears nearly put out his light.



A Butterfly, too, with some gold on his wings,
When he heard that Allie had gone to the springs,
Was cross as a griffin for half of an hour,
And made up a face at a sweet little flower,
A dear little Lily that grew in the valley,
And told it, it was not so pretty as Allie.

Now, there was a green Grasshopper sat in the stubble,
Sat still there and listened, with long legs bent double,
And when all the creatures had finished their grumbling,
She set off a-hopping without ever stumbling;
She left bugs and birds, bees and blossoms behind her,



And cried, as she vanished,
"I 'll hop till I find her!"

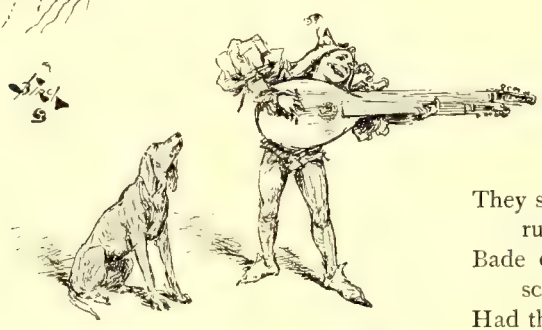
The Fools' Waltz

By Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

NEARER and clearer than monarch and minister,
Rabble that gabble and hypocrite sinister,
Warriors and sages of far-away ages,
Are the Fools that flit through the historical pages.
They gazed somewhat dazed through their patches and powder,
They wondered and blundered and ever laughed louder;
While crown tumbled down, and while creed flew to pieces,
Their range was the change of their daily caprices.
While savage did ravage and bigotry tortured,
They rambled or gambled, or planted an orchard.
They clicked the light heel in the strathspey and reel,
Built castles, held wassails, chased moths, and played tennis;
Broke the lance for fair France, and went masked in gay Venice.







They spent as they went, and were reckless of rules,
Bade defiance to science, and scoffed at the schools,
Had their flings at their kings, and were pert to the proudest;
Must joke if they spoke, and themselves laughed the loudest;

Winking and wooing, whatever was doing,
Though storms of reforms and rebellions were brewing.
Talking and mocking the age that they grew in,
They quaffed the gay draught round the red fires of ruin.



Smiling and sneering, they flit out of hearing,
They bow themselves airily out of our pages;
No sound underground of their
jesting and jeering,
The dear little Fools of
the far-away ages!



Can marble rest heavy on all that gay bevy,
Who parted light-hearted, and knew no returning?
Are there ghosts full of laughter that haunt the hereafter,
Too mocking for bliss, and too merry for burning?
Remember — forget them — it never will fret them,
Who gibed at misfortune whenever she met them;
At joust and at revel cast care to the devil,
And lived all their lives on whoever
would let them.

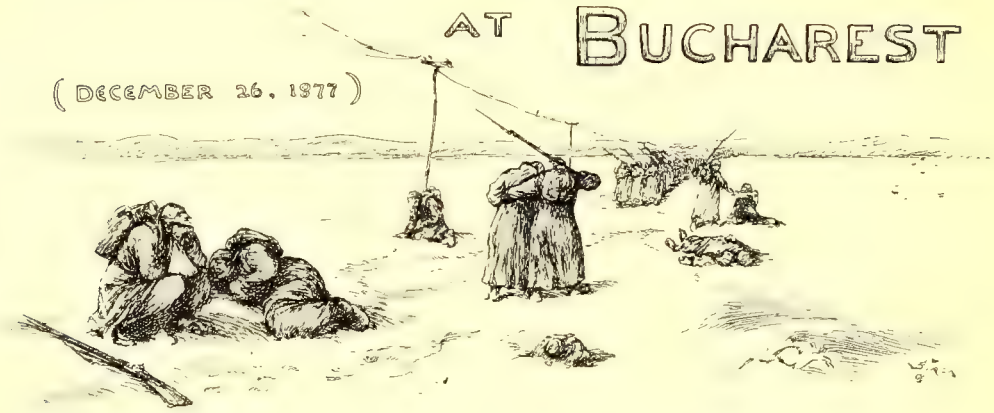


Concede them the meed that is due the departed!
Slight thinker, deep drinker, lax friend, and light lover;
A tear not too tender, for they were light-hearted;
A laugh not too loud, for their laughter is over;
A prayer light as air for the dead and gone Fools,
Too light and too slight to be tyrants or tools!
Who with jest and with zest took the world as they found it;
Perhaps they did best just by dancing around it!



Osman Pasha at Bucharest

(December 26, 1877)



By Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

IN Servian hearths the Christmas fire
Did slowly molder and expire.
In Servian hearts there glowed a flame
No time shall quench, no tyrants tame.

Through royal Petersburg the Czar
Rode in his slow, triumphal car;
The Christmas bells rang loud and sweet
Before the Liberator's feet.

At Bucharest, where snow lay white
Beneath the friendly veil of night,
Was ushered in, with captive state,
The vanquished of the Czar and fate

His brow was stern — on Plevna's plain
The snow fell fast upon the slain,
The Prophet's standards fled to sea;
Roumania — Servia — they are free!

Roumania's daughter, unaware,
Had caught the glance of stern despair;
She smiled on him with childish grace,
The vanquished tyrant of her race;

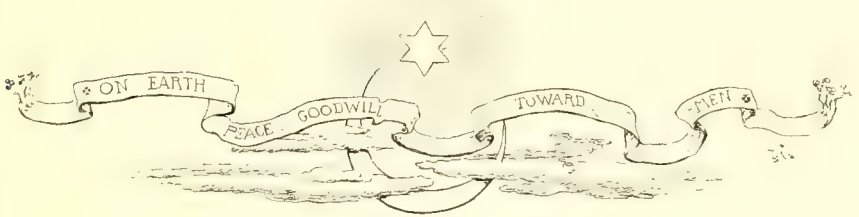
[This poem recounts an incident at the time of the Russian victory which liberated Christian Servia and Roumania from Moslem rule. Osman Pasha commanded the Turks in the defense of Plevna during the war between Russia and Turkey. Though Plevna was taken, he had shown himself so brave and skillful as to win the admiration even of his enemies. While Osman was a prisoner, and on his way through Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, a little Roumanian girl, touched by his dejected expression, ran forward and placed a flower in the hand of the defeated general.]

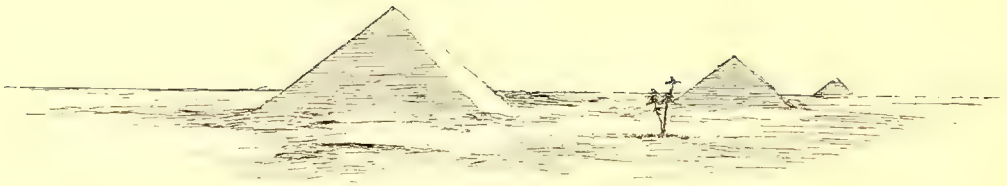
For comfort in this bitter hour
She laid within his hand a flower;
The captive's eyes with tears were dim,
He kissed the lips that smiled on him.



Sweet pledge of peace, and debt confessed
Between oppressor and oppressed!
An echo thrilling Moslem pride:
"Good-will to men at Christmas-tide."

The Crescent wanes — the Star ascends —
The reign of force and terror ends;
And love hath overcome the sword
Upon the Birthday of the Lord.





A KING IN EGYPT.

By Helen Thayer Hutcheson.

I think I lie by the lingering Nile,
I think I am one that has lain long while,
My lips sealed up in a solemn smile,
In the lazy land of the loitering Nile.

I think I lie in the Pyramid,
And the darkness weighs on the closed eyelid,
And the air is heavy where I am hid,
With the stone on stone of the Pyramid.

I think there are graven godhoods grim,
That look from the walls of my chamber dim,
And the hampered hand and the muffled limb
Lie fixed in the spell of their gazes grim.

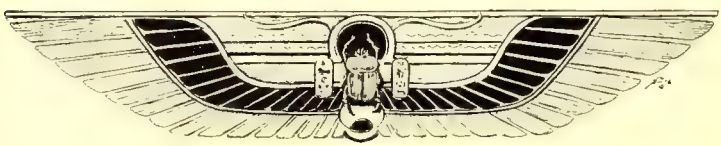
I think I lie in a languor vast,
Numb, dumb soul in a body fast,
Waiting long as the world shall last,
Lying cast in a languor vast.

Lying muffled in fold on fold,
With the gum and the gold and the spice enrolled,
And the grain of a year that is old, old, old,
Wound around in the fine-spun fold.

The sunshine of Egypt is on my tomb;
I feel it warming the still, thick gloom,
Warming and waking an old perfume,
Through the carven honors upon my tomb.

The old sunshine of Egypt is on the stone;
And the sands lie red that the wind hath sown,
And the lean, lithe lizard at play alone
Slides like a shadow across the stone.

And I lie with the Pyramid over my head,
I am lying dead, lying long, long dead,
With my days all done, and my words all said,
And the deeds of my days written over my head.



HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

MANY of our readers will have noticed, in the volume of ST. NICHOLAS for the past year, several poems signed by a new name, that of Helen Thayer Hutcheson. In the preceding pages of this number, we print four more by the same author. The sixteen poems published up to this date reveal so remarkable a talent, and show so unusual a range, that we desire to call the attention of our readers (and especially, perhaps, that of our older readers) to work, the fineness of which might not receive its due appreciation in the haste of ordinary reading.

These poems were written by a young girl, whose short life was most uneventful, and whose experiences were bounded by the small circle of a quiet home. Verses like "A Christmas Letter," "To-day in the Garden," "A Wee World of My Own," or "Discovered" are, perhaps, only the light singing of a happy heart. But it is singing in perfect harmony with the tune set by the winds and waters, and the trill of birds. "The Song of the Caged Canary" shows a more finished art, and is rich with the warmth of color and sweetness of sound that fill "the land sun-haunted." "The Days of the Daisies," again, fairly dances down the page, in the airiest, gayest, most fantastical measure, so that one has but to close one's eyes to see myriads of white and gold heads nodding and swaying to the pipe of the wind, and to smell the warm earth of the June meadows. "The Last Cricket" is, with its playful pathos, a dainty little bit of melody, still different in characteristics. But of the poems in this January number of ST. NICHOLAS, two—"A King in Egypt," and "The Fools' Waltz"—are so unusual and of so high merit, that they are, doubtless, the young poet's latest and most considered work. Full of simplicity, truth, and imagination, showing an increasing mastery of form and a growing sense of the beauty and capacity of English song, these poems justify our belief that had Helen Hutcheson lived she would have taken acknowledged rank with the leading poets of the time.

Yet so unconscious of exceptional powers was she that it seems never to have occurred to her to print her poems; and it was only after she had passed beyond the sound of the world's praise, that the world knew what high praise she had deserved. After her death the loving friends who had kept all her manuscripts since her earliest childhood were persuaded to allow these poems to be printed; and to meet a natural desire that something might be known of the life of the young poet, one who dearly cherishes her memory has kindly furnished the following brief but sympathetic sketch.—EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS.

NEAR a pretty village of the West, on a gentle slope overlooking a river where sparkling waters shimmer through the foliage of over-arching trees, stands a many-gabled cottage — the birthplace and early home of Helen Thayer.

Lovely scenery, groves full of wild birds, gardens, domestic pets, story-books, and loving parents formed a happy little world in which her young spirit, like a tender bud, began a growth that afterward blossomed into rare sweetness and beauty.

In her early childhood, with her fairy-like form, golden-brown curls, and delicate face brimming with life and intelligence, she seemed some ethereal being from a brighter realm.

Before the pleasant paths of learning opened to her, she amused herself as an only child may who is left much to its own resources. She added to her play-houses whole menageries of animals which she cut out of card-paper; dressed up her kittens like little old ladies; taught pet grasshoppers to walk a tight rope stretched above the window sill; and rocked her dolls to lullabies of her own composing. She was, in truth, a little improvisatrice, and often walked the floor chanting original stories in verse, unheard and unnoticed, as she supposed.

A few years later, her surroundings had changed, and she was far away from the cottage where she was born. In her new home in the environs of Washington, her young soul

continually grew in the love of the good, the true, and the beautiful. She was always the brave champion of the weak and oppressed; ready to bestow her dearest possession on any child less fortunate than herself, and tenderly humane toward every helpless, suffering thing, bird, beast, or insect. With an artist's hand and a poet's soul, amid ordinary childish employments, every day brought forth some new



HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

device or fancy, in picture or verse. Logical withal, and possessing a rare gift of language, she often amused and interested her elders with her apt reasonings on the more serious questions of life.

Her parents, finding the excitement of school life injurious, decided that most of her education must be carried on under the home roof — especially as the national capital with its vast library and other public institutions furnished unusual facilities for self-culture.

Living very much in the seclusion of her suburban home, close to the wild-wood, rambling or driving over hill and dale, peering into hidden nooks, and learning the sweet secrets of nature, it is not strange that she found that "Wee World" of her own, or discovered the "pale-tinted blossoms that nobody knew, saving the wind and the sun and the dew."

Many poems written between the ages of ten and fifteen show that life passed happily, rich in bright fancies, and pleasantly divided between study and recreation.

Helen Thayer composed verses almost from her babyhood, "making them up," indeed, before her small hands had learned how to write down the pleasant fancies that came into the little curly head. Even these childish verses showed how full of sunshine was her life and how much she lived in a land of her own fancies. But by the time she was twelve, her poetry began to indicate that it was the work of a true poet. For a poet is a maker of beautiful realities in the world of imagination, which prosaic people would never be able to see for themselves, but which they are glad of, and much the richer for, when the poet has presented them.

Soon came high and pure friendships to enlarge and brighten her young world; especially the love of one whom she delighted to call "sister," and whose charming little family was the source of many an inspiration. To see her the center of that lovely group with her slight figure, fair young face, and shining hair — her fingers deftly weaving "daisy chains" or tracing humorous sketches — her young auditors entranced with the words that fell from her lips — was to see a picture not easily forgotten.

A young friend, pure and sweet like herself, speaks of her as "one who lived among the flowers of the wild-wood, one with them, interpreting their beauty and sweetness into pictures and language — traces," she adds, "of the sojourning among us of a fair spirit passed forever beyond the perishable."

She died at the early age of twenty-six. And her sweet life brightened to its close, for the halo of a love rare and tender, doing homage to her womanhood, tinged all her sky with rose color, which never darkened, but merged into the light of Heaven, whose glory she entered on the morning of April 29, 1886.

THE ROUTINE OF THE REPUBLIC.

By Edmund Alton.

Seventh Paper.*

FOREIGN INTERCOURSE.

The sovereign relations between empires of the past led to the early recognition of certain general rules of right which have come down to the nations of to-day with the supreme force and dignity of established public law. The authority of every government is absolute within its own dominions, and as far as a cannon-shot from shore. The ocean is free to all. Our rights at home and on the high seas rest not upon mere international courtesy and consent, but upon principles of natural reason, sanctioned by centuries of observance. The privileges enjoyed by the United States beyond the seas, and accorded to its citizens sojourning in foreign lands,— like those extended by us, in turn, to other powers,— are such as belong to every people under the same unwritten "Law of Nations," or as are expressly secured by written covenants between our Government and the governments concerned.

To the Federal Power, as remarked in the first chapter of this series, has been confided the exclusive care and conduct of these foreign interests. In their domestic relations, and within the limits of the Constitution, the States of the Union may deal directly, through their executives or other officers, with one another; but they have no standing, as independent sovereignties, before the nations of the earth. In matters international, their political influence is unknown; the authority of the Republic has then full sway.† An American abroad flourishes his passport as "a citizen of the United States."

Following time-honored and universal fashion, we have, located in various parts of the world, numerous agents who, under the direction of the Secretary of State, keep watch on foreign matters of interest to our people — nearly all of the foreign powers thus recognized reciprocating by sending to the United States (as, also, to other countries with whom they have commercial and political intercourse) similar representatives for like purposes. These agents are divided into two branches,— the diplomatic service and the consular service,— each with distinct functions. The diplomatic agents reside at the capitals of nations and constitute "embassies," or "legations"; the various embassies, or legations, of different states collected at any capital constituting the "Diplomatic Corps" at that place. They are missionaries from state to state. They represent their respective countries as political sovereignties, and carry to their posts their

* For the sixth paper of this series (which dealt with the organization of the State Department), see St. Nicholas for April, 1889.

† "No State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation"; and, "No State shall, without the consent of the Congress . . . enter into any agreement or compact with another State or with a foreign power, or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delays."— (Constitution, Article I., Section X.) This distinction between State and Federal authority is illustrated in the matter of fugitives from justice. "A person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice and be found in another State, shall, on demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up, to be removed to the State having jurisdiction of the crime."— (Constitution, Article IV., Section II.) In such a case, the demand is made directly by the authorities of one State upon the authorities of the other. But where a person fleeing from the vengeance of a State takes refuge in a foreign country, the State appeals to the State Department of the United States, which thereupon makes demand for the surrender of the fugitive. These matters are provided for in what are known as our "extradition treaties" with other nations, which vary as to the classes of crimes for which persons may be extradited; although, in certain instances, from sentiments of international comity, fugitives have been surrendered by foreign governments, upon our demand, in the absence of any treaty provision covering the particular cases.

national credentials, or "letters of credence," certifying to their official character, and requesting that full faith and credit be given to their words when speaking for the government they represent. They hold direct communication with the government to which they are accredited, and it is their office to cultivate international friendship, to negotiate treaties, and to adjust international disputes that may arise.

The consular officers, on the other hand, are stationed at numerous ports and other business centers abroad, and have no official dealings (except in special circumstances) with the sovereign power of the country wherein they reside. They represent their countrymen regarded as individuals and not as a political sovereignty,— looking after commercial interests and individual rights and leaving to the diplomatic agents of their government all questions of state.

Under rules formally agreed upon by the powers of Europe, at the International Congresses of Vienna and Aix la Chapelle (held in the early part of the present century), and adopted by the Government of the United States, diplomatic agents are divided into four classes: (1) ambassadors, legates, or nuncios; (2) envoys, ministers, or other persons accredited to sovereigns; (3) ministers resident; and (4) chargés d'affaires accredited to ministers for foreign affairs. Ambassadors, legates, and nuncios possess what is styled the "representative" character. They are supposed to represent the person of the prince by whom they are sent, and as such to be entitled to hold direct personal audience with the sovereign to whom they are accredited. Our Government neither sends nor receives diplomats of this grade. Legates and nuncios represent the Pope, with whom we have no political relations, and who therefore has no agent at Washington; and as we have not seen fit to attach the title of ambassador to any of the representatives sent out by us, we have been honored with no ambassadors from other states. In point of fact, this representative distinction is of little practical value so far as it confers the privilege of direct approach to the throne, for diplomatic business is transacted nowadays through the Foreign Office of every leading government and not through personal audiences with the sovereign head. Still, it humors the vanity of a diplomat to be called ambassador; the title gives him precedence on ceremonial occasions, and at some capitals it gives him precedence in securing audience with the minister for foreign affairs. The United States, in its treatment of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington, disregards the question of title in matters of business. The ministers take rank in the diplomatic body according to the order in which they arrive at the Seat of Government and present their credentials, and as to interviews with the Secretary of State they are admitted to the audience-room in the order in which they reach the Department and present their cards on "Diplomatic Day." A similar rule as to audiences is recognized at St. Petersburg, Berlin, and elsewhere, but the fact that it is not universally observed places our representatives occasionally at a disadvantage. In some countries a minister of the United States may wait for hours in the anteroom of the Foreign Office to gain an interview on some state matter of the liveliest importance; and at the very last moment, when those outranking him in title have come and gone and he is about to take his turn, the representative of some insignificant Asiatic power, who has just arrived with no other object perhaps than to exchange a few idle words with the minister for foreign affairs, goes in ahead, simply because he is styled "ambassador," and the representative of the great American Republic may have the door of the audience-room closed in his face for the day. This consideration has been the strong plea of those who urge that our diplomatic representatives to the great powers should be given loftier titles, to put them on a business equality with other legations at the same courts.

Our diplomatic service to-day, numbering upward of sixty men (not counting ordinary employees in the service of legations), consists of envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary (a compound title), ministers resident, chargés d'affaires, secretaries of legation, and interpreters; with now and then an officer detailed from the War or Navy Department and attached to a legation as military or naval attaché, for the purpose of studying and reporting to this Government the military movements of foreign powers. It also includes a diplomatic

agent at Cairo, with the title of "agent and consul-general." The position of Egypt as a semi-independent power prevents us from establishing a legation there; but as we have diplomatic relations with that country to a limited extent, we employ the term "agent" for whatever it may be worth; it is not recognized in European diplomacy. A representative to an independent sovereignty should have a title known to the rules laid down at the Congresses of Vienna and Aix la Chapelle.

It is the privilege of every government to decide for itself in fixing the grade of its representatives regardless of the importance or unimportance of the mission, but ordinary courtesy would prevent us from sending an ambassador to Seoul and only a chargé d'affaires to Berlin. Among the great powers compliments are even. They give what they are given in the way of chief diplomatic officers. Small powers, while equal to the mightiest in point of law, are not so fastidious. The head of our legation at Berlin is an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary; the chief representative of Germany, at Washington, is also an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. We send to Seoul a minister resident and consul-general; Corea, however, outdoes us in style by sending to Washington a representative of the second grade.

At Berlin we have, besides an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, a secretary of legation, and a second secretary of legation; the same is true of our legations at London, Paris, Peking, and Tokei, the last two posts being further re-enforced by an interpreter each. At each of the several posts of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Madrid, Constantinople, Buenos Ayres, Rome, Mexico, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Bogotá, Santiago, and Caracas, we are represented by an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary and a secretary of legation; the legation at Constantinople having also an interpreter.

The Chinese legation at Washington embraces an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, a "first secretary," two "secretaries," an "American secretary," two "translators and attachés," six "attachés," and two "military attachés,"—the minister being accredited to Spain and to Peru as well as to the United States. Japan is represented there by an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, a secretary, counselor, attaché, naval attaché, and chancellor.

Besides envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary, and one or more secretaries each, Spain has two civil attachés, Russia a technical attaché, Great Britain a civil attaché and a naval attaché, and Germany a chancellor and assistant chancellor. Turkey has an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, and a secretary of legation; and (passing the representatives of other countries without comment) even Corea, as above noted, sends a complete force headed by a minister of high rank—an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, known on the register of the State Department as Pak Chung Yang; a "second secretary," now acting as "chargé d'affaires *ad interim*," Mr. Ye Ha Yung; another "second secretary," Mr. Ye Sang Jay; an "attaché," Mr. Kang Chin He, and a "foreign secretary."

The consular service of the United States numbers upward of a thousand men, classified as agents and consuls-general, consuls-general, vice-consuls-general, deputy consuls-general, consuls, vice-consuls, deputy consuls, commercial agents, vice-commercial agents, deputy commercial agents, consular agents, consular clerks, interpreters, marshals, and clerks at consulates.* Consuls-general, consuls, and commercial agents are full, principal, and permanent consular officers (the title of commercial agent being peculiar to our system), as distinguished from deputy consuls and consular agents, who are subordinate officers, and vice-consuls and vice-commercial agents, who are consular officers substituted temporarily to fill the places of consuls-general, consuls, or commercial agents during the absence of their principals. A consul-general is charged with the ordinary duties of a consul within the limits of his district, and with the supervision of the consulates

* In addition to these, there are guards, prison-keepers, and minor employees. The term "consular officer," as used by Congress, includes "consuls-general, consuls, commercial agents, deputy consuls, vice-consuls, vice-commercial agents, and consular agents, and none others."

and commercial agencies subordinate to him, so far as that supervision can be exercised by correspondence. At present, we have consulates-general at Apia, Athens, Bangkok, Belgrade, Berlin, Berne, Bogotá, Bucharest, Cairo, Calcutta, Constantinople, Copenhagen, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Guatemala, Guayaquil, Halifax, Havana, Honolulu, Kanagawa, La Paz, Lisbon, London, Matamoros, Melbourne, Mexico, Monrovia, Montreal, Ottawa, Panama, Paris, Port-au-Prince, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Seoul, Shanghai, Saint Petersburg, Teheran, and Vienna. But to locate all the other posts in our consular system would be to send my readers on a geographical hunt through the four quarters of the globe. We have a consul at Liverpool and another at Hong-Kong; consuls at Belfast, Havre, Antwerp, Bremen, Munich, Trieste, and Bagdad,— others at Rosario, Coquimbo, Helsingfors, Muscat, Gorée-Dakar, Paramaribo, Tegucigalpa, and Padang. We have commercial agents at Castelamare, Reichenberg, and Butaritari, and also at Levuka, Boma, and Gaboon. We have consular agents at Alexandretta, Moulmein, Pago-pago, Arica, and Fiume, at Dyrefjord and at Pugwash, at Lanzarote, Laraiche, Terceira, Latakia, Acajutla, and Waubaushene, at Akyab, Mansourah, Ritzebüttel, Hodeida, Corcubion, Bucaramanga, Bani-saf, Saffi, Sœrabaya, and Tai-wanfoo, to say nothing of such places as Assioot, Bassein, Iloilo, Llanelly, Rostoff, Majonga, Richibucto, and Penang!

Great Britain has a consul-general residing at New York, and consuls, vice-consuls, and other consular officers at New York, Baltimore, New Orleans, Boston, San Francisco, Galveston, Richmond, Eastport, Chicago, St. Paul, Eureka, Denver, San Diego, Mobile, and other places within the United States. And at the same or different American ports and inland cities, we find consular officials of varying grades, in the service of France, Germany, Russia, Turkey, China, and other powers, including a consul-general of the Orange Free States stationed at Philadelphia and a consul of the principality of Monaco located at New York.

Without attempting to go over, by name, the various countries with whom we exchange diplomatic or consular officers, it may be said, generally, that the interests of the people of the United States, as a political sovereignty and as individuals, are represented, in one way or the other, at all the principal capitals and trade centers of the world, and that all the principal foreign states, civilized, half-civilized, and barbaric, are represented here. The exchange, however, is not entirely uniform or reciprocal. We send, for instance, no diplomatic agent to the Barbary States; but our rights are guarded by a consul and a vice-consul at Tangiers, and by seven consular agents at seven other towns within that region. The Barbary States, on the other hand, are not represented in the United States; the same is true of Madagascar, to whom we send several consular officials, and of Egypt and Roumania, to whom we send both diplomatic and consular representatives. Bolivia, Honduras, Liberia, Paraguay, Salvador, Santo Domingo, Servia, Siam, and Uruguay have only consular officials in the United States, whereas we have both classes of representatives within those realms. But these and other discrepancies may be accounted for by the special political or business relations of the countries involved. Canada, of course, like other provinces of Great Britain, looks to the Imperial Government for the protection of her interests here; and while our consular service stretches through British America, and British India, and Australia, and through other parts of Britain's vast dependencies and possessions, in the negotiation of treaties or settlement of international conflicts relating to any of those lands the diplomatic authorities at Washington and London, representing the two high sovereign states, alone have power to act. And so in our intercourse with other communities and dominions, save where treaty provisions or exceptional conditions may modify the general rule.

(To be continued.)

THE DROP-KICK.

By W. T. Bull.

ALTHOUGH numerous articles have been written on the game of foot-ball, as played at our colleges at the present time, the subject has invariably been treated generally, and no one particular feature, important as it may be, has ever been accorded any special attention.

The drop-kick is, of all the different features, by far the most important and telling factor, when employed by an experienced player; but when attempted by a novice, it becomes at once dangerous and demoralizing to the rest of the players, to the rush line in particular.

The instances on record are numerous where the drop-kick has saved the day, or, at least, contributed largely to victory. What better proof of the above assertion could be had than the story of the Yale-Harvard game played in 1880 at Cambridge? The score was a tie, neither side having been able to secure the lead, when, at the close of the last half, just a moment before time was called, Mr. Camp secured a goal from the field by means of the drop-kick. Will the Yale team of '87 ever forget the assurance and general "We-have-got-the-game-sure" manner of the Harvard team as they disported themselves on the eve of the great battle? Can they ever recall without shuddering how the Harvard men came on the field that day, and, with a manner confident in the extreme, forced the Yale team into their own territory and in close proximity to their goal? But how quickly was the tide of battle changed, and this same spirit of confidence broken, when a goal from the field placed Yale in the lead by 5 points! Harvard made but one rally after that, and the effort was vain.

Other instances might be cited, as, for example, when, in '84, Moffatt, of Princeton, kicked a goal from nearly the center of the field, but they would be mere repetitions, and it is interesting to inquire more particularly into this most efficient factor.

In the first place, what is a drop-kick? The person making the try, drops the ball and kicks it after, or at the very instant, it strikes the ground. Simple as it seems, few people outside of immediate college circles could explain it understandingly. This unfamiliarity with so elementary a point is surprising in view of the fact that foot-ball has become one of the most popular of American games.

There are various ways of making the kick, but they vary essentially in two particulars only: the part of the foot used in kicking, and the position which the ball is made to assume on striking the ground. Of these different ways, three have been chosen as having proved emi-



FIGURE 1.

nently successful in championship games, and, as able exponents of each, might be cited, Camp of Yale, Moffatt of Princeton, and Watkinson, now deceased, who was one of Yale's famous players.

Camp's style of kick, as illustrated in Fig. 1, taken just before the ball is dropped, was to hold the ball in the right hand, turn his left side toward the goal, and, with a side swing of the right foot, plant the toe on the middle seam of the ball directly below the lacings. This style of kick has its advantages in that a greater swing of the leg can be attained, thus adding greater force; but the mere fact of his holding the ball in one hand clearly shows, that, to become accurate in this style, one would have to

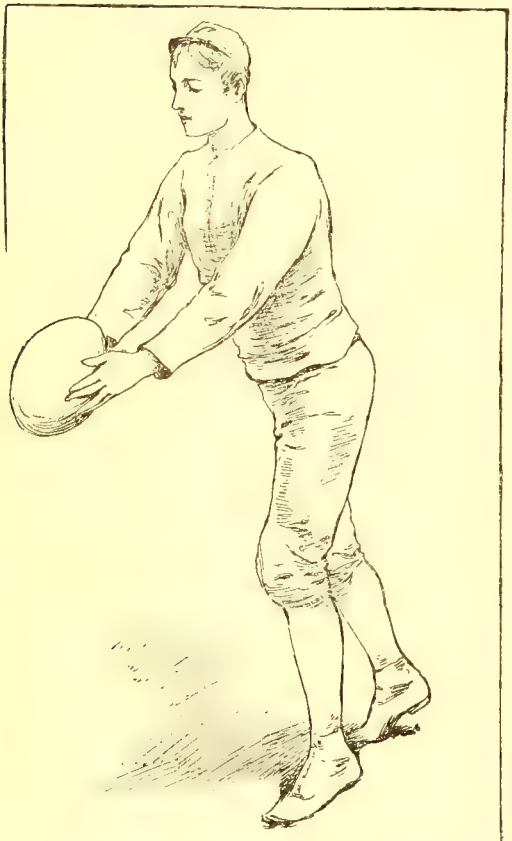


FIGURE 2.

devote more time and practice to this than to the others, where the left hand aids to keep the ball in the proper position.

Moffatt held the ball in two hands in front of him, faced the goal, and dropped the ball with the upper end canted toward him at an angle, varying with the distance he intended to cover. (Fig. 2.) This style is both sure and quick, and differs from Watkinson's style in one point only—the ball as held by the latter being canted in exactly the opposite direction, and pointed directly for the goal.

Watkinson's style, being much more familiar to me, will be explained more in detail. The ball is held in the fingers and thumb (both extended) of the right hand,—as in Fig. 3,—the left hand being placed on the upper and left side of the ball. The ball being thus held, the arms are extended forward and downward, while the ball is pointed, or sighted as it were, by the left hand. At the same time the trunk of the body is bent slightly forward, and the left leg is planted a little in advance of the right, so that it sustains, to a great extent, the weight of the body. The ball is then dropped, and at the same instant the right leg is drawn back, poised for one instant in the air, and then brought with a steady swing forcibly forward, meeting the ball at the moment it touches the ground, the trunk of the body at the same time being thrown back, turning on the hips, thus adding greater force to the kick.

An example of kicking the ball with the side of the foot is best illustrated by citing Terry of Yale, who has a very novel way, quite his own, that he has employed with success, when very near the goal, about on the ten-yard line for example. He takes a position, as in Fig. 4, has the ball passed very low, receives it in his hands, arms extended forward at full length, and with a shoveling motion of the right foot, which scrapes along the ground, he scoops up (not kicks) the ball with the side of his foot.

A cool head, quickness in kicking the ball, and dodging an opponent before kicking are indispensable adjuncts to success. It is easy to see, that for a man to stand facing eleven opponents not twenty yards away, upon whose faces are clearly portrayed a dogged determination either to block the ball or upset him, must require a cool head and the power to concentrate all his thoughts and energies on the ball about to be put in play. He can not do two things at the same time. Watching the

ball and the men too, generally results in an ignominious muff,—a most dangerous accident, for, with only one man to back him up, practically a clear field is left for the opposing side to



FIGURE 3.

score a brilliant run. The necessity of quickness in kicking is aptly illustrated in the case of a certain noted player. Probably there are few, if any, players in the country, at the present time, who would compare favorably with him in a contest for accuracy and long-distance kicking; with, however, the proviso that an indefinite amount of time be allowed in which to kick the ball. But, in a game, this remarkable aptitude comes to naught; and, without disparagement to him, his non-success in games should be attributed not to inability or ignorance, but to that most unfortunate of habits into which players fall in practice,—taking their time about kicking the ball. Surely, if a man accustoms himself in daily practice to take plenty of time to direct the ball, arrange or plant himself, and watch his opponents at the same time, he can not expect to go into a game and do exactly the opposite and still hope for success. Either his kick will be blocked, or the ball will go wide of the mark. This bad habit of taking so much unnecessary time also deadens a man's natural ability to dodge. It very often happens that his opponents reach him just about the time the ball does, so that it is quite necessary, before making the try, to dodge one or more of them. This dodging before kicking, of course, makes the kick more uncertain. Yet a reasonable amount of accuracy may be acquired by constant practice.

A player, who tries for goals from the field, should combine three essential qualities: good judgment as to the right time to kick and the distance to be covered, quickness in getting the ball away after it has been received from the quarter-back, and, finally, ability to dodge an opponent before making the try. This last point is quite necessary to success, for an opponent is pretty sure to get through, on one side or the other, to intercept the kick. Therefore, it is important, in practicing the drop-kick, to have a man stand in front of the kicker, and, as the kick is made, block it if possible. Within the twenty-five-yard line where, in the man's judgment, a try for goal would be the right play, it is well to give the signal immediately after the second down, and in two cases out of three, unless the signal be known, the opponents will



FIGURE 4.

be taken unawares, will not be prepared for such a play, and consequently will not be in a position to prevent it. Thus the kicker has a free field, and generally can take plenty of time to

assure the proper accuracy and success of the kick. It is much the safer way to catch the ball in the arms, rather than in the hands, unless one has, by constant practice, acquired the latter method. Undoubtedly, from a scientific standpoint, the latter is the better way, because time is saved by it; a most important advantage, for a ball received in the hands may be dropped immediately, but, being caught in the arms, must be transferred to the hands first. Beginners, therefore, would do well to learn to catch in the hands. A very common mistake made by players, who receive the ball directly in the hands, is to shift their hands, and the ball too, in the endeavor to get it in the proper position for dropping. All this shifting is unnecessary, and wastes valuable time, so that in two cases out of three the outcome is that the ball is blocked.

A simple movement of the arms alone, and a gentle turn of the ball in the right direction, as it is dropped, is all that is required, and not an instant of time is wasted. One great secret of success is to drop the ball in exactly the position in which it is held by the hands. Both hands should be taken from the ball at the same time, for one can easily see that if either were taken off first the ball would be likely to tip to one side and thus destroy the aim. The ball should be kicked the instant it touches the ground without waiting till it is in the air, otherwise much of the force of the kick will be lost.

By constant practice every man should become able to use the left foot as well as the right. Especially is ability to kick with either foot necessary when very near the goal. Such an attainment not only saves time by allowing the use of the left foot for kicks on the left of the goal, and vice versa, but it bothers the opponents. For example, a right tackle breaks through, and makes directly for the kicker. In this case the use of the right foot enables a man to kick without moving from his position, providing the ball comes all right and in time; but in the use of the left foot, there is a possibility of kicking directly into the tackle. Thus a man who could use only his left foot would be forced to dodge the tackle first, and thus in a measure lose the accuracy of his aim, as well as valuable time.

The kicker should be the man to give the signal for the drop, and he should be careful to give it before the team has lined-up, thus affording each man plenty of time to think about his special line of action, and enabling him to act upon that line promptly. For example, suppose the right half-back is to give the signal. In this case, the back takes a position a little in the rear and to one side of him for the purpose of dropping on the ball, should the pass be a bad one, or be muffed, or the ball be kicked into an opponent. The left half-back goes up into the rush line, and generally takes, as the man for him to block, an opposing half-back, or the quarter-back; the quarter-back, after passing the ball, takes the first man he sees who has no one to oppose him. Generally this man will be one of the backs, or the quarter-back. But these different positions should never be taken until the ball is snapped by the center, otherwise the opponents will surely anticipate the play about to be attempted, and probably spoil it.

It should not be supposed for a moment, however, that just because the signal for a kick has been given, a man is in duty bound to make the try, for oftentimes a rare opportunity will offer itself for a run around the ends. Then, too, the ball may come badly, the opponents be too close, or a dozen other contingencies arise, which forbid the kick. It is the ability to judge of all these circumstances that makes the successful kicker, and the indifference to them the unsuccessful one.

A man, then, who devotes his time and attention to the thorough mastery of drop-kicking, becomes not only a sought-after player, but also one who, more frequently than any other, has at his very feet the opportunity of securing victory for his side.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL IN AMERICA.

THIRD PAPER.

By Walter Camp.



THE FOOT-BALL TEAM STARTING FOR THE POLO GROUNDS.

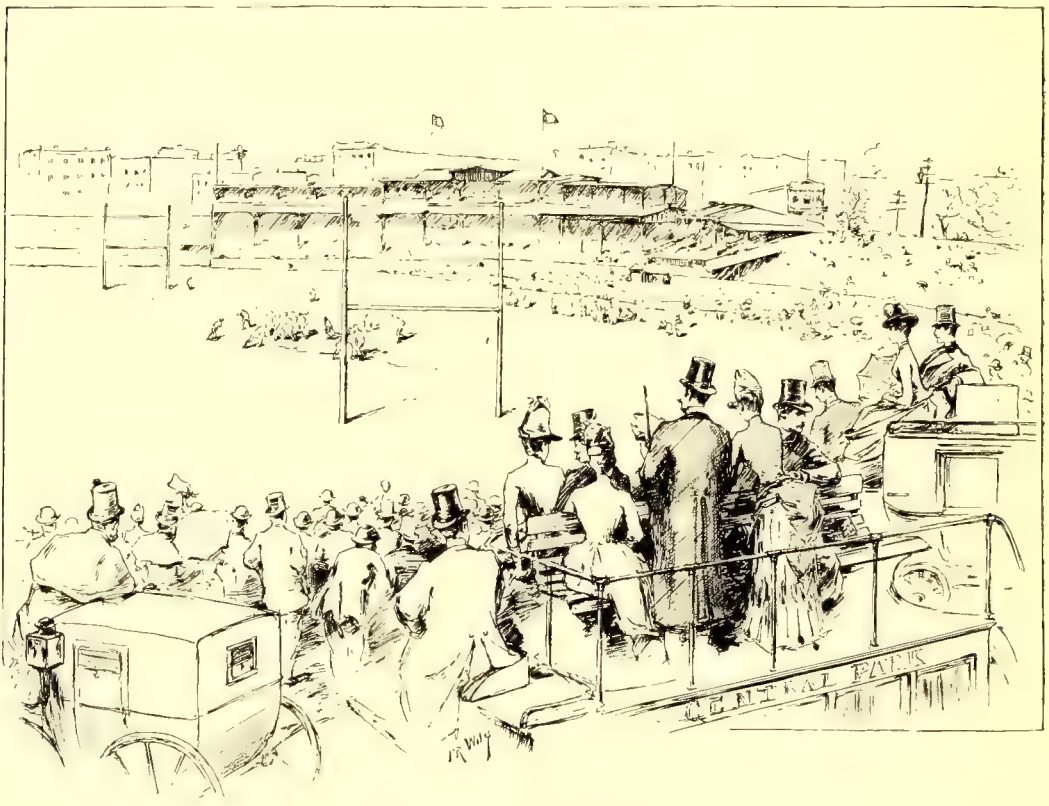
If there be anything that might make a momentary ripple upon the steady, resistless stream of New York life it should certainly be one of these foot-ball games. While there are plenty of base-ball enthusiasts, they possess their souls and their enthusiasm in patience before they reach, and after they leave, the grounds. But the collegian has no sense of repression, and his enthusiasm annually stirs up the sober, sedate dignity of Fifth Avenue from the Brunswick to the Park. A few years ago the wiseacres said: "No one will come to a game on Thanksgiving Day. New Yorkers will never give up their annual dinner for anything under the sun." At the latest game played on that day fifteen thousand people postponed their annual dinner to see the Yale-Harvard match. Perhaps nothing will better illustrate the pitch to which the interest has attained than to take the ride to the grounds, first with the spectators then with the team. Coaches have been bringing as high as a hundred and twenty-five dollars apiece for the day, and even at that price are engaged weeks before the contest. Stages are resorted to. The old 'bus appears in rejuvenated habiliments, bedecked with great streamers of partisan colors, and freighted with the eager sympathizers of the red or the blue. Long before noon, tally-hos draw up before the uptown hotels and are soon bearing jolly parties out to the grounds, in order to make sure of a place close to the ropes. The corridors of the Fifth Avenue, Hoffman, and Windsor have for twelve hours been crowded by college boys eagerly discussing the prospects of the rival teams. Any word from the fortunate ones who are permitted to visit the teams is seized and passed from mouth to mouth as eagerly as if upon the outcome of the match hung the fate of nations. The condition of Jones's ankle is fraught with the utmost interest, and all the boys heave sighs of relief at hearing that he will be able to play.

Having talked over the state of affairs all the evening, and until noon of the momentous day, each boy is thoroughly primed to tell his sister

(and particularly his chum's sister) all about every individual member of his own team, as well as to throw in the latest gossip concerning the opponents. He is frequently interrupted in this conversation held on the top of the coach, by the necessity of stopping to cheer some house where his colors are displayed in the windows, or to salute some passing tally-ho from which the similarly colored ribbons dangle and banners wave.

Arrived on the grounds, the coaches are drawn up in line, and while anxiously awaiting the advent of the two teams, the appearance of each crimson or blue flag becomes an excuse for another three times three. And how smartly the boys execute their cheers! The Yale cry is sharper and more aggressive, but the Harvard boys get more force and volume into theirs. The fair faces of the girls are as flushed with excitement as are those of the men, and their hearts no less in the cheering.

Having followed the spectators out, and seen them safely and advantageously placed, let us ride back and return with one of the teams. We find the men (who have been confined all the morning between four walls in order to prevent their talking over the chances, and thus becoming anxious and excited) just finishing their luncheon. They eat but little, as, in spite of their assumed coolness, there is no player who is not more or less nervous over the result. Hurriedly leaving the table, they go to their rooms and put on their uniforms. One after another they assemble in the Captain's room, and, if one might judge from the appearances of their canvas jackets and begrimed trousers, they are not a set of men to fear a few tumbles. Finally they all have appeared, the last stragglers still engaged in lacing up their jackets. The Captain then says a few words of caution or encouragement to them, as he thinks best. He is evidently in dead earnest, and so are they, for you



THE POLO GROUNDS DURING A MATCH.

might hear a pin drop as he talks in a low voice of the necessity of each man's rendering a good account of himself. Thoughtfully they file out of the room, troop down the stairs, and out through the side entrance where the coach is waiting for them. Then the drive to the grounds,—very different from the noisy, boisterous one we have just taken with the admirers of these same men. Hardly a word is spoken after the first few moments, and one fairly feels the atmosphere of determination settling down upon them as they bowl along through the Park. Every man has his own thoughts and keeps them to himself, for they have long ago discussed their rivals, and each man has mentally made a comparison between himself and the man he is to face, until there is little left to say. Now they leave the Park and rumble up to the big north gate of the Polo Grounds. As they crawl leisurely through the press of carriages, everything makes way for them, and the people in line for tickets stare at the coach for a glimpse of the players. They are soon in, and jumping out at the dressing-rooms, run in and throw off outside coats, still keeping on the heavy sweaters. Now comes a slight uneasy delay, as it is not yet quite time to go out on the field lest their rivals keep them waiting there too long in the chill air. This is in truth the *mauvais quart d'heure* of the foot-ball player, for the men's nerves are strung to a high pitch. Perhaps some one begins to discuss a play or the signals, and in a few minutes the players are in a fair way to become thoroughly mixed, when the Captain utters a brief but expressive, "Shut up there, will you?" and growls out something about all knowing the signals well enough if they 'll quit discussing them. A short silence follows, and then they receive the word to come out. As they approach the great black mass of people and carriages surrounding the ground, they feel the pleasant stimulus of the crisp fresh air, and their hearts begin to swell within them as they really scent the battle. Just as they break through the crowd into the open field, a tremendous cheer goes up from the throats of their friends, and the eager desire seizes them to dash in and perform some unusual deed of skill and strength.

The Polo Grounds have fallen before the advance of city streets. That old inclosure, the scene of some most exciting college contests, will never again resound with the mad cheer of enthusiastic spectators, but there will be handed down to boys coming after, the memory and story of some grand old games, and there will always be a touch in common among the old players who saw service on those grounds.

The Costume and Training.

The old-fashioned woolen jersey has given place, in great measure, to the less comfortable but more serviceable canvas jacket. This change was first made by a team of Trinity College, of Hartford. There had been a few rumors afloat to the effect that there was a new foot-ball garment, made of canvas, which rendered it almost impossible to catch or hold the wearer. No one at the other colleges had paid much attention to this report, and it was not until the Trinity team stepped out of their dressing-rooms at Hamilton Park that the Yale men first saw the new canvas jackets. Strange enough they appeared in those early days, too, as the Trinity eleven marched out on the field in their white jackets laced up in front. It gave them quite a military air, for the jackets were cut in the bobtail fashion of the cadets. The men in blue looked contemptuously down upon the innovation upon the regulation jersey, and it was not until they had played for nearly half an hour, and had had many Trinity players slip easily through their fingers, that they were ready to admit that there was some virtue in the jacket. The Trinity men, bound to give the new costume a fair



THE OLD WOOLEN COSTUME.

trial, had brought some grease out with them, and each jacket had been thoroughly besmeared. They were therefore as difficult to grasp as eels, and it was not until the Yale men had counteracted this by grasping great handfuls of sand that they were able to do anything like successful tackling. This, then, was the beginning of the canvas jacket, and although the greasing process was not continued (in fact, it was stopped by the insertion of a rule forbidding it), the jacket itself was a true improvement, and it was not long before all the teams were wearing them. The superiority of the canvas jacket over the jersey lies in the fact that it gives much less hold for the fingers of the tackler, and also that it does not keep stretching until it offers an easy grasp, as does the jersey.

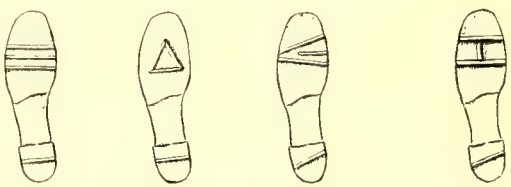
The next article of the foot-baller's costume which demanded particular attention was the shoe. Probably, in spite of all the trials and the great exercise of inventive faculty bestowed upon the sole of a foot-ball man's shoe, there is to-day no better device for all fields and all weathers than the straight cross-leather strips which were used in the first year of the sport. They are shown in diagram I of the accompanying cut. One of the earliest plans was to lay out these strips in various different lines across the sole in order to present an edge, no matter in what direction the foot was turned. This gave rise to as many styles as there were men on a team. The cuts show a few of these (diagrams II, III, IV).

Rubber soles were also tried, but they proved heavy, and when the ground was wet they did not catch as well as the leather strips. We have not yet seen a trial made of the felt soles which are now used in tennis, but these probably would not answer for kicking, as they would not be sufficiently stiff.

The trousers also have quite a history. At first, several of the teams wore woven knickerbockers made of the same material as the jersey. These fitted them tight to the skin, and, although they offered very little obstruction to the freedom of a man's gait, they neither were things of beauty nor did they prove much of a joy to the wearers, for when a hole was once started it spread most amazingly. Another serious feature was that when a game was played on frozen ground every tumble and slide left its mark not only on the trousers, but also on the player's skin beneath, as these trunks offered almost no protection. The next remove from these "tights," as they were expressively called, was to flannel knickerbockers. These prevailed for a season, but they were not stout enough for the rough work of the game, and many a youth has needlessly enlisted the sympathy of the tender hearts in the audience, when his comrades gathered about him and bore him from the field, only, however, to reappear again — such a plucky young man! — in a few moments. Some of the more knowing ones noticed that the trousers worn by the young man on his second appearance were not the same as those in which he began the game. Corduroy was tried with no better results than flannel. The most approved cloth now in use among the players is a sort of heavy fustian, and even these are thickly padded at the knees and along the sides of the thighs.

The caps ran through a series of changes from a little skull-cap to the long-tasseled affair called a toboggan toque. The only really serviceable innovation was a cap with a broad visor, to be worn by the backs and half-backs when facing the sun. The stockings are thicker than they used to be, but otherwise there has been no change. The foot-ball player of to-day puts on a suit of flannels underneath his uniform, and if his canvas jacket is a little loose or the day cold, he wears a jersey next the jacket on the inside.

His shoes are of stout leather with straight strips across the soles; and, if they have become a little stretched from constant use, an extra pair



of socks underneath the woolen ones gives his feet a more comfortable feeling.

He is better dressed to avoid bruises than the old-time player, but the canvas jacket is hard to play in, and such men as the quarter-back, who have little opportunity to make runs but much

stooping to do, still cling to the jersey. The back also can dispense with the canvas jacket if he finds it very irksome, but as a rule every one but the quarter is better dressed for service if in canvas rather than a jersey.

To come to the more particular points of the diet and exercise suitable for a foot-ball player. Long experience has shown that men who are training for this sport must not be brought down too fine. They should be undertrained rather than overtrained. The reason for this is that an overtrained man becomes too delicate for the rough, hard work and perceptibly loses his vigor after a few sharp struggles. The season of the year is favorable to good work, and it is not difficult to keep men in shape. They should be given a hearty breakfast of the regulation steaks, chops, stale bread; nor will a cup of coffee hurt a man who has always been in the habit of having it. Fruit also can be had in the early part of the season, and it is an excellent thing to begin the breakfast. About ten or eleven o'clock the men should practice for a half hour or so. The rushers should be made to pass the ball, fall on it when it is rolling along the ground, catch short high kicks. They should also be put through some of their plays by signal. The half-backs and back practice punting and drop-kicking, not failing to do some place-kicking as well. The quarter-back should pass the ball for them and also do some passing on his own account in order to increase the rapidity of his throwing as well as the distance to which he can pass the ball. The half-backs and back should be made to take all the fly catching they have time for, and it is best to have some one running toward them while they are performing the catch, that they may become accustomed to it. A very light lunch should be served at about one o'clock. It should consist of cold meats, toast, warm potatoes, eggs if agreeable; in fact, no great restriction should be placed upon the appetite of the men at any of the meals except where certain things manifestly disagree with certain individuals. Nothing very hearty should be given them at noon, however. At half-past two — or, better, at three — they should start for the grounds and then play against a scrub team for an hour and a half. When they have had their baths, and been well rubbed down, it is about five o'clock, and in an hour from that time they will eat more dinner than any other set of men in training. No alcoholic beverages are permissible except for particular cases, as, for a man who is getting too "fine" a little ale is not out of the way and may give him a better appetite and better night's rest. Plenty of sleep is indispensable. One other feature should be mentioned, which is, that as the rule for foot-ball games is "play, rain or shine," a team must practice in bad weather. Notwithstanding the fact that one would naturally predict colds for the men from practice in the rain, experience teaches quite the opposite. A cold is almost unheard of, and when it does occur is always traceable directly to some foolish exposure after the playing is over; as, for instance, remaining in the wet clothes. This must on no account be allowed. If the men are put into their baths, and dressed immediately after in warm, dry clothes, they will never take cold.



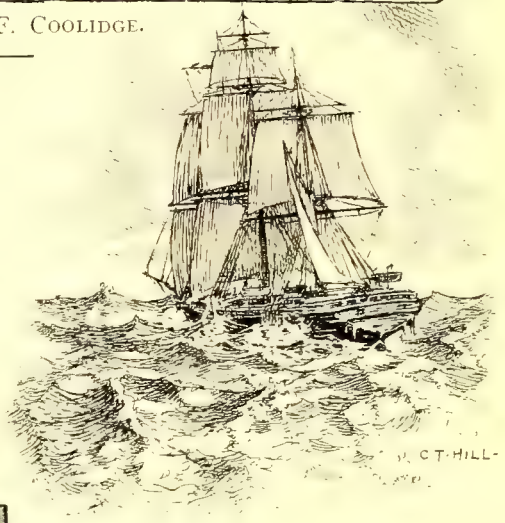
A TACKLE.

These above points are the vital ones in the foot-ball training and give a general view of the course to be pursued. The smaller technicalities every captain must discover for himself.

(To be continued.)

Christmas on the "Polly."

By Grace F. Coolidge.



'T was the good ship "Polly," and she sailed the wintry sea,
For ships must sail tho' fierce the gale, and a precious freight had she;
'T was the captain's little daughter stood beside her father's chair,
And illumed the dingy cabin with the sunshine of her hair.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And loud the tempests blow.



The captain's fingers rested on the pretty, curly head.
"To-morrow will be Christmas-day," the little maiden said;
"Do you suppose that Santa Claus will find us on the sea,
And make believe the stove-pipe is a chimney—just for me?"

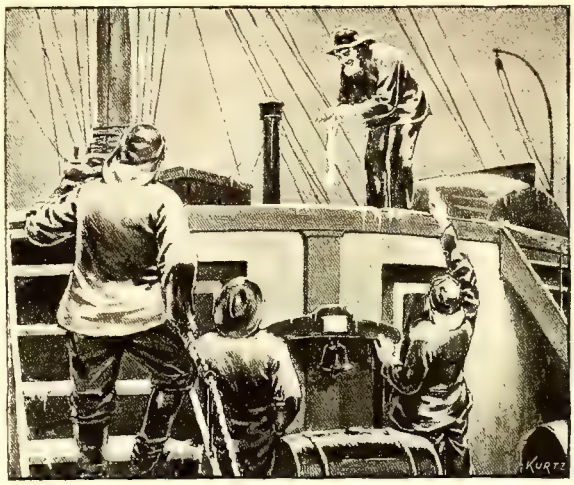
Loud laughed the jovial captain, and "By my faith," he cried,
"If he should come we 'll let him know he has a friend inside!"
And many a rugged sailor cast a loving glance that night



At the stove-pipe where a lonely little
stocking fluttered white.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And loud the tempests blow.

On the good ship "Polly" the Christmas
sun looked down,
And on a smiling little face beneath a
golden crown.
No happier child he saw that day, on
sea or on the land,
Than the captain's little daughter with
her treasures in her hand.





For never was a stocking so filled with curious
things!
There were bracelets made of pretty shells,
and rosy coral strings;
An elephant carved deftly from a bit of ivory
tusk;
A fan, an alligator's tooth, and a little bag of
musk.

Not a tar aboard the "Polly" but felt the
Christmas cheer,
For the captain's little daughter was to every
sailor dear.
They heard a Christmas carol in the shrieking
wintry gust,
For a little child had touched them by her
simple, loving trust.

With a yo-heave-ho, and a yo-heave-ho!
For ships must sail
Tho' fierce the gale
And loud the tempests blow.



CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

By William O. Stoddard.



THE RUNAWAY. "THE WAGON TILTED FEARFULLY, AND THE NIGH WHEEL WAS IN THE AIR FOR A MOMENT, UNTIL JACK'S WEIGHT HELPED BRING IT DOWN AGAIN."

Chapter I.

"I 'm going to the city!"

He stood in the wide door of the blacksmith-shop, with his hands in his pockets, looking down the street, toward the rickety old bridge over the Cocahutchie. He was a sandy-haired, freckled-faced boy, and if he was really only about fifteen, he was tall for his age. Across the top of the door, over his head, stretched a cracked and faded sign, with a horseshoe painted on one end and a hammer on the other, and the name "John Ogden," almost faded out, between them.

The blacksmith-shop was a great, rusty, grimy clutter of work-benches, vises, tools, iron in bars and rods, and all sorts of old iron scraps and things that looked as if they needed making over.

The forge was in the middle, on one side, and near it was hitched a horse, pawing the ground with a hoof that bore a new shoe. On the anvil was a brilliant, yellow-red loop of iron, that was not quite yet a new shoe, and it was sending out bright sparks as a hammer fell upon it,—"thud, thud, thud," and a clatter. Over the anvil leaned a tall, muscular, dark-haired, grimy man. His face wore a disturbed and anxious look, and it was covered with charcoal dust. There was altogether too much charcoal along the high bridge of his Roman nose and over his jutting eyebrows.

The boy in the door also had some charcoal on his cheeks and forehead, but none upon his nose. His nose was not precisely like the blacksmith's. It was high and Roman half-way down, but just there was a little dent, and the

rest of the nose was straight. His complexion, excepting the freckles and charcoal, was chiefly sunburn, down to the neckband of his blue checked shirt. He was a tough, wiry-looking boy, and there was a kind of smiling, self-confident expression in his blue-gray eyes and around his firm mouth.

"I 'm going to the city!" he said, again, in a low but positive voice. "I 'll get there, somehow."

Just then a short, thick-set man came hurrying past him, into the shop. He was probably the whitest man going into that or any other shop, and he spoke out, at once, very fast, but with a voice that sounded as if it came through a bag of meal.

"Ogden," said he, "got him shod? If you have, I 'll take him. What do you say about that trade?"

"I don't want any more room than there is here," said the blacksmith, "and I don't care to move my shop."

"There 's nigh onto two acres, mebbe more, all along the creek from below the mill to Deacon Hawkins's line, below the bridge," wheezed the mealy, floury, dusty man, rapidly. "I 'll get two hundred for it some day, ground or no ground. Best place for a shop."

"This lot suits me," said the smith, hammering away. "'T would n't pay me to move,—not in these times."

The miller had more to say, while he unhitched his horse, but he led him out without getting any more favorable reply about the trade.

"Come and blow, Jack," said the smith, and the boy in the door turned promptly to take the handle of the bellows.

The little heap of charcoal and coke in the forge brightened and sent up fiery tongues, as the great leathern lungs wheezed and sighed, and Jack himself began to puff.

"I 've got to have a bigger man than you are, for a blower and striker," said the smith. "He 's coming Monday morning. It 's time you were doing something, Jack."

"Why, father," said Jack, as he ceased pulling on the bellows, and the shoe came out of the fire, "I 've been doing something ever since I was twelve. Been working here since May, and lots o' times before that. Learned the trade, too."

"You can make a nail, but you can't make a shoe," said his father, as he sizzed the bit of bent iron in the water-tub and then threw it on the ground. "Seven. That 's all the shoes I 'll make this morning, and there are seven of you at home. Your mother can't spare Molly, but you 'll have to do something. It is Saturday, and you can go fishing, after dinner, if you 'd like to. There 's nothin' to ketch 'round here, either. Worst times there ever were in Crofield."

There was gloom as well as charcoal on the face of the blacksmith, but Jack's expression was only respectfully serious as he walked away, without speaking, and again stood in the door for a moment.

"I could catch something in the city. I know I could," he said, to himself. "How on earth shall I get there?"

The bridge, at the lower end of the sloping side-street on which the shop stood, was long and high. It was made to fit the road and was a number of sizes too large for the stream of water rippling under it. The side-street climbed about twenty rods the other way into what was evidently the Main street of Crofield. There was a tavern on one corner, and across the street from that there was a drug store and in it was the post-office. On the two opposite corners were shops, and all along the Main street were all sorts of business establishments, sandwiched in among the dwellings.

It was not yet noon, but Crofield had a sleepy look, as if all its work for the whole week were done. Even the horses of the farmers' teams, hitched in front of the stores, looked sleepy. Jack Ogden took his longest look, this time, at a neat, white-painted frame-house across the way.

"Seems to me there is n't nearly so much room in it as there used to be," he said to himself. "It 's just packed and crowded. I 'm going!"

He turned and walked on up toward Main street, as if that were the best thing he could do till dinner time. Not many minutes later, a girl plainly but neatly dressed came slowly along in front of the village green, away up Main street. She was tall and slender, and her

hair and eyes were as dark as those of John Ogden, the blacksmith. Her nose was like his, too, except that it was finer and not so high, and she wore very much the same anxious, discontented look upon her face. She was walking slowly, because she saw, coming toward her, a portly lady, with hair so flaxy that no gray would show in it. She was elegantly dressed. She stopped and smiled and looked very condescending.

"Good-morning, Mary Ogden," she said.

"Good-morning, Miss Glidden," said Mary, the anxious look in her eyes changing to a gleam that made them seem very wide awake.

"It 's a fine morning, Mary Ogden, but so very warm. Is your mother well?"

"Very well, thank you," said Mary.

"And is your aunt well,—and your father, and all the children? I 'm so glad they 're well. Elder Holloway 's to be here to-morrow. Hope you 'll all come. I shall be there myself. You 've had my class a number of times. Much obliged to you. I 'll be there to-morrow. You must hear the Elder. He 's to inspect the Sunday-school."

"Your class, Miss Glidden?" began Mary; and her face suggested that somebody was blowing upon a kind of fire, inside her cheeks, and that they would be very red in a minute.

"Yes; don't fail to be there to-morrow, Mary. The choir 'll be full, of course. I shall be there myself."

"I hope you will, Miss Glidden—"

The portly lady saw something up the street, at that moment.

"Oh my! What is it? Dear me! It 's coming! Run! We 'll all be killed! Oh my!"

She had turned quite around, while she was speaking, and was once more looking up the street; but the dark-haired girl had neither flinched nor wavered. She had only sent a curious, inquiring glance, in the direction of the shouts and the rattle and the cloud of dust that were coming swiftly toward them.

"A runaway team," she said, quietly. "Nobody 's in the wagon."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Miss Glidden; but Mary began to move away, looking not at her but at the runaway, and she did not hear the rest. "Mary Ogden 's too uppish.—Somebody 'll be killed, I know they will!—She 's got to be taken down.—There they come!—Dressed too well for a blacksmith's daughter. Does n't know her place.—Oh dear! I 'm so frightened!"

Perhaps she had been wise in getting behind the nearest tree. It was a young maple, two inches through, lately set out, but it might have stopped a pair of very small horses. Those in the road were large—almost too large to run well. They were well-matched grays, and they came thundering along in a way that was really fine to behold; heads down, necks arched, nostrils wide, reins flying, the wagon behind them banging and swerving—no wonder everybody stood still and, except Mary Ogden, shouted, "Stop 'em!" One young fellow, across the street, stood still only until the runaways were all but close by him. Then he darted out into the street, not ahead of them but behind them. No man on earth could have stopped those horses by standing in front of them. They could have charged through a regiment. Their heavy, furious gallop was fast, too, and the boy who was now following them must have been as light of foot as a young deer.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Go it, Jack! Catch 'em! Bully for you!" arose from a score of people along the sidewalk, as he bounded forward.

"It 's Jack! Oh dear me! But it 's just like him! There! He 's in!" exclaimed Mary Ogden, her dark eyes dancing proudly.

"Why, it 's that good-for-nothing brother of Mary Ogden. He 's the blacksmith's boy. I 'm afraid he will be hurt," remarked Miss Glidden, kindly and benevolently; but all the rest shouted "Hurrah!" again.

Fierce was the strain upon the young runner, for a moment, and then his hands were on the back-board of the bouncing wagon. A tug, a spring, a swerve of the wagon, and Jack Ogden was in it, and in a second more the loosely flying reins were in his hands.

The strong arms of his father, were they twice as strong, could not at once have pulled in those horses, and one man on the sidewalk seemed to be entirely correct, when he said, "He 's a plucky little fellow, but he can't do a thing, now he 's there."

His sister was trembling all over, but she was repeating: "He did it splendidly! He can do anything!"

Jack, in the wagon, was thinking only: "I know 'em. They 're old Hammond's team. They 'll try to go home to the mill. They 'll smash everything, if I don't look out!"

It is something, even to a greatly frightened horse, to feel a hand on the rein. The team intended to turn out of Main street, at the corner, and they made the turn, but they did not crash the wagon to pieces against the corner post, because of the desperate guiding that was done by Jack. The wagon swung around without upsetting. It tilted fearfully, and the nigh wheel was in the air for a moment, until Jack's weight helped bring it down again. There was a short sharp scream across the street, when the wagon swung and the wheel went up.

Down the slope toward the bridge thundered the galloping team, and the blacksmith ran out of his shop to see it pass.

"Turn them into the creek, Jack!" he shouted, but there was no time for any answer.

"They 'd smash through the bridge," thought Jack. "I know what I 'm about."

There were wheel-marks down from the street, at the left of the bridge, where many a team had descended to drink the water of the Cocahutchie, but it required all Jack's strength on one rein to make his runaways take that direction. They had thought of going toward the mill, but they knew the watering-place.

Not many rods below the bridge stood a clump of half a dozen gigantic trees, remnants of the old forest which had been replaced by the streets of Crofield and the farms around it. Jack's pull on the left rein was obeyed only too well, and it looked, for some seconds, as if the plunging beasts were about to wind up their maddened dash by a wreck among those gnarled trunks and projecting roots. Jack drew his breath hard, and there was almost a chill at his young heart, but he held hard and said nothing.

Forward,—one plunge more,— hard on the right rein —

"That was close!" he said. "If we did n't go right between the big maple and the cherry! Now I 've got 'em!"

Splash, crash, rattle! Spattering and plunging, but cooling fast, the gray team galloped along the shallow bed of the Cocahutchie.

"I wish the old swimming-hole was deeper," said Jack, "but the water 's very low. Whoa, boys! Whoa, there! Almost up to the hub — over the hub! Whoa, now!"

And the gray team ceased its plunging and stood still in water three feet deep.

"I must n't let 'em drink too much," said Jack; "but a little won't hurt 'em."

The horses were trembling all over, but one after the other they put their noses into the water, and then raised their heads to prick their ears back and forth and look around.

"Don't bring 'em ashore till they 're quiet, Jack," called out the deep, ringing voice of his father, from the bank.

There he stood, and other men were coming, on the run. The tall blacksmith's black eyes were flashing with pride over the daring feat his son had performed.

"I dare n't tell him, though," he said to himself. "He 's set up enough, a'ready. He thinks he can do 'most anything."

"Jack," wheezed a mealy voice at his side, "that 's my team—"

"I know it," said Jack. "They 're all right now. Pretty close shave through the trees, that was!"

"I owe ye fifty dollars for a-savin' them and the wagin," said the miller. "It 's wuth it, and I 'll pay it; but I 've got to owe it to ye, jest now. Times are awful hard in Crofield. If I 'd ha' lost them hosses and that wagin—"

He stopped short, as if he could not exactly say how disastrous it would have been for him.

There was a running fire of praise and of questions poured at Jack, by the gathering knot of people on the shore, and it was several minutes before his father spoke again.

"They 're cool, now," he said. "Turn 'em, Jack, and walk 'em out by the bridge, and up to the mill. Then come home to dinner."

Jack pretended not to see quite a different kind of group gathered under the clump of tall trees. Not a voice had come to him from that group of lookers-on, and yet the fact that they were there made him tingle all over.

Two large, freckle-faced, sandy-haired women were hugging each other, and wiping their eyes;

and a very small girl was tugging at their dresses and crying, while a pair of girls of from twelve to fourteen, close by them, seemed very much inclined to dance. Two small boys, who at first belonged to the party, had quickly rolled up their trousers and waded out as far as they could into the Cocahutchie. Just in front of the group, under the trees, stood Mary Ogden, straight as an arrow, her dark eyes flashing and her cheeks glowing while she looked silently at the boy on the wagon in the stream, until she saw him wheel the grays. Even then she did not say anything, but turned and walked away. It was as if she had so much to say that she felt she could not say it.

"Aunt Melinda! Mother!" said one of the girls, "Jack is n't hurt a mite. They 'd all ha' been drowned, though, if there was water enough."

"Hush, Bessie," said one of the large women, and the other at once echoed, "Hush, Bessie."

They were very nearly alike, these women, and they both had long, straight noses, such as Jack's would have been, if half-way down it had not been Roman, like his father's.

"Mary Ann," said the first woman, "we must n't say too much to him about it. He can only just be held in, now."

"Hush, Melinda," said Jack's mother. "I thought I 'd seen the last of him when the gray critters came a-powderin' down the road past the house"—and then she wiped her eyes again, and so did Aunt Melinda, and they both stooped down at the same moment, saying, "Jack 's safe, Sally," and picked up the small girl, who was crying, and kissed her.

The gray team was surrendered to its owner as soon as it reached the road at the foot of the bridge, and again Jack was loudly praised by the miller. The rest of the Ogden family seemed to be disposed to keep away, but the tall blacksmith himself was there.

"Jack," said he, as they turned away homeward, "you can go fishing this afternoon, just as I said. I was thinking of your doing something else afterward, but you 've done about enough for one day."

He had more to say, concerning what would have happened to the miller's horses, and the number of pieces the wagon would have been knocked into, but for the manner in which the whole team had been saved.

When they reached the house the front door was open, but nobody was to be seen. Bob and Jim, the two small boys, had not yet returned from seeing the gray span taken to the mill, and the women and girls had gone through to the kitchen.

"Jack," said his father, as they went in, "old Hammond 'll owe you that fifty dollars long enough. He never really pays anything."

"Course he does n't—not if he can help it," said Jack. "I worked for him three months, and you know we had to take it out in feed. I learned the mill trade, though, and that was something."

Just then he was suddenly embarrassed. Mrs. Ogden had gone through the house and out at the back door, and Aunt Melinda had followed her, and so had the girls. Molly had suddenly gone upstairs to her own room. Aunt Melinda had taken everything off the kitchen stove and put everything back again, and here now was Mrs. Ogden back again, hugging her son.

"Jack," she said, "don't you ever, ever, do such a thing again. You might ha' been knocked into slivers!"

Molly had gone up the back stairs only to come down the front way, and she was now a little behind them.

"Mother!" she exclaimed, as if her pent-up admiration for her brother was exploding, "you ought to have seen him jump in, and you ought to have seen that wagon go around the corner!"

"Jack," broke in the half-choked voice of Aunt Melinda from the kitchen doorway, "come and eat something. I felt as if I knew you were killed, sure. If you have n't earned your dinner, nobody has."

"Why, I know how to drive," said Jack. "I was n't afraid of 'em after I got hold of the reins."

He seemed even in a hurry to get through his dinner, and some minutes later he was out in the garden, digging for bait. The rest of the family remained at the table longer than usual, especially Bob and Jim; but, for some reason known to herself, Mary did not say a word about her meeting with Miss Glidden. Perhaps the miller's

gray team had run away with all her interest in that, but she did not even tell how carefully Miss Glidden had inquired after the family.

"There goes Jack," she said, at last, and they all turned to look.

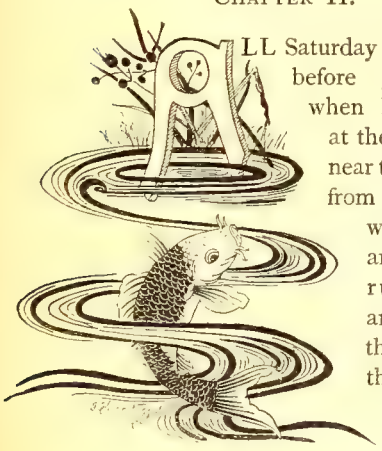
He did not say anything as he passed the kitchen door, but he had his long cane fishing-pole over his shoulder. It had a line wound around it, ready for use. He went out of the gate and down the road toward the bridge, and gave only a glance across at the shop.

"I did n't get many worms," he said to himself, at the bridge, "but I can dig some more, if the fish bite. Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't."

Over the bridge he went, and up a wagon track on the opposite bank, but he paused for one moment, in the very middle of the bridge, to look upstream.

"There 's just enough water to run the mill," he said. "There is n't any coming over the dam. The pond 's even full, though, and it may be a good day for fish.—I wish I was in the city!"

Chapter II.



ALL Saturday afternoon was before Jack Ogden, when he came out at the water's edge, near the dam, across from the mill. That was there, big and red and rusty-looking; and the dam was there; and above them was the mill-pond, spreading out over a number of acres, and ornamented with stumps, old logs, pond-lilies, and weeds. It was a fairly good pond, the best that Cocahutchie Creek could do for Crofield, but Jack's face fell a little as he looked at it.

"There are more fellows than fish here," he said to himself, with an air of disgust.

There was a boy at the end of the dam near him, and a boy in the middle of it, and two boys at the flume, near the mill. There were three punts out on the water, and one of them had in it a man and two boys, while the second boat held but one man, and the third contained four. A big stump near the north shore supported a boy, and the old snag jutting out from the south shore held a boy and a man.

There they all were, sitting perfectly still, until, one after another, each rod and line came up to have its hook and bait examined, to see whether or not there had really been a bite.

"I 'm fairly crowded out," remarked Jack. "Those fellows have all the good places. I 'll have to go somewhere else; where 'll I go?"

He studied that problem for a full minute, while every fisherman there turned to look at him and then turned back to watch his line.

"I guess I 'll try down stream," said Jack. "Nobody ever caught anything down there, and nobody ever goes there, but I s'pose I might as well try it, just for once."

He turned away along the track over which he had come. He did not pause at the road and bridge, but went on down the further bank of the Cocahutchie. It was a pretty stream of water, and it spread out wide and shallow, and rippled merrily among stones and boulders and clumps of willow and alder for nearly half a mile. Gradually, then, it grew narrower, quieter, deeper, and wore a sleepy look which made it seem more in keeping with quiet old Crofield.

"The hay 's about ready to cut," said Jack, as he plodded along the path, near the water's edge, through a thriving meadow of clover and timothy. "There 's always plenty of work in haying time. Hullo! What grasshoppers! Jingo!"

As he made the last exclamation, he clapped his hand upon his trousers-pocket.

"If I did n't forget to go in and get my sinker! Never did such a thing before in all my life. What 's the use of trying to fish without a sinker?"

The luck seemed to be going directly against him. Even the Cocahutchie, at his left, had dwindled to a mere crack between bushes and high grass, as if to show that it had no room to let for fish to live in—that is, for fish accustomed to having plenty of room, such as they

could find when living in a mill-pond, lined around the edges with boys and fish-poles.

"That 's a whopper!" suddenly exclaimed Jack, with a quick snatch at something that alighted upon his left arm. "I 've caught him! Grasshoppers are the best kind of bait, too. I 'll try him on, sinker or no sinker. Hope there are some fish, down here."

The line he unwound from his rod was somewhat coarse, but it was strong, and so was his hook, as if the fishing around Crofield called for stout tackle as well as for a large number of sportsmen. The big, long-limbed, green-coated jumper was placed in position on the hook, and then, with several more grumbling regrets over the absence of any sinker, Jack searched along the bank for a place whence he could throw his bait into the water.

"This 'll do," he said, at last, and the breeze helped him to swing out his line until the grasshopper at the end of it dropped lightly and naturally into a dark little eddy, almost across that narrow ribbon of the Cocahutchie.

Splash,— tug,— splash again,—

"Jingo! What 's that? I declare — if he is n't pulling! He 'll break the line,— no, he won't. See that pole bend! Steady,— here he comes. Hurrah!"

Out he came, indeed, for the rude, strong tackle held, even against the game struggling of that vigorous trout. There he lay now, on the grass, with Jack Ogden bending over him in a fever of exultation and amazement.

"I never could have caught him with a worm and a sinker," he said, aloud. "This is the way to catch 'em. Is n't he a big fellow! I 'll try some more grasshoppers."

There was not likely to be another two-pound brook-trout very near the hole out of which that one had been pulled. There would not have been any at all, perhaps, but for the prevailing superstition that there were no fish there. Everybody knew that there were bullheads, suckers, perch, and "pumpkin-seeds," in the mill-pond, and eels, with now and then a pickerel, but the trout were a profound secret. It was easy to catch another big grasshopper, but the young sportsman knew very well that he knew nothing at all of that kind of fishing. He had made his first cast perfectly, because it was about the only way in which it could have been made, and now he was so very nervous and excited and cautious that he did very well again, aided as before by the breeze. Not in the same place, but at a little distance down, and close to where Jack captured his second bait, there was a crook in the Cocahutchie, with a steep, overhanging, bushy bank. Into the glassy shadow under that bank the sinkerless line carried and dropped its little green prisoner, and there was a hungry fellow in there, waiting for foolish grasshoppers in the meadow to spring too far and come down upon the water instead of upon the grass. As the grasshopper alighted on the water, there was a rush, a plunge, a strong hard pull, and then Jack Ogden said to himself:

"I 've heard how they do it. They wait and tire 'em out. I won't be in too much of a hurry. He 'll get away if I am."

That is probably what the fish would have done, for he was a fish with what army men call "tactics." He was able to pull very hard, and he was also wise enough to rush in under the bank and to sulkily stay there.

"Feels as if I 'd hooked a snag," said Jack. "Maybe I 've lost the fish and he 's hitched me into a 'cod-lamper' eel of some kind. Steady,— no, I must n't pull harder than the fish."

He was breathless, but not with any exertion that he was making. His hat fell off upon the grass, as he leaned forward through the alder bushes, and his sandy hair was tangled, for a moment, in some stubby twigs. He loosened his head, still holding firmly his bent and straining rod. One step farther, a slip of his left foot, an unsuccessful grasp at a bush, and then Jack went over and down into a pool deeper than he had thought the Cocahutchie afforded so near Crofield.

There was a very fine splash, as the grasshopper fly-fisherman went under, and there was a coughing and spluttering a moment afterward, when his eager, excited, anxious face came up again. He could swim extremely well, and he was not thinking of his ducking,— only of his game.

"I hope I have n't lost him!" he exclaimed, as he tried to pull upon the line.

It did not tug at all, just then, for the fish on the hook had been rudely startled out from

under the bank and was on his way up the Cocahutchie, with the hook in his mouth.

"There he is! I 've got him yet! Glad I can swim—" cried Jack; and it did seem as if he and this fish were very well matched, except that Jack had to give one of his hands to the rod while his captive could use every fin.

Down-stream floated Jack, passing the rod back through his hands until he could grasp the line, and all the while the fish was darting madly about to get away.

"There, I 've touched bottom. Now for him! Here he comes. I 'll draw him ashore easy,—that 's it! Hurrah!—biggest fish ever was caught in the Cocahutchie!"

That might or might not be so, but Jack Ogden had a three-pound trout, flopping angrily upon the grass at his feet.

"I know how to do it now," he almost shouted. "I can catch 'em! I won't let anybody else know how it 's done, either."

He had learned something, no doubt, but he had not learned how to make a large fish out of a small one. All the rest of that afternoon he caught grasshoppers and cast them daintily into what seemed to be good places, but he did not have another occasion to tumble in. When at last he was tired out and decided to go home, he had a dozen more of trout, not one of them weighing over six ounces, with a pair of very good yellow perch, one very large perch, a sucker, and three bullheads, that bit when his bait happened to sink to the bottom without any lead to help it. Take it all in all, it was a great string of fish, to be caught in a Saturday afternoon, when all that the Crofield sportsmen around the mill-pond could show was six bullheads, a dozen small perch, a lot of "pumpkin-seeds" not much larger than dollars, five small eels, and a very vicious snapping-turtle.

Jack stood for a moment looking down at the results of his experiment in fly-fishing. He felt, really, as if he could not more than half believe it.

"Fishing does n't pay," he said. "It does n't pay cash, anyway. There is n't anything around Crofield that does pay. Well, it must be time for me to go home."

(To be continued.)



DESIGN FOR DECORATION OF WINDOW — SUGGESTED UNCONSCIOUSLY BY MESSRS. WILLIE, BABY, FRANCIS, PERCY, AND JACK.

PILOT-BOAT "TORCHING" BY NIGHT.

By J. O. Davidson.

To the mariner inward bound from a long voyage, few sights are more welcome than the first view of the pilot-boat. Whether she be met in fair summer weather, or in a winter's snow-storm or blizzard; within sight of land, or far out on the restless ocean, she is a welcome, a sign of rest, of good fellowship, and good cheer. To the passenger in pursuit of business, pleasure, or health, she is a landmark or mile-post, so to speak, on his way. To the tired sailor she promises rest from heavy labors, an easy berth, and pay-day. To the captain she signifies relief from anxious duty, for, with the good pilot on board, he is relieved from further guidance, and is practically at his voyage's end — moored to his dock, and shaking hands with the ship's owners over the safe ending of a happy voyage.

The New York and New Jersey pilots are a set of hardy and reliable men, inured to hardship and responsibility, for their training is a long and severe one. Many of them are brought up on or near the harbors in which they afterward ply their trade, and the knowledge acquired as boys, while cruising in familiar home waters, stands them in good stead in after years.

The first pilots of New York harbor were stationed at Sandy Hook, and visited incoming vessels in whale-boats; and many a stately British frigate or colonial trader was forced to wait anxiously outside the bar, rolling and tossing in the sea-way, or tacking hither and yon, waiting for a glimpse of that tiny speck where flashing oars told of the coming pilot. It is in this way many vessels are still met, off some of our smaller harbors, and at the Port Eads Jetties (those wonderful improvements of navigation at the mouth of the Mississippi River) this practice also remains. There the waters of the great river pouring into the Gulf of Mexico make a turbulent swell with foam-crested billows that roll the stoutest ship's gunwale under, even in calm weather; yet the little whale-boats, swift and buoyant, dash out bravely in a race for the sail on the distant horizon, for there are two pilot-stations at the Jetties, and it is "first come first engaged." There are plenty of tugs and small steamers there also, but the whale-boat is still used as easiest to handle and to embark from.

On our own northern coasts, the long icy storms in winter, demand a stronger craft, and our pilot-boats are stout, well-built little schooners of a type and style peculiarly their own, and adapted to their work. They have a cook, boat-tender, and boy, to bring them in when the pilots are all "dropped," and are comfortably furnished and amply provisioned.

The boats have regular cruising grounds to a certain extent, but often are blown out to sea or up or down the coast, as far north as the Newfoundland Banks and south as Cape Hatteras. They are familiar with all the tracks of incoming and outward-bound vessels and move about hither and thither to lie in the way of a vessel; here intercepting a steamer, yonder a fruit-ship, or dashing down the coast to meet some familiar craft which they know is due and for which the pay will be large. This pay is regulated by law, according to tonnage and draught of the vessel, and is not collected by the pilots, but by their employees who look after this part of the work.

One boat, known as the "station boat," is always kept near the harbor entrance, in sight of outgoing ships, to receive on board the pilots who have steered them down the channels of the bay; but sometimes, through darkness or heavy weather, some vessel fails to drop her pilot and he is compelled to sail in her to the nearest port whence he can return. Thus many a pilot has found himself a prisoner on board a ship for weeks, or landed at a foreign port, perchance in Europe or the West Indies, when he expected to be in his cozy home with his wife and children and Christmas dinner.

On dark nights the incoming vessel or steamer may run by the waiting pilot-boat without seeing her, and find herself in dangerous waters



BURNING A "FLARE."

unawares. To prevent this, the pilots burn what is known as a "flare" or torch, consisting of a bunch of cotton or lamp-wick dipped in turpentine, on the end of a short handle. It burns with a brilliant flame, lighting up the sea for a great distance and throwing the sails and number of the pilot-boat into strong relief against the darkness, enabling the distant ship's look-out to discern her whereabouts and steer accordingly. Many an accident has been avoided in this manner also, for our modern steamships run so swiftly that the boat might be run down but for some such signal of position. On a dark clear night, the boats' positions can be seen not only by the flare on their sails, but also by the reddish glare which the signal projects on the under side of such clouds as may be floating near on the night winds. These flashes look like distant heat lightning or gleams from some huge fire-fly.



There once was a man with a sneeze
Who always would sit in a breeze
When begged to take shelter
He'd cry: "I should swelter!"
And straightway go on with his sneeze.

A PICNIC ON THE STAIRS.

It was a wet morning at the seaside, and the children could not have their picnic on the shore that Mamma had promised them. Baby did not mind, for he hardly knew what a picnic was; but Dora was ready to cry when she saw the rain falling, and the dull sky, without a bright spot anywhere.

A little girl named Fanny, who lived in the next cottage, was to have gone with them. Dora wondered if Fanny was feeling as badly as she did, about the rain. Then, suddenly, she thought of something they could do, if only Fanny could come over.

She asked her mamma if Nurse could go to Fanny's house — it was so near and there was a gate in the fence between — and ask Fanny's mamma to let her come over and play.

Mamma gave permission, and while Nurse

was gone, Dora went upstairs to the play-room, and looked over her dishes. They were the remains of two sets, one that she had at Christmas, and the old set that was given her on her birthday, long before Christmas.

Baby had broken very many of them, and she herself had had "bad luck" (as she called it when she broke things). Those that were left she found in one of the beach-pails, mixed up with shells of different shapes and sizes, which also were used as dishes. Then she took the covers from the biggest doll's bed, and folded them like doyleys; for on a picnic they would have doyleys instead of the large napkins. It was lucky the covers were quite clean. Mary (that was the nurse's name) had washed and ironed them, only the week before.

By this time Mary had come back, and Fanny was with her. Dora leaned over the banister and saw her, laughing and talking, while Mary unbuttoned her waterproof.

"Is n't it too bad about the rain?" she said. But as Fanny looked up her face was as bright as the clearest sunshine could have made it.

"Oh, yes!" said Dora. "But I 've thought of a splendid play, if Mamma will let us have some real things to eat. We can have a picnic on the stairs. You must come up and help get ready. And, Mary, will you ask Mamma for some of the animal-crackers, and just a little bread and butter too, because we want to play with the animal-crackers. We won't be crumby a bit, and if we are, we 'll sweep up all the crumbs ourselves."

Mary went for the things to eat, and the little girls filled one of the wooden beach-pails with the dishes and covered them over with a napkin,—Fanny did not mind in the least that the napkins were really covers,—but the other pail they did not fill, until Mary brought a plateful of crackers and a very little bread and butter, for it was too soon after breakfast, she said, for them to have much.

The animal-crackers were n't all animals; some were birds and fishes, and some were only hearts and diamonds and stars and shields; but they could play these were shells they had found upon the shore. And besides the crackers and bread and butter, there was an orange. There was but this one, left from dessert the evening before; but Mary said they could divide it among them with the old fruit-knife which she kept in the drawer of the table that stood in the nursery.

While they were looking for the fruit-knife they found something else, which had been missing for days (that table-drawer was always crammed full of things that Mary did not know what else to do with, when she was "picking up" the room). They found the lid of the tea-pot belonging to the best tea-set. Of course, they would n't have tea, on a picnic, but Dora pretended that the teapot had milk in it; and she tied on the lid and stuffed paper in the spout.

Baby would have his tin soldiers, though the little girls explained to him that soldiers did not go on picnics. But *these* soldiers went — as many of them as Baby could cram into the pail that held the crackers.

The orange would not go in either of the pails, so Dora carried it in her hand.

Then they asked Mary for their hats. But Fanny had come without any hat; and Mary objected to Dora's taking hers, for it was one of those white starched hats that have to be washed, and it had just been done up, with the bows all spread out like new. She said Dora would drop it on the stairs and Baby would sit on it — bless him! He never minded what he sat on, nor where he stepped, but just went ahead, like the great staving boy he was.

But when Baby heard talk of hats he called for *his* hat, and Mary let him have it; for Mary would always give Baby anything he asked for and never minded how he spoiled his clothes, because he was her favorite. So he was the only person at the picnic with a hat on; but five minutes after they had reached the shore, which was the stairs, he wished it off again. And the little girls laughed at everything he did because he was so funny, even when he was quite serious and put out.

Mary said they had better have the picnic near the bottom of the stairs on account of Baby, who might step off backwards, when they were not looking. So the picnic began on the third step from the bottom. That was the cliffs, the green cliffs above the shore. The next step

was the rocks, with "pot-holes" in them filled with water, where queer living things were imprisoned at low tide. The last step was the sand; and the floor of the hall below was the water. It was a shiny floor and really looked very like still water.

Dora sat on the cliffs, and Fanny stayed below on the rocks, hunting shells and crabs, and Baby was to have played on the sand; but he would step off into the water, which was very improper, for of course he had his shoes and stockings on and was not prepared for wading. But he would do it, and so they had to make believe that his feet were wet.



Fanny on the rocks spoke loud to Dora on the cliffs, so she could hear; but it was a singular thing about that picnic, that you could reach a person's hand from the rocks, though she were sitting on the cliffs, ever so far above.

It was quite convenient though, for Fanny could hand up her cup for more milk, always calling in a loud voice to Dora: "Oh, Dora, have you any more milk? The wind makes me so hungry.— Oh, can you see that tiny little crab in a pool in the rock? Shall I catch him for you? I 'm sure he is a soft shell, so he won't bite me." Of course there were no crabs on the staircase, any more than there was an ocean covering the hall floor. But Dora and Fanny were good "make-believers," and Baby — well, he did spoil things a little, but that was only because he did not understand how a real picnic should be.

And when they had eaten the bread and butter first, and then the crackers, stars, and shields, and then the animals — the elephant and the horse's head and the dove and the lion, the two dogs and the fishes and the peacock — and divided the orange (with great difficulty) into three equal parts, they made believe the picnic was over. And they told Mary that they had had a splendid time — so it did not matter about the rain, and Mamma promised them that they should have the real picnic on the next bright day.

AN OSTRICH-RANCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

By Anna Eichberg King.

In the zoölogical gardens of the ancient town of Banackpore, in East India, are a pair of ostriches, presented to the East India Company by the Maharajah of Cawnpore in 1795. An American traveler saw them in 1875 and said they were fine birds then. They were, tradition has it, far from young when presented to the East India Company, so that at present they are more than a century old, and from all accounts seem cheerfully prepared for more. So you see the ostrich is a long-lived bird.

He is not only long-lived, but he is strong, and subject to comparatively few diseases. His digestive powers have become proverbial.

An English gentleman in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, lost a valuable gold watch in an extraordinary manner. He was looking into an ostrich pen, watching the great ungainly creatures, when he had occasion to take out his watch. An ostrich stalked up with friendly curiosity (the ostrich is very curious), looked at it with his great, black eyes, and the next instant made a dive and swallowed the watch and as much of the chain as snapped off. The price of the bird being exactly the same as the watch, the victim when last heard from had not been able to decide whether he should buy the old ostrich or a new watch.

Another ostrich, grazing near a ball-ground, was seen to swallow a rubber-ball, two baseballs, and a hard, green apple, and was none the worse for his luncheon.

When you think of all the hats trimmed with feathers, of all feather ornaments and trimmings, and of the humble feather-dusters, and the noble plumes ladies wear when they are presented at court; when you consider that a century and a half ago men still wore plumes on their hats, it is really a matter of surprise to think where all these lovely things come from. Till within eighteen years the ostriches were hunted like game and killed for the sake of their plumage.

In 1868 an English gentleman started an ostrich-breeding farm in South Africa for the purpose of cultivating the birds for their feathers, simply clipping them twice a year, and leaving them at peace the rest of the time.

In our great country the territory is so vast that there appears to be land and climate suited to all things. Ten years ago an American gentleman traveling in South Africa became deeply interested in ostrich-farming, and was soon convinced that it could be introduced in the United States as a new, and, after a time, very profitable industry.

The ostrich, being a tropical bird, needed, of course, a climate not subject to Eastern ice, snow, and storms. He therefore decided that Southern California, some five hundred miles south of San Francisco, would be a place suitable for the experiment.

Africa is the home of the ostrich proper. There are and were other species in southern countries, as, for example, the Emu of Australia, with its three toes and its hairy feathers, the Cassowary of Africa, the extinct Dodo of Madagascar, and the extinct Moa of New Zealand. In South America they have the Rhea, and from its short feathers they make our common feather-dusters.

The handsomest and most valuable ostriches are found in Southern Africa. They are driven down by hundreds from the interior, as cattle are driven. There are ostriches in Algiers, also. Those for the California ranch were exported from South Africa. The price was five hundred dollars apiece, and, including the heavy export duty, they cost about a thousand dollars each by the time they reached their American destination.

There were twenty-two of them, ten males and twelve females. They were driven some six hundred miles to Cape Town, South Africa, and shipped on board a sailing-vessel bound for

Buenos Ayres, where they were landed after a six weeks' voyage. Here, after giving them time to rest, they were sent by steamer to New York. Then for a short time they rested again.



A FULL-GROWN OSTRICH.

They were next sent overland to San Francisco, whence, after a last rest, they were transported five hundred miles southward to their new home. The safe transportation of these birds was due to the great care taken that they should not be overtired during the journey.

There are certain old traditions about the ostrich which, I have been told by the owner of the California ranch, are fallacious. He says that the ostrich does not bury his head in the sand and imagine he is unobserved by his enemies. On the contrary, he is a very pugnacious bird and always ready for a fight. Nor does the female ostrich lay her eggs in the sand for the sun to hatch them. To do them justice, they are quite domestic, and deserve a better reputation. Nor is the ostrich ever used for riding, as he has an exceptionally weak back; any person might break it with a blow from an ordinary cane.

His strength lies in his great breast, and his feet. He has one great claw, and a very small one, and with a terrible precision he can bring down the large claw with a cruel force that will tear open anything not made of sheet-iron.

Savage birds at best, they are dangerously so during breeding time. The twenty-two birds brought to our California ranch, trusted to their instinct and laid their eggs during the California winter, which corresponded to their summer south of the Equator. It being the rainy season, their nests were filled with water and the eggs were chilled; so the first season of their American sojourn was a failure.

The ostrich makes its nest by rolling in the sand and scooping out a hole some six feet in diameter, and, excepting an incubator-house, the California ranch requires no buildings for the use of the birds, though the land is divided off into pens fenced in, each about an acre in extent, for the use of the breeding birds, every pair occupying one such inclosure.

The ostriches live upon alfalfa and corn. Alfalfa is a grass cultivated all over the ranch; it resembles our clover, and grows to a crop some six times a year.

The ostrich hen lays her eggs every other day, and she can set on some twenty-two; but some hens lay as many as eighty, though of these only a small proportion are found to produce ostriches after proper hatching.

Eggs which the ostrich can not hatch are hatched artificially in an incubator, like that used for chickens, only on a larger scale.

In justice to the male ostrich, it must be said that he not only sets on the eggs twenty hours at a time to his mate's four hours, but that afterward he takes upon himself the education of his children and kicks the hen (which, to be sure, is far from commendable) when she presumes to interfere.

Among our California birds was one named "Long Tom." When they picked out a mate for him he took a great dislike to her, and kicked her over the fence, whereupon they put her back. Then Long Tom was so disgusted that he raised his great claw and brought it down on her so decidedly that — she died. Since then Long Tom has lived alone.

While the birds are setting, it is difficult to examine the eggs to see which ones are fertile. A

little corn, however, lures the bird from the nest, and a few of the eggs are then taken into a darkened room with one window. The window is entirely covered by a heavy blanket in which is a single small hole admitting a ray of sunlight. The eggs are held up to the light, one by one, and it is thus made easy to see through their coarse pores. If delicate veins run through an egg, it is fertile, and is replaced in the nest. If not, it is used for eating.

After forty-two days, either in the nest or incubator, the little ostriches come into the world. They are about as large as ordinary hens, and are covered with small, hedgehog-like quills, beneath which is a fine, gray fluff.

When they are a fortnight old, they are taken from their parents and are adopted by some old bachelor ostrich, who, having no family of his own, kindly sees to them. During the first three months all sorts of dangers threaten the baby ostriches. They have all kinds of infantile illnesses, and it is only after these months that they can be reckoned upon as possessing any commercial value.

In the beginning they are quite tame and harmless, but when, after four years, they come to maturity, they become as savage as are all old birds.

The male ostrich has the most valuable feathers, and the handsomest and costliest are on the first wing-joint and are either snow-white, glossy black, or black and white.

Feathers forty-two inches long have been produced in this ranch, and we were shown some, white and beautiful, that must have been fully a yard in length. The shorter tail-feathers are buff and black in the male bird, and buff and gray in the female. These are used for dress trimmings, and the coarsest are made into feather-dusters and other such articles.

After four years their feathers grow more and more beautiful, and in the height of his productive season the ostrich's lovely plumage is worth a hundred dollars a year.

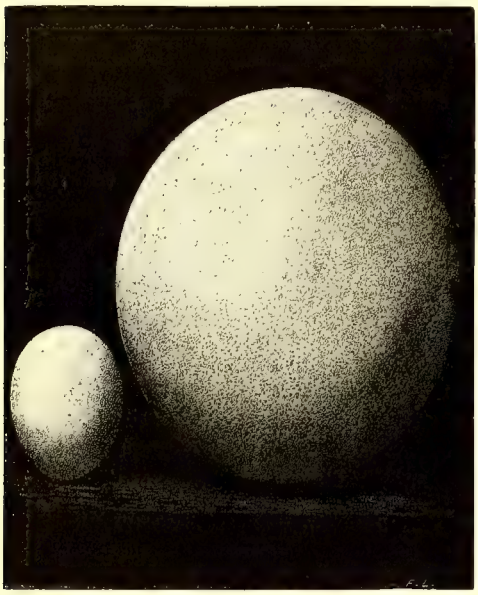
In the African farms, the ostrich clipping, being conducted on a large scale, simplifies itself. The birds are driven into a long, narrow pen called a "kraal" (a Dutch word), and then they are so driven together, by means of a sliding gate rolled against them, that the huge creatures can not move. Otherwise it would be fatal to go among them. Then the men who clip them force their way through the throng.



A TROOP OF YOUNG OSTRICHES.

The wings are spread and the ripe feathers (those feathers through the ends of which no blood-vessels are to be seen) are cut. To cut a

feather showing veins would be as painful to the bird as it is for us to have a tooth pulled. The unripe feathers are left for future clipping.



A HEN'S EGG AND AN OSTRICH'S EGG.

As many as one hundred and fifty birds are driven into these kraals at a time; but in the California ranch, there being at first but few birds, some other method had to be devised to catch and clip them, as there were not enough to be crowded into a pen and so made helpless and harmless. Ingenuity came to the rescue.

One fine morning a gentleman rode to the nearest town and bought several dozens of long stockings, and then, to the great amusement of the shopman, proceeded to cut off a bit from each toe. He rode back to the ranch with his apparently useless purchase.

A bit of corn lured each unsuspecting bird to the fence, where he was seized, and in a twinkling had a long stocking slipped over his head. Being blinded, he was helpless and easily clipped, but he could meanwhile breathe sufficiently through the mysterious hole in the toe of the stocking. After the clipping the feathers are gathered and packed and sent to San Francisco, where they are sold at auction, and generally go to New York merchants.

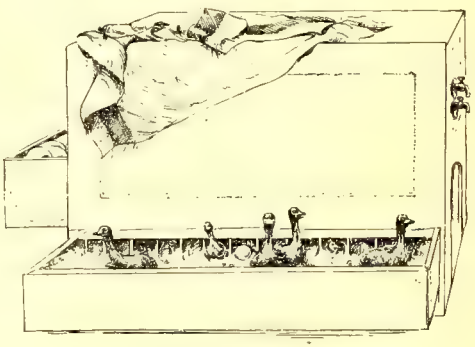
In this large California ranch there are at present some three hundred or more birds. "Long Tom" is the heaviest, weighing four hundred and fifty pounds.

Ostriches are famous for their swiftness, sometimes running at the rate of forty miles an hour. Long Tom once escaped from his pen and ran at such a rate that it took four cow-boys with fresh horses, in relays, to tire him out and capture him.

The first eighteen months of this experiment were discouraging, as such experiments often are; but the next year success began to come, and now the ranch promises to be profitable.

It is a strange and wonderful thing — man's power to bring all creatures to his uses. If he does not tame so savage and wild a creature as the ostrich, at least he captures him and makes him subservient to a new industry.

It is pleasant to think that these beautiful feathers are not obtained by the death of the bird whose protection and whose beauty they were. I like to imagine the great ostriches, in that distant California ranch, gorgeous in



THE INCUBATOR.

their black and snow-white plumes, contentedly nibbling their clover in the clear sunshine and being no worse for losing their fine feathers twice a year — in fact, being much more fortunate than poor, ordinary mortals who never in a whole lifetime have a robe so royal.



A New-Fashioned Christmas

By Julie M. Lippmann.

We had been busy talking, for hours, Christmas Eve,
Of all the great improvements until—will you believe?—
I felt quite dull and drowsy, and said, 'twixt yawn and sigh,
"Oh! anything old-fashioned had best pass out and die!"

And then I leaned back smiling and quite self-satisfied,
And closed my eyelids slowly, when, lo! they opened wide
In sheer amaze and wonder, and would you know the cause?
I saw before me standing, the form of Santa Claus.

But, oh! so strange and altered! In clothes of latest style,
And not at all the Santa I 'd dreamed of all the while.
But still I recognized him, and said: "I did n't see
You come out from the chimney,—'t was very dull of me."

"The chimney?" said he gruffly, "I beg of you to know
I clamber down no chimneys; I stopped that long ago!"
I said, "Your load was heavy, you 're tired; won't you rest?"
"Oh, no," he answered grandly, "my goods were all expressed!"

"You must have found it pleasant — the sleighing, sir, I mean.
The roofs are much more snowy than I have ever seen."
"Indeed!"—his air was lofty—"'t is not the present mode
To drive a sleigh. I travel by the elevated road."

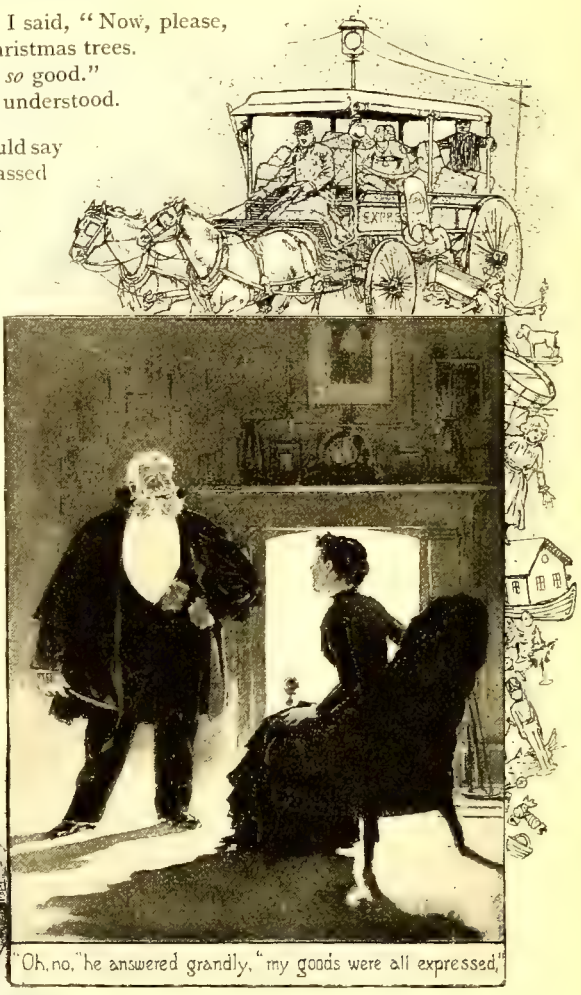
'T was all so strange it chilled me, but still I said, "Now, please,
You won't forget to send us one of your Christmas trees.
The children love you dearly and try to be *so* good."
He said: "No trees hereafter, I 'd have it understood.

"In fact, the time is over for Christmas. I should say
Those very old-time customs have really passed away.
We want the very latest, dear madam, you and I,
And peace, good-will, and Christmas are of a time gone by."

And then he seemed preparing to take his leave and go.
But do you think I let him? I called out bravely, "No!"
I ran to him and begged him, between my sobs and tears,
To leave us blessed Christmas, just as in former years.

To change no little custom; to take no part away;
To leave us dear old-fashioned, belovèd Christmas Day.
And then, for just an instant, my eyes were very dim
With tears, and when I cleared them, I saw a change in him:





"Oh, no," he answered grandly, "my goods were all expressed."

His face, 'twas round and jolly, his clothes, were as of old,
He had a pack upon his back as full as it could hold.
And as he beamed upon me I heard his reindeer prance.
Then sly old Santa gave me a smile and roguish glance.

"I wish you Merry Christmas!" I thought I heard him say.
And when I tried to answer him, he 'd vanished quite away!
But though they say I dreamed it, I know we shall have still
Our dear old-fashioned Christmas, bringing "Peace on earth, good-will!"

THE LITTLE BUTTONWOOD MAN.

By Helen P. Strong.

Little Pierre wondered, when he began to study geography, how any one could ever have thought the earth was flat. It seemed round enough to him, for he lived on the side of a high hill; and in front of the house the ground sloped down, down, over bare fields covered with stones, until the slope was lost among the tops of the tall trees which grew under the brow of the hill. Over the trees, Pierre could see nothing but sky; and back of the house the hill rose up, up, to where the trees formed against the sky a broken outline, in which Pierre found shapes which looked like men, horses, elephants, or great giants in deadly conflict with one another.

In the ranks of these shapes, one buttonwood tree rose higher than all the rest; and upon the very top of that tree Pierre discovered a little man standing, with a walking-stick in one hand, and holding his other arm akimbo.

So he stood always, never changing his position in the hot summer days, and never coming down from his place when it was dark or stormy. Pierre thought the little man must see all over the world from his high pinnacle; and there was one thing which made Pierre think he did not approve of all he saw in the world below; and that was a habit he had of shaking his head from side to side, as if he were emphasizing a very disapproving "No." Generally, he shook it slowly, but at times when the wind blew and it seemed hard for him to keep his feet in that exposed place, he shook it vigorously — sometimes bowing his whole body, and swaying from side to side in the most excited way. But Pierre had learned another side to the queer little man's character: that his moods, like those of many other people, changed with the direction of the wind. In beautiful weather, when the wind came from the west, he would toss back his head, and laugh as if he would split his sides. Indeed, one day Pierre was sure he had met with this very accident; for he was so excited, and swayed back and forth so violently that his whole body seemed to split in two, just as if his face came away from the back of his head, and left the three-cornered hat standing on the top of his spinal-column. But, as he seemed to grow together again, and suddenly began to frown and shake his head in the old forbidding way, Pierre thought that perhaps he wore different masks and that he had been discovered in the act of changing them.

During the summer there was not a day that Pierre did not stand at the window, studying the little man's moods and pranks.

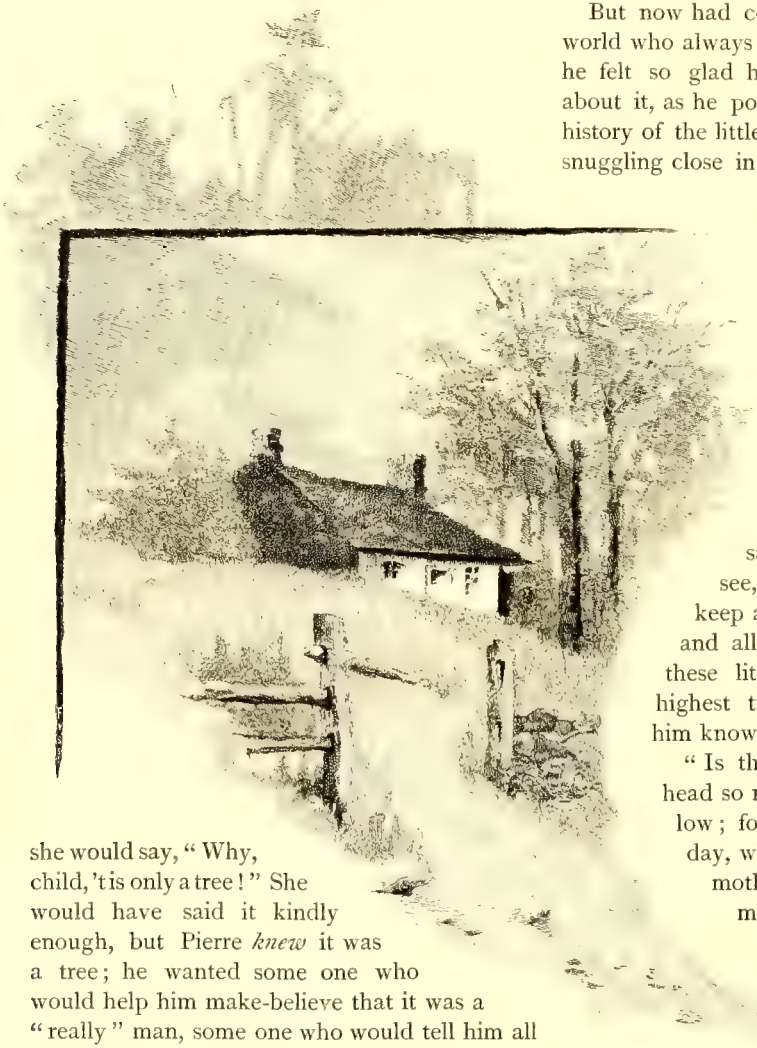
One day, Pierre's Uncle George came from Philadelphia, where he lived.

Pierre had gone to the door twenty times to see whether his uncle were coming; and at last, just when it was growing dark and his grandmother had lighted the lamp so that she could peer into the dark oven at the biscuits she was baking in honor of her son's visit, Pierre discovered the horse's ears just rising above the stones in the rough road up the hill. But instead of running out to meet his uncle, he slipped away by himself into the back parlor.

"Where has that child gone?" thought his grandmother; but he was back in a moment, and by the time she had welcomed her tall son (the only one living since the death of Pierre's father), and had turned to put the last touches to the supper-table, Pierre had his uncle by the hand, and fairly dragged him along to the big arm-chair by the back-parlor window, and, having climbed into his lap, was whispering in his ear the long-kept secret. All day he had feared that when his uncle came, it might be too dark to distinguish the little man on the top of the buttonwood tree; and it was for this reason that he had gone for a final look at the last moment, while his uncle was getting out of the wagon. He then had found, to his

delight, that although the sun had set, the moon was just rising over the mountain, and the faithful old fellow stood out clear in the moonlight.

Pierre had never dared say anything to his grandmother about the little man, for he knew she would say, "Why, child, 'tis only a tree!" She would have said it kindly enough, but Pierre *knew* it was a tree; he wanted some one who would help him make-believe that it was a "really" man, some one who would tell him all about where the little man came from, and what he was there for. Pierre once had gone so far as to ask Joe (the boy who milked the cows and fed the pigs) what he thought about it; but Joe had said only, "Humph! *I* can't see no man." He had wished to ask Bill Drake, the big wood-chopper who sat in the kitchen evenings, and told yarns about snakes and bears; but though Bill liked to tell his own stories, he always told Pierre, when asked the reason for anything, that it was, "To make little boys ask questions." Pierre used to wish, if so many things had been put in the world for this purpose, that a few more people could have been put in to *answer* little boys' questions, after they were asked.



But now had come the only person in the world who always answered his questions; and he felt so glad he could almost have cried about it, as he poured into his uncle's ear the history of the little Buttonwood man, and then snuggling close in his arms in the moonlight, said, "Now, please te' me 'bout him!"

"Why, he is one of Santa Claus's sentinels, to be sure," began Uncle George.

"Santy *claws*, — Santy *nails?* What is that?" asked Pierre, immediately connecting Santa Claus with the old claw-hammer in Joe's nail-box.

"Sentinels,— watchmen," said his uncle. "Don't you see, Santa Claus is too busy to keep account of all the bad boys and all the good boys. So he sets these little men on the tops of the highest trees to keep watch and let him know when the boys are naughty."

"Is that the reason he shakes his head so much?" inquired Pierre, very low; for he remembered that one day, when he answered his grandmother disrespectfully, the little man had looked so solemn, and shaken his head so sadly, that Pierre had felt sure he knew all about it.

"To be sure," said Uncle George. "I suppose he sees *some* boy doing something he ought not to do, almost all the time; and perhaps he is saying, 'Don't, don't,' when you see him shaking his head back and forth in that way."

Just then they were called to supper, and during the meal Pierre looked so thoughtful and behaved so well that his grandmother wished that Uncle George would come oftener if it

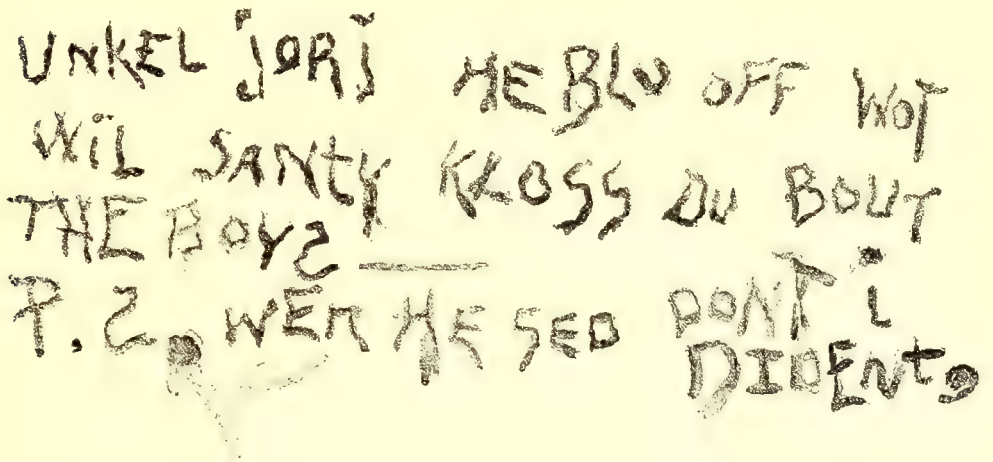
always would have so good an effect on the child.

Uncle George left the next day, but Pierre's good behavior did not leave at the same time. His grandmother thought she had never known Pierre so ready to pick up her spool of thread, or to bring things from the pantry when she was baking; but she did not know how many of the mischievous plans which were always popping into his busy brain were never carried out because of that "Don't! Don't do it!" which was privately telegraphed to him from the little man on the top of the tree.

By and by, when Pierre was beginning to long for a smile of approval from his monitor, one morning — what do you think? — he appeared in an entirely new suit of clothes! His cap looked like a crown of gold; his robe was spangled with bits of emerald; he wore a sash of rich crimson at his side; and, for days after that, he never shook his head at all, but stood nodding peacefully in a very satisfied way.

But one night there was a dreadful storm. It rained and rained, and the wind blew and whistled down the chimney; and in the morning, when Pierre looked out to see how the brave little watchman had stood it — lo, he was *gone!* Poor Pierre! He was sure, that if the mountain could only be searched, the little man might be found. But he did not wish to be laughed at, and he knew that all the grown folks about the place would laugh at him if he told them of his loss. The only thing for him to do, was to send a letter to his uncle. He was sure, if Uncle George knew about it, it would be made right.

So he went away by himself and spent half a day printing his letter, though there were only these four crooked lines when it was done:



Perhaps I would better translate it:

UNCLE GEORGE: He blew off. What will Santa Claus do about the boys? P. S. — When he said "Don't," I did n't.

Pierre got Joe to address the envelope and take it down to the post-office when he went for the mail. It seemed a long while before the answer came; and when it did come, it was the very night before Christmas. It was printed in large plain letters, so Pierre could read it for himself, and this was what it said:

Don't worry. I ought to have told you, these little men on the tree-tops are all invited to give in their reports at a big Thanksgiving dinner at Mrs. Santa Claus's house, so that there will be plenty of time for Santa Claus to get ready for Christmas.

The next morning Pierre was downstairs as soon as it was light, and the first thing he saw was a beautiful new sled, with a card tied to it. On the card was printed:

"For the little boy who did n't when the Buttonwood man said 'Don't.'"

Pierre wished he could see the Buttonwood man once more to thank him; he went to the window, and there, on the top of the hill, in the

same old place, stood the little sentinel,— only now he was bundled up warmly in the whitest of cloaks — just such as they wear in Santa Claus's own palace.

Joe came running in for the snow-shovel, and Bill Drake said, "Look at the snow on the tops of the trees." But Pierre said softly to himself, "It is n't snow,— and it is n't a tree!"

CHARLES.

By Laura G. Richards.



Who is this boy?

This is Charles.

What is Charles doing?

He is looking out of the pantry.

Why does he look out?

Because he wishes to see if the coast is clear, so that he can run to his own room without being seen by any one.

Why does he not wish to be seen?

Because he has been naughty.

What has he done?

He was sent to the pantry half an hour ago by his Aunt Matilda, to bring her a piece of citron for the cake. He could not find the citron, but he found a jar full of cinnamon-sticks, and a dish of plum-jam, and he has been enjoying himself very much, indeed. He left the door only a crack open, for fear some one should come, so the pantry was quite dark; and in stepping down from the shelf he knocked down three lamp-chimneys and a molasses-jug, and then stepped right into the keg of pickled cucumbers and sat down in it. He upset the keg in getting out, and the floor is all covered with cucumbers and vinegar and molasses and broken glass, so that it is not pleasant to walk on.

What will Charles do now?

If he can get to his room without being seen, he will either have a bad headache and go to bed, or will run away to sea; he is not quite sure which.

Why does he look as if he heard a noise at this moment?

Because he does hear one.

What noise is it?

It is the sound of his Aunt Matilda's footstep.

If his Aunt Matilda catches him, what will she do?

She will spank him.

Is that the best thing that could happen to him?

It is.

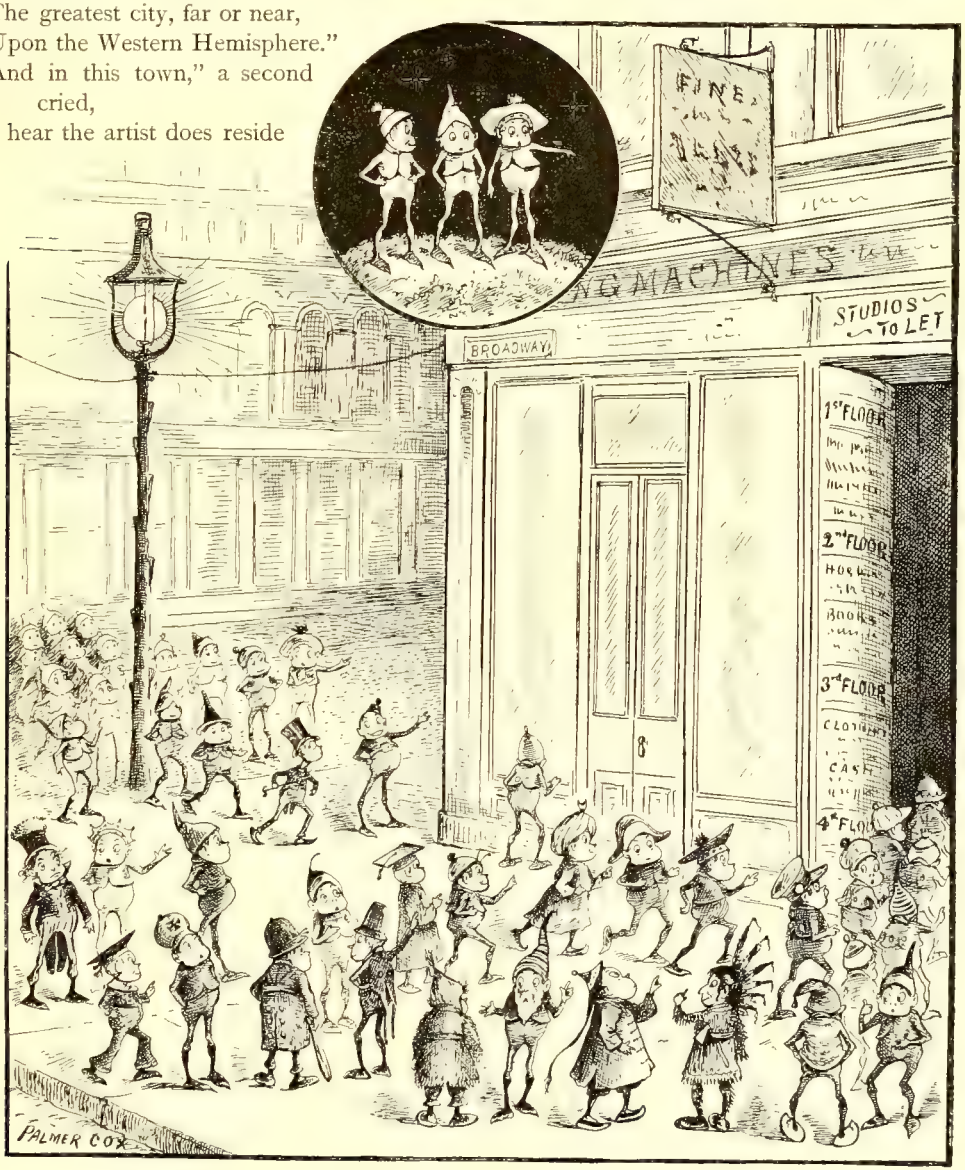
What is the moral of this picture?

It has two morals. The first is, that it is not wise to send little boys to the pantry. The second is, that a little cinnamon in a pudding, with safety, is better than a whole stick followed by disaster and spanks.

THE BROWNIES IN THE STUDIO.

By Palmer Cox.

The Brownies once approached in glee
A slumbering city by the sea.
When one remarked, "On every side
Now round us stretches in her pride
The greatest city, far or near,
Upon the Western Hemisphere."
"And in this town," a second cried,
"I hear the artist does reside
Who pictures out, with patient hand,
The doings of the Brownie band.
Who draws our portraits, sings our praise,
And tells the world our cunning ways."



"I 'd freely give," another said,
"The cap that now protects my head,
To find the room, where, day by day,
He shows us at our work or play."
A fourth replied: "Your cap retain
To shield your poll from snow or rain.
His studio is farther down,
Within a corner-building brown,

Then through the park, around the square,
And down the broadest thoroughfare,
The anxious Brownies quickly passed,
And reached the building brown at last.
They paused awhile to view the sight,
To speak about its age and height,
And read the signs, so long and wide,
Which swung around on every side.



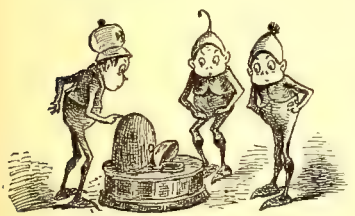
Which overlooks the human tide
That crowds along the street so wide.
I know the city through and through,
As well as if the plan I drew;
So follow me a mile or more,
And soon we 'll reach the office door."

But little time was wasted there,
For soon their feet had found the stair.
And next the room, where oft are told
Their funny actions free and bold,
Was honored by a friendly call
From all the Brownies, great and small.

Then what a gallery they found,
As here and there they moved around —
A portrait now they criticize,
Which every one could recognize:
The features, garments, and the style,
Soon brought to every face a smile.



And next they gaze upon a scene
That showed them sporting on the green,
Or hastening o'er the fields with speed
To help some farmer in his need.
Said one, "Upon this desk, no doubt,
Where now we cluster round about,
Our doings have been plainly told
From month to month, through heat and cold.
And there 's the ink, I apprehend,
On which our very lives depend.
Be careful, moving to and fro,
Lest we upset it as we go.
For who can tell what tales untold
That darksome liquid may unfold!



And here 's the pen, as I opine,
That 's written every verse and line;



Indebted to this pen are we
For all our fame and history."
"See here," another cried, "I 've found
The pointed pencil, long and round,
That pictures all our looks so wise,
Our smiles so broad and staring eyes;
'T is well it draws us all aright,
Or we might bear it off to-night.
But glad are we to have our name
In every region known to fame,
To know that children lisp our praise,
And on our faces love to gaze."

Lay figures, draped in ancient styles,
From some drew graceful bows and smiles,
Until the laugh of comrades nigh
Led them to look with sharper eye.
Some tried their hand at painting there,



And showed their skill was something rare;
While others talked and rummaged through
The desk to find the stories new,
That told about some late affair,
Of which the world was not aware.
But pleasure seemed to have the power
To clip at will the passing hour,
And bring too soon the morning chime,
However well they note the time.
Now, from a chapel's brazen bell,
The startling hint of morning fell,
And Brownies realized the need
Of leaving for their haunts with speed.
So down the staircase to the street
They made their way with nimble feet,



And ere the sun could show his face,
The band had reached a hiding-place.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, one and all, my friends! And, now I think upon it, I wished this same wish about seventeen years ago, and some of you have heard it from this pulpit many a time in the years between. Certainly these good wishes ought to take effect by this date, and you all should have the very happiest year that good Father Time ever shaped with his gleaming scythe.

The gift of a fresh New Year, the Deacon says, is one that should fill any human heart with hope, courage, and gratitude. That's all I ask. If you are hopeful, brave, and full of gratitude, you 'll stand a fair chance of being as good and happy as your Jack can wish.

Meanwhile, the wind is telling its story of the coming of the new year and the going away of the old. This is the way one of your ST. NICHOLAS poets, Ida Whipple Benham, hears it:

One moment, eye to eye,
Under the midnight sky,
The Old Year and the New;
And one was fair to see
In his undimmed panoply,
And one a veteran true.

And this was the greeting sent
As they hasted, well content
Each on his untried quest:
Cried the Old Year to the New,
"I pity you!"
Straight back the answer flew,
"I pity you!"
As they rode, one east, one west.

It is very strange that human folk, including the poets, always should speak of the going year as a veteran, an old, old gray-beard, bewildered and desolate, tottering away to die. Now, I don't believe a word of it. The old year, as they already call 1889, can not have lived over twelve months, say what they will; and, according to my thinking, he is remarkably bright, and strong of his age. So far from being old and decrepit, he is very fresh and vigorous, and, as he steps briskly into line with the brothers who have preceded him, he stands nodding wisely at the very important baby, 1890, curious to know how the little chap is going to comport himself.

Ah, how? This will depend very much upon yourselves, my chicks, and your fathers and mothers, your friends, your teachers, your presidents, kings, and emperors, and all the other members of this congregation.

STONES FOR FUEL.

NOT real stones, of course, but peach stones. Yes, my birds tell me that somewhere in California peach stones are sold and used for fuel. They bring five or six dollars a ton, and in burning give out as much heat as the same weight of hard coal would.

Your Jack has not heard how the peach stones are obtained — whether from the unsold fruit or refuse of peach orchards, or from the fruit canning factories, or by gathering up the stones that the peach-eating California young folk forget to swallow in their haste to get back to their studies — at all events, peach stones make excellent fuel.

A CITY WANTED?

WHAT city is on the line of the equator? Your Jack is told that the sun sets and rises there at six o'clock, apparent time, all the year round. Geography class, please take notice.

THOSE BIG PUMPKINS.

YOU will remember, my hearers, being shown from this pulpit, in November last, a photograph of some very large pumpkins which I had been informed were from Nebraska. Well, to my regret, it appears that this was a mistake; they were not Nebraska pumpkins at all. They were raised in San José, California, as more than one correspondent has since informed me. And the following are the garnered facts:

The picture was "taken from life" by Miss Polhemus, an amateur photographer. The heaviest pumpkin, or "squash," in the left-hand corner, weighed one hundred and eighty-four pounds; thirteen of the specimens weighed a ton. The young man in the corner is Mr. G. Wakefield, who raised the pumpkins. He is a six-footer, and this fact should be taken into account in estimating the size of the fruit — and beyond and above all, as I have already rectified and testified unto you, Nebraska never knew, saw, nor heard of these pumpkins before they had been raised in San José, California.

This is to show that your Jack knows enough to make a mistake, and is honorable enough to acknowledge it and correct the same — under pressure.

A MISSISSIPPI DOLL.

YOUR Jack has received a funny Christmas present. It is a doll. And a doll made of grass! It is dressed in a coarse white lace slip, fastened at the waist by a girdle of red string — the funniest plaything that Jack-in-the-Pulpit ever had.

Here is the letter that came with it, and I am sure it will interest my girls very much.

TOPEKA, KANS.

DEAR JACK: . . . Since your "chicks" have lately been interested in the subject of doll-foreigners, I thought perhaps you would like to show them this primitive little stranger. The doll I send is just as a little colored girl in Mississippi made it for us, and it is the only kind little slave children before the "wah" had to play with. It is made by pulling up a bunch of grass, roots and all, tying the grass together at the neck line, braiding the roots for hair — and dressing it in any style suited to the fancy or resources of the small owner. When these dollies are fresh and green you can imagine they are really quite handsome, and no doubt they were quite as warmly loved as their more awe-inspiring wax and bisque cousins would have been.

From a regular attendant upon your sermons,

B. E. L.

THE HILDESHEIM ROSE-BUSH.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 31, '89.

DEAR JACK: A big boy asks "if any of your chicks have ever seen the huge rose-bush in Hildesheim." I have not only seen it but have a sprig from it given me by the küster of the cathedral. The bush is thirty-five feet high and thirty feet wide, and when in bloom is covered with single white roses. In Hildesheim it is said to be over one thousand years old. The great fire that burned part of the *dom* (or cathedral) nearly destroyed the rose-bush. It has now a large iron railing around it to protect it.

From your interested reader, BEATRICE.

HE CAUGHT A TARTAR.

DEAR JACK: Here is a funny story that I have just read in an encyclopedia, and I hope you 'll show it to the other fellows, because it explains an expression quite often used in juvenile society.

Once, in a battle between the Russians and the Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out: "Captain, halloo there! I 've caught a Tartar!" "Fetch him along, then!" said the captain. "Aye, but he won't let me," said the man; and the fact was, the Tartar had caught him! So when a man thinks to take another in, and gets bit himself, they say: "He 's caught a Tartar."

Yours truly, C. A. JR.

LOOKING BACK.

BY DEACON GREEN.

IF I were little again,— ah, me! —
How very, very good I 'd be.
I would not sulk, I would not cry,
I 'd scorn to coax for cake or pie.
I would not cause Mamma distress,
I 'd never hate to wash and dress.
I 'd rather learn a task than play,
And ne'er from school I 'd run away.
I 'd any time my jack-knife lend,
And share my toys with every friend.
I 'd gladly go to bed at six,
And never be "as cross as sticks."
I 'd run with joy to take a pill,
And mustard wear whenever ill.
I 'd never wish to skate or swim,
But wisely think of dangers grim.
And, oh, I 'd never, just for fun,
Beg to go hunting with a gun!
At every naughty thing I did —
For mischief might be somewhere hid —
I 'd drop at once upon my knees,
And say, "Dear Teacher, flog me, please."

It 's easy to be good, you see,
When looking back from sixty-three.



Excited Brownie: "See here, old Chappie — they 've up and put something more about us in ST. NICHOLAS, right around the corner — a page or two back!"

THE LETTER-BOX.

PALERMO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from this town as it is only about a year old. It is situated right in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains in the Valley of the Feather. My brother and myself live in a little cabin about a mile from town. If you go along any little creek you will see that the ground has all been picked up by men who came for gold in 1849. About five miles from here some men have commenced a mine in the bed of the Feather River where they expect to get gold.

Your subscriber,

SELDEN S. H——.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last winter we were away from home for seven months, and during part of the time we visited in Alaska the Muir Glacier, one of the largest as well as one of the most beautiful of that northern region.

On the morning of June 12 we found ourselves in Glacier Bay, with icebergs large and small floating on all sides of us, making the passage very dangerous.

When we caught our first glimpse of the glacier it looked like a cloud or gray mist rolling down the wide valley. About ten o'clock we dropped anchor in front of the great glacier and for the first time heard the thunder of the falling ice. The glacier's front is from three hundred to four hundred feet high. As our eyes glanced along the front of it we caught the many tints of the ice. On the left it was a deep indigo, slowly fading out to a turquoise and then to a snowy white. Its front was broken into huge pinnacles towering over the water. We were landed in life-boats on the rocky moraine, and then scrambled for a mile over huge boulders, rounded pebbles, granite soil, and glacier mud. When we reached the pure snow-colored ice of the glacier its surface was seamed with deep chasms through which melted ice flowed, but it was so far down we could not see it.

At last we had gained the top and could see over the vast glacier, and saw its tributaries far back in the snow-clad mountains, the great myriads of icebergs in the bay, and the exquisite coloring of it all. The mountains all around the glacier are worn down almost round, and only the rocks are to be seen, for the soil is all ground off by the slow process of glacial action. After we came back from our tramp in those two short hours it almost seemed as though we could see a change in the glacier. Great chunks of ice had fallen off and revealed new crevices and more dainty colors. The softest, palest blue changed suddenly to a deep sapphire or a crystal white, as a loud report announced the falling of another iceberg.

About five o'clock in the afternoon we steamed away and took our last look at this beautiful and majestic work of nature. As we threaded our way among the floating icebergs it seemed as though their numbers had greatly increased, and after supper we saw a sight never to be forgotten.

To the starboard side was a lovely bay covered with floating ice, and into this poured the great Pacific glacier. Beyond were large mountains towering to the height of thousands of feet, their slopes covered with snow. Above them rose Mt. Fairweather and Mt. Crillon, fifteen thousand feet high, just showing in the fleecy clouds. The mountains were piled unevenly together, their snowy crests shimmering like frosted silver in the soft sunbeams that danced merrily on them. A little farther on we met a canoe with two Indians in it. They were dressed in white, with a white screen before them, and their paddles scarcely rippled the icy water as they flew on. They looked very queer with their black faces peeping out from their white dresses. We found ourselves believing it was some enchanted scene, for the silvered mountains behind, the strange canoe with its two occupants, the mountains before us tinged with a weird golden light, the huge icebergs, and the unbroken stillness gave one the impression of living in a magic dream. The Indians, it seems, were hunting seal and were dressed to look as much like icebergs as possible.

Your loving friend, JULIA T. M——.

THE EAGLE'S NEST, OLD MISSION, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a little pug-dog, and when he gets on his collar he is very pretty indeed. When we came up from Chicago on the steamer "Petoskey" he was very lonely, and the porter fed him and was kind to him, and when he saw him the next time the boat came in, he jumped all over him and licked his hands so joyfully that it was all we could do to get him away from the porter when the boat started. He likes to play ball, and when we play tennis he thinks it is his business to get the balls and bring them to us. When we lose a ball, we say, "Find it; find it, Trix."

I am eleven years old; I like you very much indeed; especially I like the "Bunny Stories,"— they are very interesting indeed.

The reason our cottage was named "The Eagle's Nest" was because there was once an eagle's nest in one of our trees, and we used to sit and look at it. Sometimes we would see the mother eagle on the nest.

Your interested reader, HORTENSE L——.

"EAST LYNNE," OCEAN BEACH, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly six years, and have written twice before, but my letters were not printed. I hope you will print this.

We are down here for the summer, my mother and my little sister Ethel, and are staying at a very pretty house called "East Lynne"; it has a high tower which, at night, is lighted up, and the sailors can see the light on stormy nights, and know where they are, for our light is the only one between Barnegat and Sandy Hook. In the winter we go to a boarding-school in West Philadelphia.

My mamma's aunt knew Mrs. Dodge very well, and I think her stories are splendid. I was very much interested in the account of "Laura Bridgman"; I have read Dickens's account of her in his "American Notes."

I am fourteen next month, and my favorite novelist is Dickens; my favorite poet, Longfellow.

We go in bathing here nearly every day; it is great fun. I can swim a little; my little sister is just learning.

Please, ST. NICHOLAS, will you tell me how to make a "salt tumbler"? I remain one of your many devoted admirers, MAY I. J——.

Directions for making a salt tumbler may be found on page 739, of ST. NICHOLAS for 1884.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister and I have taken you for five years and have always looked forward to your coming.

Papa, Mamma, my sister, and I visited a fort this summer. It seemed so funny to ride in an ambulance drawn by four mules.

One day we went out to target practice; when the men would shoot, it sounded like a bunch of fire-crackers going off. After the men were through, we rode down and found many bullets.

The ground where the bullets hit looked as if some one had plowed it.

Your constant reader, S. D. M——.

NEW ROCHELLE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your stories I like very much. I think the "Bunnies" are great fun, and the "Brownies" too. I am going to tell you how glad I was when my mamma brought the first ST. NICHOLAS. I am always reading them, and so glad when my mamma brings a new one home to me. I am an English boy, but very glad that I am over here. I never had such fun over there, as all the boys have here. I live in New Rochelle and like it very much.

Good-bye now.

Yours truly, WALLACE S——.

P. S.—Thank you so much for making dear old ST. NICHOLAS larger. You could not make it *too* big; not too *thick*, I mean. I liked "A Story of a Horse" in the November number so much.—W. S.

FUSAN, COREA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often thought you would like a letter from this part of the world, as I suppose it is the first

I am an English girl, twelve years old, and the only foreign child in Fusan.

This is a Japanese settlement, founded some three hundred years ago; the Corean people live some distance away.

I have many pets,—a little Corean pony which I brought from Seoul (the capital), and called "Prince"; he is a beauty, and very intelligent and amiable. I have also a canary and a cat, both of which came from Hankow, in China, with me; several pigeons, and a dog.

Our house is by the sea, and we—that is, Mamma, Papa, and I—have greatly enjoyed sea-bathing during the summer heat.

I study at home, not very regularly, as so many things interfere; but expect to go shortly to school in Chefoo, China, four days' journey by steamer from here.

I greatly enjoy reading you, and am always very anxious that the steamer should not miss the mail in Japan.

I very much hope to see my letter in print, as it is the first I have written to any paper.

If you care to know anything about Corea and the Coreans, I will gladly write to you about Seoul.

Your constant and appreciative reader,

BERYL H——.

LITTLE BOAR'S HEAD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Don't you think this place has a queer name? When we applied for a post-office, the Post-office Department said the name was too long; but, as we told them of some other places with names just as long, they let us keep the name.

There is a little Indian pony here whose name is "Flaxie," and upon him I have had a good many long rides. Unhappily pony has a stubborn will of his own. The other day I was in a hurry, and was galloping fast, when we came to a sharp turn that led back to his stable, so, though I wanted to go straight ahead and tried to pull him round, he took the bit in his teeth and *went* round the corner, when the girths broke and I found myself on the ground! I was not hurt, however, though I lost my ride.

I wonder how many of your readers know that "Old Ironsides" is still in existence, and is at Portsmouth as a training-ship? I rowed under her bows the other day. They have, however, built her upper deck out over the sides, and then roofed it in to use as a ball-room, which gives it a topheavy and uncomfortable look.

I have taken you ever since 1879, so I hope that you will print this.

Your constant reader, DONALD MCI——.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, S. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will it be wrong to point out two or three little mistakes in that very charming historical tale, in your November number, "The Prince and the Brewer's Son"? Errors in historical matters, or even in the embroidery work which surrounds the history of all great men, cling like burrs to a child's mind.

For instance, Queen Elizabeth died March 24, 1603, and James I did not leave Edinburgh until April 5th; and he took a month to reach London. For this, and other reasons, it is not probable that he made another journey that year. Then, too, Oliver Cromwell was born April 25, 1599, and Charles I. was born November 9, 1600; therefore, in 1603 it would have been Oliver who was four years old, for Charles was not quite three. If, however, the date of the story were 1604, we could reconcile that year with the ages of the children, for in the legend Oliver is always represented to have been five years old in his first encounter with his future king.

Again, in 1603–4, Charles was not his father's heir; but Prince Henry, his older brother, was the heir to the throne.

It was for this prince that, in 1599, before Queen Elizabeth's death, James, who was then King of Scotland, wrote the "Basilicon Doron," the Royal Gift, and it was for him, too, that Sir Walter Raleigh, while a prisoner in the tower, began to write the "History of the World." Prince Henry was a great friend of Sir Walter, and said that no one but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage.

This was not a very filial speech, and I doubt if at this time there was much love lost between the father and son. Some people believe that James was jealous of his son, Prince Henry, and say that the prince died under suspicious circumstances.

However, the usual story of his death is, that Prince Henry left Richmond, where he had been ill for some time, and came to Whitehall to help on the preparations for his sister's wedding. This sister was the Princess Elizabeth who, the next year, 1613, on St. Valentine's Day, married the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, Frederick V., who was afterward King of Bohemia, and it is this same princess, Elizabeth, whose descendants have reigned over England since 1714, for she was the grandmother of George I.

But long before the wedding Prince Henry, one cold, raw day, went out to play a game of tennis, and, throwing off his coat in the heat of the game, he had a severe chill and died, within two weeks, of what was called "putrid fever." His death occurred in the latter part of 1612, when he was in his nineteenth year, while Charles was at this time only twelve. Charles, of course, then became the heir, but he was not made Prince of Wales until 1616. And, by the way, Charles I. was executed January 30, 1649, not 1648.

Is it likely that Cromwell would ever have been heard of in history if Prince Henry had lived?

Yours truly, G. O. H——.

FORT HAMILTON, NEW YORK HARBOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I often read in your invaluable magazine of families where the "grown-up children" express themselves as delighted to "still keep on reading ST. NICHOLAS," although "so old." I wonder what they would say to me, a young mother, with a son a year and a half old, who reads every number she can get?

With heartiest good wishes for the long life and prosperity of the good Saint (I mean to bring my boy up on him, I assure you), I remain,

Very truly yours, MAY H. R——.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am just twelve years old. I live in Boston. In summer we all stay at our cottage by the sea.

I thought I would write you a letter about our "Tommy." I suppose almost every little girl has a cat; but we think our Tommy a very wonderful one. He is at least fourteen years old, Papa says. He is of a bright black color, and has a white tip on the end of his tail. He is good-natured, and very affectionate. He always eats his dinner with the family, and has a stool and plate all to himself. He is very neat and does not soil the table-cloth. He knows us all when we come into the room, and gives us a kiss with his black nose. One evening the maid was going to bed, and she went to the cellar to let Tom up; she called "Tommy, Tommy," but no Tommy came. The next morning he did not come home, nor did he all day long. At night she was waiting on the table, and suddenly the family heard a cat mew. She went to the door to let him in. He ran to the dining-room and got up on his stool. He was very weak, and his feet (which really were white) were black as coal. We thought he had been taken away and shut in a coal-bin. When he hears the dinner-bell, he runs, and is the first one at the table. I have a dress he likes very much. When we go to the sitting-room after dinner, if I have on the dress he likes, he lies in my lap and takes a nap while I read. Tommy is getting so old now that sometimes we have to carry him upstairs; but he loves us all very much, and we are very fond of him. He knows us all when we come in, by our voices. Mamma has painted a portrait of him for Grandpapa.

EDITH B——.

THE MANSE, SCONE, PERTH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is now nearly five years since I began to read your delightful pages. A kind American friend who was once here has sent you to me all this time; and I think some of your readers would like to hear something about the place I live in, as I have never seen a letter from this part of Scotland. This is one of the oldest parts of the world. There is not very far from our house a grand old palace, near which stood the stone upon which all the kings and queens of Scotland have been crowned. But in the thirteenth century the English were so covetous of it that they took it away from us, and now it stands in Westminster, London, and upon it stands the coronation chair where all the English sovereigns have been crowned, and upon which, I believe, Victoria sat at her Jubilee, two years ago. Some people say that this is the very stone that Jacob used as a pillow when he dreamed the wonderful dream of the ladder—but Father says that is nonsense.

This stone, however, has something wonderful about it. It has been called for more than a thousand years the "Stone of Destiny." And this has been said of it:

> "Wherever rests this holy stane,
> The Scottish race shall surely reign!"

Up to this time, this has turned out true. All the people of your country who come to England go to see this stone.

Although you have no king or queen, yourselves, I have no doubt if you had a stone like this you would soon get one, and save the trouble of so many elections.

I remain, your constant reader,

BESSIE T. B——, age 13.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Mary C. B., Mildred C., Fred B., Bettie E. T., Mabel P. H., Cornelia S., James L. S., Constance K. H., Robert H. C., Zoe G. S., W. Dorman, Charlotte E., Rose M. H., Belle A. H., Katie R. C., Gerty L., Emily B. and Alice M., M. Agnes B., Albert L. K., Helen L., Stanley W., Lucia W. M., Helen and Alfred M., Adèle C., Mabel S., Harry N. B., "The Little Left-handed Girl," Anna H., C. M. Y., "The Two Margarets," E. W. J., Carmen W., "Rae and Gae," G. F. and C. G., Richard T. W., Isabel V. M. L., E. S. Hine, Elizabeth F., Charlotte E. B., G. C., Edith F., Ralph G., Harry B., Lily G., M. J. S., Lucille W. S., Muriel D., Nettie P. R., Pansy M., Agnes M., Hamish C., Stella C., Alfreda H. W., Amar, Orville C. P., "Ida," Hyacinthe S. C., Margaret S. B., Honoria P., Hattie W., N. Reall, "Clara, Allan, Alice, Georgie, May, and Grace," Mildred D. C., Majorie B. A., Mary Emma W., Marvin D., Astley P. C. A., L. de B. P., Carrie R., Mamie L., Edith and Adèle, Marie L. S., J. G. P., Hellen, Zillah, and Bessie S., Natalie M., Catherine and Alexandre de M-N., Charlotte P., Louisa B., Louise C., Hildegarde H., G. F. Dolson, May A. W.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Christmas Tide; finals, Childermas Day. Cross-words: 1. Chromatic. 2. Hemistich. 3. Ranunculi. 4. Impartial. 5. Stupefied. 6. Turbinate. 7. Midsummer. 8. Asphaltum. 9. Substrata. 10. Tinctures. 11. Impeached. 12. Discordia. 13. Extremity.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Cross-words: 1. Holly. 2. Tents. 3. Horns. 4. Dance. 5. Parry. 6. Fruit.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. Across: 1. M. 2. Cit. 3. Palet. 4. Horicon. 5. Detur. 6. Tim. 7. A. Downward: 1. H. 2. Pod. 3. Caret. 4. Militia. 5. Tecum. 6. Tor (rid). 7. N.

DOUBLE FINAL ACROSTIC. Fourth row (downward), Mistletoe; fifth row (upward), Xmas Story. Cross-words: 1. Palmy. 2. Choir. 3. Lasso. 4. Scott. 5. Foils. 6. Moles. 7. Aorta. 8. Axiom. 9. Silex.

PENTAGON. 1. S. 2. Awe. 3. Arias. 4. Swingle. 5. Eagles. 6. Sleep. 7. Espy.

PI.

January sparkles cold,
February glitters,
March comes in, a muddy scold,
April sobs and titters;
Tracking close her bridesmaid May,
Blushes June with roses sweet;
Then the smell of new-mown hay,
Then the waves of golden wheat,
Then the sentinel of Fall;
Then the wizard month of all;
Then the fireside glows, and then
Christmas comes to earth again.

DIAGONAL. Diagonals, Mozart. Cross-words: 1. Middle. 2. Cohort. 3. Wizard. 4. Canada. 5. Unfurl. 6. Packet.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from J. B. Swann — Paul Reese — "The Wise Five" — David and Jonathan — "Maxie and Jackspar" — Helen C. McCleary — Josephine Sherwood — Blanche and Fred — Jo and I — Ida C. Thallon — Jamie and Mamma — "Wit and Humor" — Granbery — A. L. W. L. — Nellie L. Howes — William H. Beers — No Name, Elizabeth, N. J. — Mary L. Gerrish.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Marion Hughes, 1 — "Al. Addin," 2 — Joseph J. Cornell, 1 — Thorne Blandy, 1 — Two Cousins, 3 — Laura G. Levy, 8 — Maude E. Palmer, 9 — A. B. Burns, 2 — Uncle Wise, 1 — Alice M. Smith, 4 — Ruth Myers and Alta Fellows, 1 — May Smith, 5 — Mary E. Colston and Mamma, 4 — Double Beach, 1 — Gertrude Fulton, 3 — John Simpson, 1 — Hubert Bingay, 6 — George Seymour, 9 — Laura Pandely, 1 — Dudley S. Steele, Jr., 1 — No Name, New York, 2 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 4 — May Balfour, 1 — "Richard Cœur de Lion," 1 — Honora G. S., 2 — Agnes Willard Bartlett, 2 — "Two Dromios," 3 — "Three School Girls," 4 — Milly Vincent, 1 — A. E. Wickes, 2 — "Hermia," 1 — Anna W. Ashhurst, 5 — A. P. C. Ashhurst, 3 — L. de B. P., 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 7 — Carrie Rockwell, 1 — Frank Warren, 1 — Freddie Sutro, 2 — Katie Van Zandt, 4 — Margaret L. P., 2 — Ethel Taylor, 1 — Hattie Wilder, 1 — Eire B., 1 — Fred Banister, 3 — F. H. P. and R. B. L., 1 — Grace McBride, 1 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 2 — Bella Myers, 1 — J. S. N., 7 — Bessie McIntosh, 1 — "May and '79," 6 — M. H., 2 — "Miss Flint," 9 — Lillian and Bertha Cushing, 2 — Albert E. Clay, 7 — Eddie T. Lewis, 1 — Charles Beaufort, 3 — "Little Women," 4 — 'Grandma," 6 — Mamma and Jenny, 2 — "The Trio," 7 — Mabel E. Bremer, 1 — H. M. C. and Co., 1 — Mary Cave and Grace Allonby, 3 — E. R. Tinker, Jr., 1 — Lisa D. Bloodgood, 5 — Ellen Smith, 5 — "Dombey and Son," 4 — "Skipper," 3 — Willie Curtiss, 1 — Alice H. Guild, 1 — Edna McNary, 1 — Flora G. Clark, 1 — "Cœur de Lion and Shakespeare," 7 — "All Work," 7.

PI.

TELVEW rome fibluteau sthmon ot gwins
Mofr teh bingned boguh fo emit,
Ot dub nad slomsob ni suyjoo grinsp
Nad dilye ni eth mursems emrip
Chir tifur fo bolen thoghut dan dede
Rof eht tumuna, ster dan eht stewrin eden.

DIAGONALS.

THE diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell the name of a little cripple figuring in one of Dickens's stories.

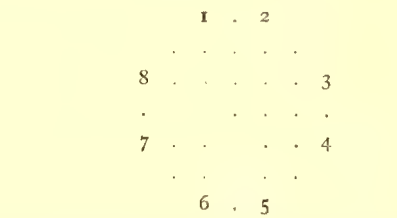
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Affliction. 2. The smallest kind of type used in English printing. 3. The owner of a famous box which is fabled to have been bestowed by Jupiter. 4. A man who attends to a dray. 5. A large artery. 6. Conciliatory. 7. A reward or recompense. C. B.

ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a famous American statesman who was born in January, 1757.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tree. 2. Ailing. 3. Misery. 4. A tool. 5. Some. 6. A hotel. 7. To command. 8. A fit of peevishness. 9. An animal. 10. Wary. 11. A meadow. 12. A foreign watering-place. 13. A vine. 14. A beverage. 15. A portion. 16. A habitual drunkard. 17. Modern. ALPHA ZETA.

OCTAGON.



FROM 1 to 2, a product of North Carolina; from 2 to 3, a color; from 3 to 4, a cave; from 4 to 5, a pile of cloth; from 5 to 6, equal value; from 6 to 7, a fabulous bird; from 7 to 8, a carriage; from 8 to 1, a small animal.

ACROSS: 1. A sailor. 2. Abundant. 3. Fought. 4. A diplomatist's companion. 5. A badge on the sleeve. 6. A musical drama. 7. A tap. H. AND B.



ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

From 1 to 14, hackneyed; from 2 to 14, a wandering troop; from 3 to 14, a bird whose figure is often used as an heraldic emblem; from 4 to 14, destitute of color; from 5 to 14, a fraction of a pound; from 6 to 14, an East Indian coin; from 7 to 14, faithful; from 8 to 14, compact; from 9 to 14, a fund; from 10 to 14, a scale; from 11 to 14, a corner; from 12 to 14, to tinge deeply; from 13 to 14, a river of Europe.

Perimeter, from 1 to 13, will form three words,—a subject of frequent discussion.

BLANCHE AND FRED.

DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In sunflower. 2. A Hebrew. 3. A gem. 4. Pertaining to the commencement of the year. 5. Abounding with useless plants. 6. A poem. 7. In sunflower.

II. 1. In cabin. 2. A projecting part of a wheel. 3. Dens. 4. A country of Europe. 5. To deserve. 6. To hold a session. 7. In cabin. F. P. AND D. N.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Each of the words described contains eight letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the fourth row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of one who has been called "the greatest orator that has ever lived in the Western hemisphere"; he was born in January, 1782. The fifth row of letters will spell the name of another famous orator who succeeded the former in an important office; he died in January, 1865.

Cross-words: 1. Blames. 2. A place of bliss. 3. In a descending course. 4. Disagreement. 5. Slandered. 6. A measure of thirty-six bushels. 7. Bestowed liberally. 8. Painful. 9. Stipends in cathedral churches. 10. A kind of rose. 11. Simulation. 12. Accosting. 13. A member of a princely court. F. S. F.

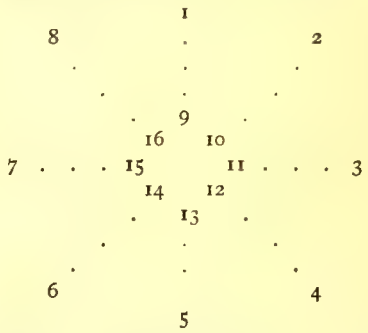
PECULIAR RHOMBOID.

* * * * * * *
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
* * * * * * *

Reading Downward: 1. In salad. 2. A mass of unsorted type. 3. A monstrous bird of Arabian mythology. 4. A very light substance. 5. A rodent of the genus *Lepus*. 6. An abbreviation often found in anthologies. 7. Rodents of the genus *Mus*. 8. A boy. 9. A masculine nickname. 10. In salad.

When the words described have been rightly guessed, and placed in the manner shown in the diagram, the upper and lower rows of letters (indicated by stars) will spell the Christian name and surname of a famous writer of Christmas stories.

RIMLESS WHEELS AND HUBS.



I. From 1 to 9, evidence; from 2 to 10, a Jewish title of respect; from 3 to 11, a support for a picture; from 4 to 12, a single oar used in propelling a boat; from 5 to 13, to fascinate; from 6 to 14, outlay; from 7 to 15, an instructor; from 8 to 16, hackneyed.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 8), a distinguished historian who died January 28, 1859. Hub of wheel, the surname of a President of the United States who was born January 7, 1800.

II. From 1 to 9, a proper name found in II. Samuel, 11, 3; from 2 to 10, a very famous singer; from 3 to 11, a masculine name; from 4 to 12, a rich fabric; from 5 to 13, one of the West Indies; from 6 to 14, mimicking; from 7 to 15, a country of East Africa; from 8 to 16, to long for.

Perimeter of wheel (from 1 to 8), a church festival occurring in January. Hub of wheel, the name of a State admitted into the Union in January, 1837. F. S. F.

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THE "ADLER" PLUNGING TOWARD THE REEF.

(SEE "THE STORY OF THE GREAT STORM AT SAMOA," PAGE 288.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII. FEBRUARY, 1890. NO. 4.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT STORM AT SAMOA.

RETOLD FOR AMERICAN YOUNG FOLK.

BY JOHN P. DUNNING,

Lately Correspondent at Samoa for the Associated Press.

SOMETHING more than a year ago the political situation at Samoa caused public attention to be directed toward that little group of islands in the South Pacific.

Affairs had reached a point which seemed to make it necessary for the United States Government to send a strong naval force there to protect American interests, and measures were accordingly taken by the Navy Department at Washington to have three men-of-war stationed at the islands. Both Germany and Great Britain were also represented there by a strong force, and there was consequently much speculation in the United States, as well as in European countries, as to the probable result of so large an assemblage of war-vessels in Samoan waters.

This state of affairs caused my being sent to that far-off country by the Associated Press last February. My position was that of a newspaper correspondent, and my mission was to keep the American press informed of events happening on the islands.

Owing to the aggressive policy which had been pursued by the German naval forces, it seemed possible that serious complications might arise between the United States and Germany. More than a year before, the Germans had carried off the native king, Malietoa, and banished him to an island several thousand miles away. They had then undertaken to establish a new government, and had proclaimed Tamasese — a native who was easily influenced by them — king of the country. Tamasese's power did not continue long, for the great body of the natives soon rebelled against an administration which had been forced upon them, and they united under the standard of Mataafa, a relative and personal representative of the deposed king Malietoa. At the outset of the difficulty, Tamasese's following was quite large, and with the support and assistance of the Germans he prepared to resist the efforts to overthrow him. A fierce civil war was waged between the two native factions, and, after a half-dozen battles had been fought, Tamasese was forced to leave Apia, where the seat of government was located, and take refuge with his few remaining followers in a strongly fortified position about eight miles from there.

During the whole time that the natives were fighting among themselves, the Germans had openly espoused Tamasese's cause, and their war-vessels had gone so far as even to bombard several native villages.

They did not, however, come into open con-

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flict with Mataafa's men until December, 1888, when a body of German sailors landed, several miles from Apia, and made an attack upon the natives. The latter offered a strong resistance, and, in the battle which followed, the Germans were utterly routed and fifty of their number killed and wounded. This battle led to an open declaration of war on the part of the Germans, and their aggressions soon became so alarming that American interests in Samoa were thought to be endangered.

At that time the only American man-of-war stationed there was the "Nipsic," commanded by Commander D. W. Mullan. The actions of the Germans were at once brought to the attention of the American Government, and orders were issued for the "Trenton" and "Vandalia" to proceed to Samoa. The Trenton was the flagship of Rear-Admiral L. A. Kimberly, and was one of the largest vessels in the navy. Her commander was Captain N. H. Farquhar. The Vandalia was smaller than the Trenton, but larger than the Nipsic, and was commanded by Captain C. M. Schoonmaker.

When I arrived at Apia, the principal settlement on the islands, and, in fact, the only place which has any white population, I found six men-of-war lying in the little harbor in front of the town. Two of these were the American vessels Vandalia and Nipsic, and the others were the German ships "Adler," "Olga," and "Eber," and the British ship "Calliope." The American frigate Trenton arrived a few days later.

Much of the excitement which had prevailed on the islands during the few previous months had subsided by that time, and I felt that my mission as a war-correspondent was likely to prove fruitless.

But I had not been at Apia three weeks before I was called upon to witness the greatest marine disaster of the century, in which four men-of-war and ten other vessels were totally wrecked, and nearly one hundred and fifty lives were lost. A hurricane, which is not an uncommon occurrence in that part of the world, broke upon the harbor and raged with a fury hardly to be imagined for nearly thirty-six hours before it had completed its work of destruction.

I prepared for the Associated Press a long account of the storm, which was published in the newspapers of the country last April; and upon my return from Samoa, a short time ago, I was requested by the editor of St. Nicholas to write a description of the great disaster, addressed especially to its readers. I have undertaken the task in the belief that the exciting incidents of that awful day, when many a brave sailor met his death in the angry waves of Apia harbor, will be of intense interest to the youth of America, and that the examples of bravery and patriotism which were displayed in those trying hours will prove valuable lessons to every boy in whose heart is growing a love of country and an admiration of noble deeds. The account that is here given is in some respects identical with the news report of the storm which I wrote last April; but I have endeavored to embody in this a number of personal experiences and patriotic features which impressed themselves strongly upon me at the time and will live long in the memory of all who witnessed the destruction of life and property on that occasion.

The harbor in which the disaster occurred is a small semicircular bay, around the inner side of which lies the town of Apia. A coral reef, which is visible at low water, extends in front of the harbor from the eastern to the western extremity, a distance of nearly two miles. A break in this reef, probably a quarter of a mile wide, forms a gateway to the harbor. The space within the bay where ships can lie at anchor is very small, as a shoal extends some distance out from the eastern shore, and on the other side another coral reef runs well out into the bay.

The American consulate is situated near the center of the line of houses composing the town, and directly in front of it is a long strip of sandy beach. The war-vessels were anchored in the deep water in front of the American consulate. The Eber and Nipsic were nearest the shore. There were ten or twelve sailing vessels, principally small schooners, lying in the shallow water west of the men-of-war.

The storm was preceded by several weeks of bad weather, and on Friday, March 15, the wind increased and there was every indication of a hard blow. The war-ships made preparation for it by lowering topmasts and making all the spars secure, and steam was also raised to guard against the possibility of the anchors not holding.



APIA, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOA.

By eleven o'clock at night, the wind had increased to a gale. The crews on most of the sailing vessels put out extra anchors and went ashore. Rain began to fall at midnight, and the wind increased in fury. Great waves were rolling in from the open ocean, and the pitching of the vessels was fearful. The Eber commenced to drag her anchors at midnight, and an hour later the Vandalia was also dragging. However, by using steam they succeeded in keeping well off the reef and away from the other vessels. The wind blew more and more strongly, and rain fell in torrents. By three o'clock the situation had become alarming. Nearly every vessel in the harbor was dragging, and there was imminent danger of collisions. There was no thought of sleep on any of the ships, for every man was needed at his post.

On shore, the howling of the wind among the trees and houses, and the crash of falling roofs, had aroused many persons from their beds, and figures were soon seen groping about the street looking for some spot sheltered from the tempest. The tide was coming in rapidly, and the surf was breaking all over the street, a hundred feet above the usual high-water mark. The spray was thrown high in the air and beat into the windows of houses nearest the shore. Rain fell like sleet, and men and women who were wandering about in the storm shielded their faces with small pieces of board or with any other article that could be used as a protection against the wind and sand.

I had spent the evening indoors and had retired about eleven o'clock. The house which I occupied was some distance from the shore and was surrounded by a thick growth of trees. Several of these had fallen with a crashing sound, and I found it impossible to sleep. I arose and determined to go down to the beach, for I felt that the vessels in the harbor must be in great danger. I reached the street with the greatest difficulty, for I had two treacherous little footbridges to cross, and the night was so dark and the force of the wind so great that I felt I was wandering about like a blind man. When I had walked down to the beach, I looked across the angry waters at the lights of the vessels and realized far more clearly than before that the storm was something terrible. I wandered along the beach for a distance of half a mile, thinking it possible that I might find some one, but the whole place seemed to be deserted. The only light visible on shore was at the American consulate. I found a solitary marine on duty as a sentry there. I exchanged a few words with him and then retired to a temporary shelter for several hours, until a number of natives and a few white persons commenced to collect on the street. The natives seemed to know better than the rest that the storm would result in awful destruction. People soon gathered in little groups and peered out into the darkness across the sea of foaming waters. Fear was depicted upon every face. Men stood close together and shouted to make themselves heard above the roar of the tempest.

Through the blackness of the night could be seen the lights of the men-of-war, and even above the rushing and roaring of the wind and waves,



THE LOSS OF THE "EBER"

the shouting of officers and men on board came faintly across the water. It could be seen that the vessels were dragging, as the lights were moving slowly in different directions and apparently crossing and recrossing each other. Every moment it seemed as if two or more of the great war-ships were about to come together, and the watchers on the beach waited in breathless anxiety to hear the crash of collision.

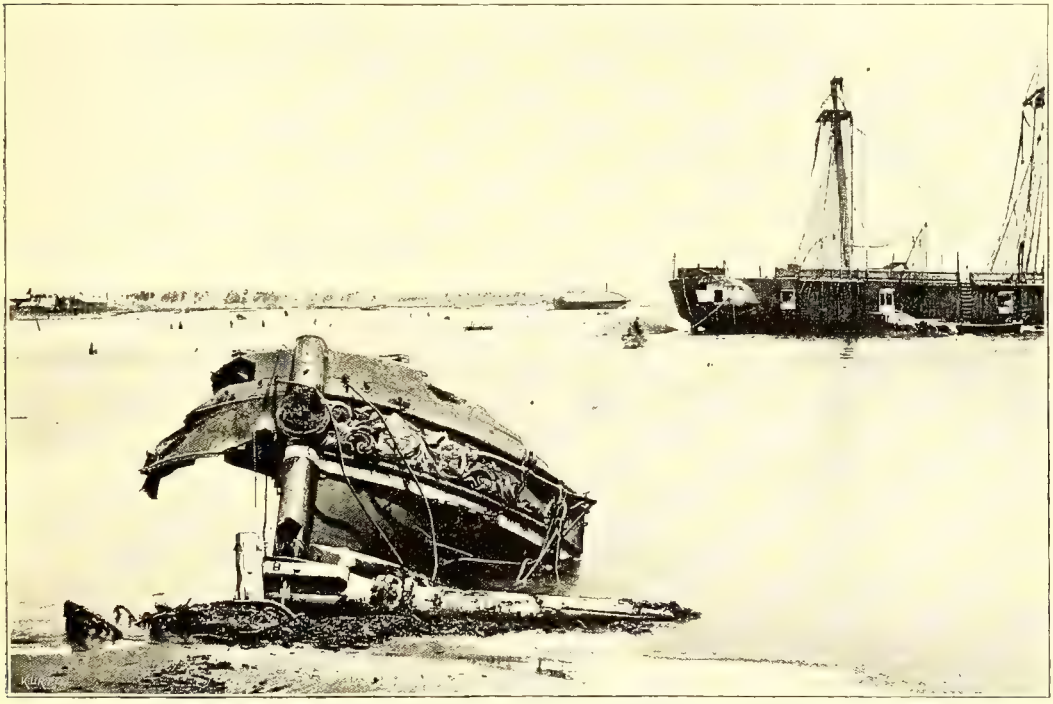
A little after five o'clock, the first faint rays of dawn broke upon the scene and revealed a spectacle not often witnessed. The position of the vessels was entirely changed. They had been swept from their former moorings and were all bearing down in the direction of the inner reef. Black smoke was pouring from their funnels, showing that desperate efforts were being made to keep them up against the storm. The decks swarmed with men clinging to masts or to anything affording a hold. The hulls of the ships were tossing about like corks, and the decks were being deluged with water as every wave swept in from the open ocean. Several sailing vessels had gone ashore in the western part of the bay. The Trenton and Vandalia, being farther out from the shore than the other ships, were almost obscured by the blinding mist. The vessels most plainly visible were the Eber, Adler, and Nipsic. They were very close together and only a few yards from the reef.

The little gun-boat Eber was making a desperate struggle, but every moment she was being driven nearer and nearer the reef. Her doom was certain. Suddenly she shot forward as if making a last effort to escape destruction. The current, however, bore her off to the right, and her bow struck the port quarter of the Nipsic, carrying away several feet of the Nipsic's rail and one boat. The Eber then fell back and fouled with the Olga, and after that she seemed unable to make any effort to save herself. Awful seas broke over the little vessel as she swung around broadside to the wind. Presently she was lifted high on the crest of a great wave and hurled with awful force upon

the reef. In an instant there was not a vestige of her to be seen. She struck fairly upon her bottom, rolled over toward the sea, and disappeared from view. Every timber must have been shattered, and half the poor creatures aboard of her crushed to death before they felt the waters closing above their heads. Hundreds of people were on the beach by this time, and the work of destruction had occurred within full view of them all. They stood for a moment appalled by the awful scene, and a cry of horror arose from the lips of every man who had seen nearly a hundred of his fellow-creatures perish in an instant. Then with one accord they all rushed to the water's edge nearest the point where the Eber had foundered. The natives ran into the surf far beyond the point where a white man could have lived, and stood waiting to save any one who might rise from the water. There was no thought of the war between Germany and Samoa; there was no sign of enmity against the people who had banished their king and carried him off to a lonely isle thousands of miles from his native land; the savage forgot the oppression which a civilized people had placed upon him, and now held out his hand to save a human life, caring little whether it was that of friend or foe.

At first it seemed as if every man on the ill-fated steamer had gone to his death. Not even a hand appeared from the depths where the Eber sank. But the breakers on the reef had hidden a few struggling men who had come to the surface and struck out feebly for shore.

Presently a man was seen clinging to the piling of a small wharf near by. Willing hands soon grasped him and drew him up on shore. He was a young man with a handsome, boyish face, and wore the uniform of an officer. He proved to be Lieutenant Gædeke, and was the only officer of the Eber who was saved. Lieutenant T. G. Fillette, the marine-officer of the Nipsic, who for several months had been stationed on shore in charge of the guard of marines at the American consulate, took the German officer under his care.



BOW OF THE GERMAN GUN-BOAT "EBER," WHICH BROKE OFF AND FLOATED UP ON THE BEACH WHEN THE VESSEL STRUCK THE REEF. THE SHIP ON THE RIGHT IS THE "TRENTON." IN THE DISTANCE IS THE "ADLER" OVERTURNED ON THE REEF.

Four sailors from the Eber were found struggling in the water near shore about the same time. They were quickly rescued by the natives and also taken to the American consulate. There were six officers and seventy men on the Eber when she struck the reef, and of these five officers and sixty-six men were lost.

Lieutenant Gædeke, the survivor, was almost heartbroken over the sad fate of his fellow-officers and men. He was the officer of the watch and was on the bridge when the Eber went down. He said that all the other officers were below, and he supposed they were crushed to death. It was about six o'clock in the morning when the Eber foundered.

During the excitement attending that calamity the other vessels had been for the time forgotten; but we soon noticed that the positions of several of them had become more alarming. The Adler had been swept across the bay, being for a moment in collision with the Olga.

She was now close to the reef, about two hundred yards west of the point where the Eber struck, and, broadside on, like the Eber, she was approaching her doom.

In half an hour she was lifted on top of the reef and turned completely over on her side. Nearly every man was thrown into the water. They had but a few feet to swim, however, to reach the deck, as almost the entire hull was out of water. Only twenty men were drowned when the steamer capsized.

The others clung to the guns and masts in safety, and as the bottom of the vessel was toward the storm, the men on the deck were well protected. Natives stretched a rope from the shore to the Adler during the day, and a number of sailors escaped by that means. But the rope parted before all had left the vessel, and the others were not taken off until next day. They clung to the wreck during the long weary hours of the day and night, and were greatly exhausted when they finally reached the shore.

Just after the Adler struck, the attention of every one was directed toward the Nipsic. She was standing off the reef with her head to the wind, but the three anchors which she had out at the time were not holding, and the steamer was being beaten back toward the point where the Eber went down. It was only by the most skillful management that her officers and crew were saved from the same fate that befell the Eber. The Nipsic also narrowly escaped destruction by being run into by the Olga, and it was the blow she received from that vessel which finally sent her ashore. As she was trying to avoid a collision with the Olga, the little schooner "Lily" got in her track and was cut down. There were three men on the Lily, two of whom were drowned, but the third swam to the Olga and reached her deck in safety.

As the Nipsic's anchors were not holding, orders were given to attach a hawser to a heavy eight-inch rifle on the forecastle and throw the gun overboard. As the men were in the act of doing this, the Olga bore down on the Nipsic and struck her amidships with awful force. Her bowsprit passed over the side of the Nipsic, and, after carrying away one boat and splintering the rail, came in contact with the smokestack, which was struck fairly in the center and fell to the deck with a crash like thunder. For a moment it was difficult to realize what had happened, and great confusion followed. The crew believed the ship was going down, and men ran up in the rigging for safety. The iron smokestack rolled from side to side with every movement of the vessel until finally heavy blocks were placed under it. By that time, the Nipsic had swung around and was approaching the reef. It was an anxious moment for all on board. They had seen the Eber strike a few yards from where they now were, and it seemed certain that they would go down in the same way. Having lost her smokestack, the vessel was unable to keep up her steam power. Captain Mullan was upon the bridge at the time, with Ensign H. P. Jones, the latter being the officer of the watch. The captain remained cool and collected during the dangerous moment. He saw that in another moment the Nipsic would be on the reef, and probably every man aboard be lost. Any further attempt to save the vessel would be useless, so he gave the orders to beach her. The limited amount of steam which could still be carried, was brought into use and her head was put around toward the shore. She had a straight

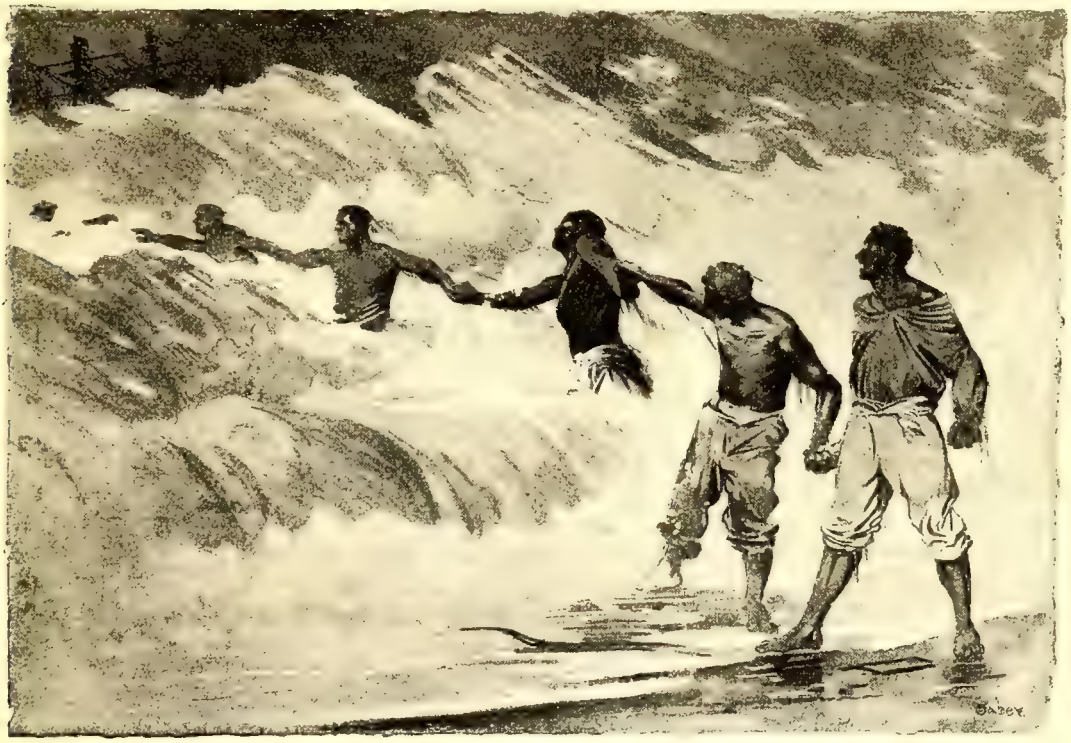
course of about two hundred yards to the sandy beach in front of the American consulate.

There were then several hundred natives and about fifty white persons, principally Americans and Englishmen, standing near the water's edge watching the critical manœuvers of the Nipsic, and I remember the feeling of dread which came over me as I saw the vessel running alongside the dangerous reef, liable at any moment to be dashed to pieces upon it. As she came nearer the shore I could easily distinguish the faces of officers who were my personal friends, and I did not know but that I might be looking upon them for the last time. Near me were standing United States Vice-Consul Blacklock, and Ensign J. L. Purcell, an officer of the Nipsic who had been on shore during the night. I could judge from their faces that their fears were the same as mine. But the Nipsic escaped the reef and her bow stuck fast in the sand about twenty yards from the water's edge. She then swung around, forming an acute angle with the line of the shore.

Just as the vessel struck, five sailors jumped into a boat and commenced to lower it, but the falls did not work properly and one end of the boat dropped, throwing the men into the water, and drowning all of them. Another boat, containing Dr. E. Z. Derr, the ship's surgeon, and a half-dozen sick men, was lowered in safety, but it capsized before it reached shore.

The men were within a few feet, however, of the natives who were standing waist-deep in the surf, and they were pulled up on the beach and taken to the consulate. Several men on the Nipsic ran to the rail and jumped overboard. All these reached the shore, except two sailors who were unable to swim through the current and were swept out into the bay and drowned.

By this time every man aboard had crowded to the forecastle. A line was thrown to the natives, and double hawsers were soon made fast from the vessel to the shore, and the natives and others gathered around the lines to assist the men off. Seumanu Tafa, chief of Apia district, and Salu Anae, another chief, directed the



"THE SAMOANS STOOD BATTLING AGAINST THE SURF, RISKING THEIR LIVES TO SAVE THE AMERICAN SAILORS."

natives in their work. The scene was one of intense excitement. The seas broke upon the stern of the Nipsic with awful force, and it seemed as if the vessel would be battered to pieces before the men on her decks could be saved. The waves were rolling high on the beach, and the undertow was so strong that the natives narrowly escaped being washed out into the bay. The rain continued to pour, and the clouds of flying sand grew thicker every moment. The voices of officers shouting to the men on deck were mingled with the loud cries and singing of the Samoans as they stood battling against the surf, risking their lives to save the American sailors.

To one who saw the noble work of these men during the storm, it is a cause of wonder that they should be called savages by more enlightened races. There seemed to be no instinct of the savage in a man who could rush into that boiling torrent of water that broke upon the reef, and place his own life in peril to save the helpless drowning men of a foreign country.

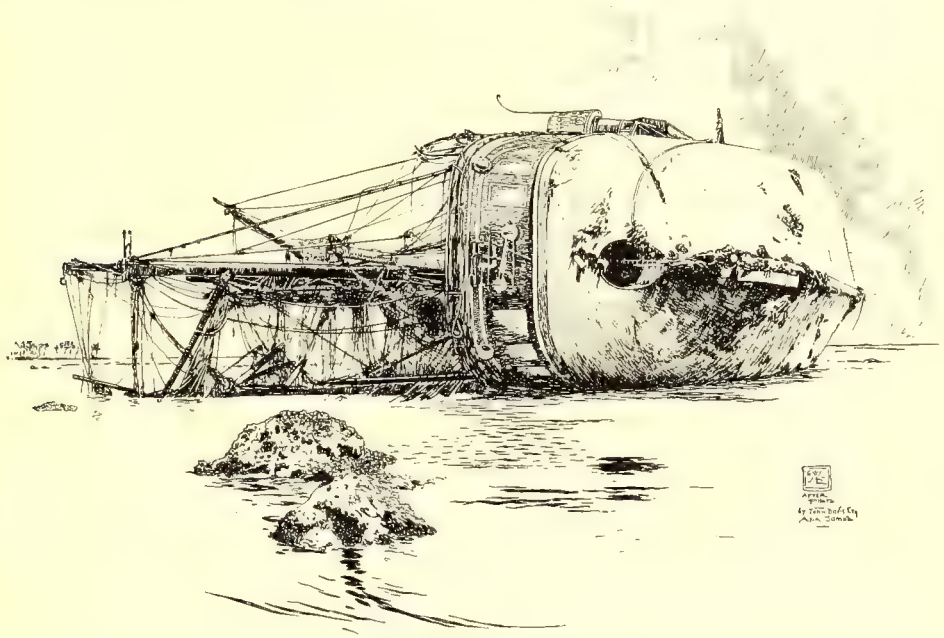
While Americans and Germans were treated alike, it was plain that their sympathies were with the Americans, and they redoubled their efforts when they saw an opportunity to aid the men who represented a country which had insisted that their native government should not be interfered with by a foreign power. During the trying hours of that day they never faltered in their heroic efforts when it was possible to save a life.

As the Nipsic lay helpless on the beach, they gathered about the vessel and showed a determination to risk everything to save the officers and men aboard. Nearly all the American and English residents of Apia were on the shore in front of the consulate, and there seemed to be a willingness on the part of every man to render whatever assistance was in his power. Ensign Purcell of the Nipsic and several other Americans were up to their waists in the water ready to lend a hand to the men as they left the ship. The position was a most dangerous one, as the waves were washing far up on the beach and great pieces of floating wreckage were being swept back and forth. The force of the water was so strong that it was necessary to hold on firmly to the life-line which was stretched from the Nipsic's bow, and I remember once that my grasp upon the line was broken by an immense wave which completely enveloped me. I was thrown violently across the rope, and then as the water receded I was carried out with it. Fortunately, two natives caught me before I had gone too far, and with their assistance I grasped the line again. There was no attempt to leave the Nipsic in disorder. Captain Mullan and several other officers stood by the rail where the hawsers were made fast, and directed the movements of the men. They came down the ropes quickly, but the seas were rolling so high under the bows of the ship that the men were often entirely submerged and their hold upon the lines broken. Nothing but the noble efforts of the natives saved them from being swept out into the current and drowned. As soon as each man would come within reach, he would be grasped in the strong arms of half a dozen Samoans and carried out of the water. Captain Mullan insisted upon being the last man to leave the ship, and he finally found himself on the deck with Lieutenant John A. Shearman by his side. The captain, being unable to swim, did not care to descend the rope by means of his hands and legs, as all the others had done, so he procured an empty water-cask and attached it to the hawser. When he was seated in the cask, Lieutenant Shearman stood alone upon the deck and started his brave commander down the line. The young officer then climbed down the rope, and the Nipsic was left alone to battle with the waves.

The Nipsic, Adler, and Eber were the smallest war-ships in the harbor. The four large men-of-war, the Trenton, Calliope, Vandalia, and Olga, were still afloat and well off the reef. They remained in a comparatively safe position for two hours after the Nipsic was beached, but persons on the shore were watching them intently all the time. About ten o'clock in the morning, the excitement on shore began to grow more intense as the Trenton was seen to be in a helpless condition. The great vessel was lying well out in the bay, and, with every wave that rolled in, her stern would be lifted out of the water, and it was seen that her rudder and propeller were both gone, and there was nothing but her anchors to hold her up against the unabated force of the storm.

The Vandalia and Calliope also were in dangerous positions, bearing back toward the reef near the point where lay the wreck of the Adler. Great waves were tossing the two vessels about, and they were coming closer together every minute. The Vandalia attempted to steam away, but in doing so a collision occurred. The iron prow of the Englishman was lifted high in the air and came down with full force upon the port quarter of the Vandalia. The jib-boom of the Calliope was carried away, and the heavy timbers of the Vandalia were shivered. Every man who stood upon the deck of the Vandalia near the point of collision was thrown from his feet by the shock.

A hole was torn below the rail, and water rushed into the cabin. It was impossible to ascertain the extent of the damage at the moment, but it seemed as if the Vandalia had received her death-blow. Men rushed up the hatches in the belief that the steamer was sinking, but they afterward returned to their posts. Just after this collision, Captain Kane of the Calliope determined to make an effort to steam out of the harbor, as he saw that to remain in his present position would lead to another collision with the Vandalia or throw his vessel upon the reef. He accordingly gave orders to let go all anchors. The Calliope's head swung around to the wind and her engines were worked to their utmost power. The steamer seemed to stand still for a moment, and then the rapidly revolving propeller had its effect, for the vessel moved up slowly against the great waves which broke over her bows and flooded her decks from stem to stern. Clouds of black smoke poured from her funnel as more coal was thrown into the furnaces. Every tension was strained in her heroic struggle against the storm. She seemed to make her headway at first inch by inch, but her speed gradually increased until it became evident that she could clear the harbor.



THE "ADLER" OVERTURNED ON THE REEF.

This manœuver of the gallant British ship is regarded as one of the most daring in naval annals. It was the one desperate chance offered her commander to save his vessel and the three hundred lives aboard. An accident to the machinery at this critical moment would have meant certain death to all. Every pound of steam which the Calliope could possibly carry was crowded on, and down in the fire-rooms the men worked as they never had worked before. To clear the harbor, the Calliope had to pass between the Trenton and the reef, and it re-

quired the most skillful seamanship to avoid a collision with the Trenton, on the one hand, or total destruction upon the reef, on the other. The Trenton's fires had gone out by that time, and she lay helpless almost in the path of the Calliope. The doom of the American flagship seemed but a question of a few hours. Nearly every man aboard felt that his vessel must soon



THE "CALLIOPE" PUTTING TO SEA.

be dashed to pieces, and that he would find a grave under the coral reef. The decks of the flagship were swarming with men, but, facing death as they were, they recognized the heroic struggle of the British ship, and as the latter passed within a few yards of them a great shout went up from over four hundred men aboard the Trenton. "Three cheers for the Calliope!" was the sound that reached the ears of the British tars as they passed out of the harbor in the teeth of the storm; and the heart of every Englishman went out to the brave American sailors who gave that parting tribute to the Queen's ship.

A well-known London journal afterward remarked, "The cheer of the Trenton's men was the expression of an immortal courage. It was distressed manhood greeting triumphant manhood, the doomed saluting the saved." The English sailors returned the Trenton's cheer, and the Calliope passed safely out to sea, returning when the storm had abated. Captain Kane, her commander, in speaking of the incident afterward said, "Those ringing cheers of the American flagship pierced deep into my heart, and I will ever remember that mighty outburst of fellow-feeling which, I felt, came from the bottom of the hearts of the gallant Admiral and his men. Every man on board the Calliope felt as I did; it made us work to win. I can only say, 'God bless America and her noble sailors!'"

When the excitement on the Vandalia which followed the collision with the Calliope had subsided, it was determined to beach the vessel.

Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, the executive officer, was practically in command, as Captain Schoonmaker had been thrown across the cabin the night before and severely injured. The captain was in a dazed and weakened condition, able to do little toward directing the movements of the ship; but, notwithstanding his injuries, he faced the storm like a hero and stood by the side of his first officer until the sea finally swept him off to his death. Of all the officers who did their duty nobly in the face of danger, none received more commendation than Lieutenant Carlin.

Officers and men alike spoke of his conduct in the highest terms of praise, and said that his cool and calm demeanor kept the men at work when panic was almost breaking out among them. He had been on duty since the morning before and had not tasted food in all that time.

The Vandalia was obliged to move along the edge of the reef, a distance of several hundred yards, in order to reach a point in front of the American consulate where it was thought safe to run her aground.

Every one on shore stood near the consulate and watched the vessel steam across the harbor. Her draught was greater than the Nipsic's, and it was known that she would not be able to get very close to the shore. She came on until her bow stuck in the soft sand, about two hundred yards off shore and probably eighty yards from the stern of the Nipsic.

Her engines were stopped and the men in the engine-room and fire-room below were ordered on deck. The ship swung around broadside to the shore, and it was thought at first that her position was comparatively safe, as it was believed that the storm would abate in a few

hours and that the two hundred and forty men aboard could be rescued then.

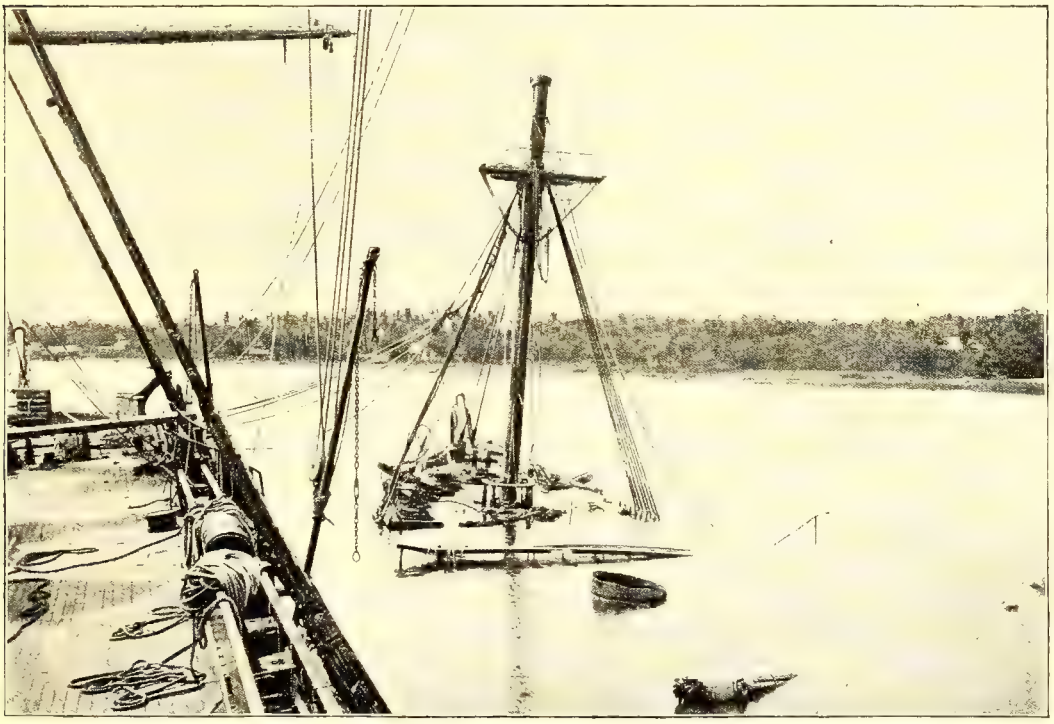
It was nearly eleven o'clock when the Vandalia struck, and notwithstanding her easy position it soon became apparent that her officers and crew were in great danger. Nearly all the officers were on the poop-deck, but their faces could not be distinguished from the shore on account of the blinding mist. The men were scattered about on the gun-deck and on the forecastle, holding on to the masts and sides of the ship. In half an hour it was noticed that the vessel was settling down. Lying as she did, almost broadside to the wind, the seas broke over her furiously and poured down the hatches.

One by one the boats were torn from their davits and swept away. Efforts were made to fire lines ashore, but it was impossible to do so as the ammunition was saturated with water.

One brave sailor, named F. M. Hammer, volunteered to swim through the surf with a line, in the hope that his comrades might be rescued in that way. It was an undertaking which seemed to mean certain death, for a boiling torrent of water, covered with floating wreckage, was rushing between the Vandalia and the shore.

Notwithstanding the peril of such an act, the man fastened a small cord to his body, stood by the rail a moment, and then plunged into the sea. He had hardly touched the water when he was thrown violently against the side of the ship and knocked into insensibility.

There was no possibility of saving him, and he drowned in sight of all who had witnessed his heroic action.



BOW OF THE "VANDALIA,"—THE ONLY PART OF THE SHIP ABOVE WATER. A PART OF THE DECK OF THE "TRENTON" ON THE LEFT.

By noon the entire gun-deck of the Vandalia was under water, and from that time on the condition of those aboard was the most pitiable that can be imagined.

The torrents of water that swept over the ship knocked the men from their feet and threw them against the sides. Several were badly injured. Most of the men sought refuge in the rigging. A few officers still remained upon the poop-deck, but a number had gone aloft. The wind seemed to increase in fury, and as the hull



THE "TRENTON" AGROUND, WITH HER STERN RESTING AGAINST THE CORAL REEF. THE SUNKEN "VANDALIA" ALONGSIDE OF HER. THE "OLGA" ON THE RIGHT.

of the steamer sank lower, the force of the waves grew more violent. Men on shore were willing to render aid, but were powerless.

No boat could have lived a moment in the surf, and it was impossible to get a line to the vessel as there was no firing-apparatus on shore.

The remembrance of those hours when the sea was washing over the Vandalia has come to me many times since then, and the scene is as vivid as it was when I stood on the beach in that blinding storm and watched the awful spectacle. I recalled, then, that a few days previous Captain Schoonmaker had been ashore and had given me an invitation to go aboard the Vandalia and spend some time with him. Circumstances had prevented me from accepting his invitation at the time, but I had intended to avail myself of the opportunity of passing a few days at least on a man-of-war, and in fact had made arrangements to go aboard on the day before the hurricane, but the early stage of the storm had already set in then, and the bay was so rough that the ship could not be reached in a small boat with safety, so I had been obliged to postpone my visit. I confess that, as I watched the vessel that day and saw the waves sweeping men into the sea, I felt that I had had a fortunate escape.

When the distressed condition of the Vandalia became apparent, three officers of the Nipsic, Lieutenant Shearman and Ensigns Purcell and Jones, made every effort to rescue the men; and during the whole day and night, with the assistance of several other Americans and the natives, they labored incessantly to reach the doomed vessel and used every means to save the lives of the men.

A long hawser was procured, and three natives were found who were willing to venture out in the surf with a cord and attempt to reach the Vandalia. The men entered the water a quarter of a mile above the spot where the steamer lay, and struck out into the surf with the cord tied to their bodies.

Shouts of encouragement went up from the shore, and the Samoans struggled bravely to reach the sunken ship. But, expert swimmers as they were, they were unable to overcome the force of the current, which rushed down like a cataract between the Vandalia and the shore, and the men were thrown upon the beach without being able to get within a hundred yards

of the vessel. Seumanu Tafa, their chief, urged the men to try again, and several other attempts were made, but without success.

It was now evident that many of those on the Vandalia would not be able to withstand the force of the waves much longer and would be swept into the sea. Natives waded into the water and stood just on the edge of the current ready to grasp any one who should float near them. The seas continued to break over the vessel, and it was not long before several men were washed over the side. As soon as they touched the water they swam for the Nipsic, where they grasped ropes hanging over the side and attempted to draw themselves on deck. A number succeeded in doing this, but others were so weak that after hanging to the ropes a moment their grasp was broken by the awful seas which crashed against the side of the vessel, and they would fall back into the current.

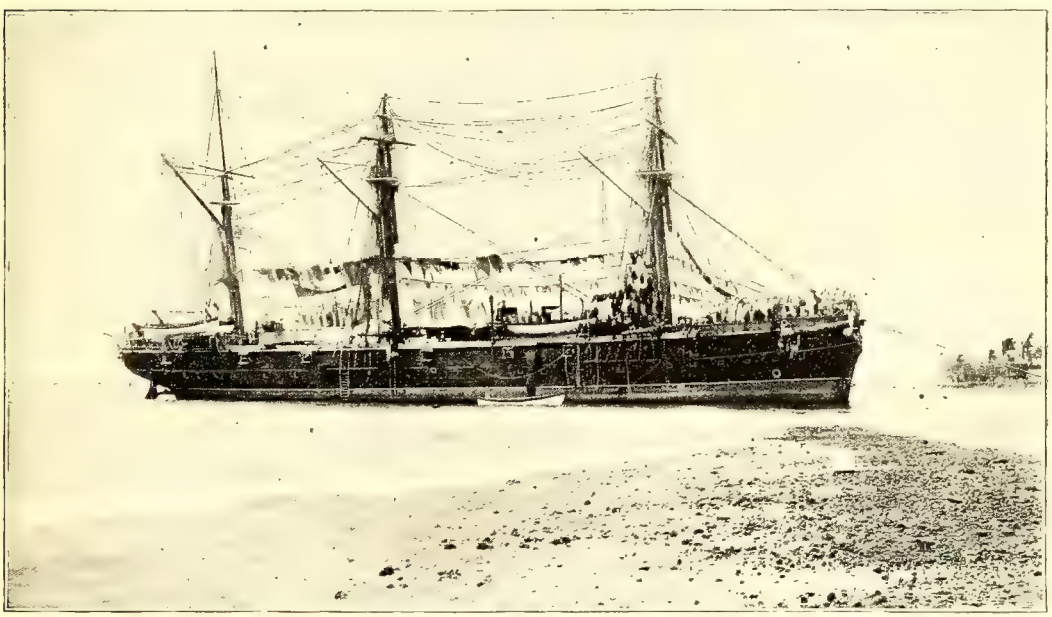
The first man who came ashore was Chief Engineer A. S. Greene.

When he was washed from the deck of the Vandalia, he swam to the Nipsic and caught a rope. He hung there for several minutes and tried in vain to draw himself up, but finding his strength failing, he dropped back into the water and fortunately was able to catch a piece of floating wreckage.

He soon drifted into the current and was swept down along the shore. The natives saw his head above the water, and they clasped each other's hands and formed a long line stretching out into the current. As the chief engineer swept by, the native farthest out grasped him by the arm and brought him to shore.

Just before he was rescued, another man who had been washed from the Vandalia was seen clinging to a rope by the side of the Nipsic. The waves had torn away all his clothing.

There were several Vandalia sailors aboard the Nipsic by this time, and he shouted to them to draw him up, but his voice was lost in the roar of the wind, and after clinging to the rope a while longer he let go and grasped a piece of board which was floating past him. He also was drawn into the current and commenced to sweep along the shore. He was further out than Chief Engineer Greene had been, but the Samoans were making every effort to reach him, and had advanced so far into the current that they were almost carried away themselves. Just as the drowning man was within a few feet of the mouth of a small river,



THE GERMAN CORVETTE "OLGA" AGROUND ON THE MUD FLATS

where another current would have swept him far out into the bay, the natives caught him and drew him ashore. He proved to be H. A. Wiley, a young naval cadet. He was carried to the consulate insensible, and it was only after great exertions that he was resuscitated.

It was not long after Greene and Wiley were washed overboard, that the four officers who were drowned were swept from the deck. Captain Schoonmaker was clinging to the rail refused it. At last a great wave submerged the poop-deck. Captain Schoonmaker held on to the rail with all the strength he had left, but the torrent of water wrenched a machine-gun from its fastenings and sent it whirling across the deck. The captain was bending down at the time and the gun struck him on the head, and either killed him outright or knocked him insensible, for the wave swept him from the deck. He sank without a struggle and was seen no more.



THE "TRENTON" DRIFTING UPON THE "VANDALIA." (SEE PAGE 299.)

on the poop-deck. Lieutenant Carlin was standing by him trying to hold the captain on, as the latter was becoming weaker every minute. Every one on the deck saw that he could not stand against the rush of water much longer. No one knew it better than himself, and he several times remarked to those about him that he would have to go soon. Lieutenant Carlin tried to get him up in the rigging, but the captain said he was too weak to climb up and would have to remain where he was as long as possible. He had no life-preserver; one had been offered him several times, but he had

Paymaster Frank H. Arms and Pay Clerk John Roche were lying upon the deck exhausted, but clinging with all the strength they possessed to anything which came within their grasp. They were washed off together. The paymaster sank in a moment, but Roche drifted over to the stern of the Nipsic, where he grasped a rope. He was a large, fleshy man, and being greatly exhausted could not possibly draw himself up on the deck. His hold upon the rope was soon broken, but he continued to float under the stern of the Nipsic several minutes, wildly throwing out his arms in a vain attempt

to clutch something. He finally sank under the vessel. Lieutenant Frank E. Sutton, the marine officer, died in nearly the same way. Weakened by long exposure and the terrible strain to which he was subjected, he was unable to retain his hold longer, and was washed overboard and drowned.

During the remainder of the afternoon there followed a succession of awful scenes of death and suffering not soon to be forgotten. The storm had not abated in the least. The wind continued to blow with terrible force; waves that seemed like mountains of water rolled in from the ocean and broke upon the reef and over the ill-fated Vandalia. The sheets of water which fell from the clouds, and the sand which was beaten up from the shore, struck like hail against the houses. White men who stood out in the storm were often obliged to seek shelter to escape the deluge of rain and sand which cut the flesh like a knife, and even the natives would occasionally run for safety behind an upturned boat or a pile of wreckage.

The Vandalia continued to settle, and the few men who had not already taken to the rigging stood on the poop-deck or on the forecastle, as the vessel amidships was entirely under water.

Almost twenty-four hours had elapsed since any one aboard had tasted food, and all were weak and faint from hunger and exposure.

Men were now washed from the decks and rigging a half dozen at a time, and a few, who felt that they were growing too weak to hold on, jumped into the water, determined to make one last effort to save themselves.

Nearly every man who jumped or was washed overboard succeeded in reaching the Nipsic, and a number of them climbed upon the deck by the aid of ropes. Those who reached the deck assisted others who were struggling in the water, and several lives were saved in that way. But many a poor fellow who reached the Nipsic's side, was unable to hold on to a rope long enough to be drawn up, and the seas would wash him away and sweep him into the current. None of them came near enough to the shore to be reached by the natives, and those who once got into the current were carried out into the bay and drowned.

As I stood on the beach that afternoon, I saw a dozen men go down before my eyes. I was with Lieutenant Shearman and Ensigns Purcell and Jones, Nipsic officers, and Consul Blacklock, nearly all the time. We had been dragging heavy hawsers up and down the beach all day and had adopted every means in our power to render some assistance to the drowning men. As we watched them struggling in the water, far beyond any human aid, I remember how we felt, that we must do something to reach them; but we were powerless. We had seen a hundred German sailors go down, early in the morning, and while we had recognized the horror of that calamity we were not impressed with the same feeling which came upon us as we saw men of our own country suffering the same fate. Here there was a bond of sympathy which appealed to us as Americans, and one who, in a foreign land, has ever seen such death and suffering befall his fellow-countrymen can appreciate the feeling with which we watched those scenes in Apia harbor.

By three o'clock, the Vandalia was resting her whole length on the bottom, and the only part of her hull which stood out of water was the after part of the poop-deck and the forward part of the forecastle. Every man was in the rigging. As many as could be accommodated there, had climbed into the tops and sunk down exhausted upon the small platforms. Others clung to the ratlines and yards with the desperation of dying men, expecting every moment to be their last. Their arms and limbs were bruised and swollen by holding on to the rough ropes. A number had been greatly injured by falling about the decks, and many a poor creature was so benumbed with cold and exposure to the biting rain, and so weak from want of food, that he sank almost into insensibility and cared not whether he lived or died.

More than one man who was clinging to the ratlines, gave way under the terrible strain and fell to the deck, only to be washed over the submerged side of the ship and drowned.

A hawser had been made fast from the deck of the Nipsic to the shore, and the Vandalia men who had escaped to the Nipsic reached shore in that way.

The Nipsic had by that time swung out straight from the shore, so that the distance be-

tween the two vessels was not more than fifty yards. A small rope was made fast from the foremast of the Vandalia to the stern of the Nipsic, and a few men escaped by it, but before all in the fore-rigging were rescued, the line parted and could not afterward be replaced.

The terrible scenes attending the wreck of the Vandalia had detracted attention from the other two men-of-war which still remained afloat; but about four o'clock in the afternoon the positions of the Trenton and Olga became most alarming. The flagship had been in a helpless condition for hours.

At ten o'clock in the morning, her rudder and propeller had been carried away by fouling with a piece of floating wreckage; and, to add to her discomfiture, great volumes of water poured in through the hawse-pipes (the large openings in the bow through which the anchor-chains pass). From ten o'clock in the morning until six in the evening, when she grounded, the Trenton held out against the storm without steam or rudder, and her escape from total destruction was miraculous. Admiral Kimberly, Captain Farquhar, and Lieutenant Brown, the navigating officer, stood upon the bridge the whole day and directed the movements of the ship. For two hours before the fires were extinguished, the water was rushing in through the hawse-pipes and pouring down the hatches into the fire-room and engine-room. The men at work there were in a most perilous position, as they were so far down below the deck that if the vessel had gone upon the reef suddenly and sunk, they never could have escaped. Engineers Galt and Matthews were in charge of the engine-room during the time that the water was pouring down the hatches. All the men there stood at their posts until they were waist-deep in the water and the fires were extinguished. The berth-deck also was flooded, and efforts were made to close the hawse-pipes. Lieutenant W. H. Allen remained below all day superintending this work, but, though he was partially successful, the force of the water was so great that everything placed in the pipes was torn out. It was a most dangerous post, as the men stationed there had two decks above them, and in case the vessel should go down their escape was shut off. Allen and his men were deluged with the torrents of water which rushed in through the openings with every pitch of the vessel. It was necessary to work the pumps early in the day, and this was kept up constantly. Men never fought against adverse circumstances with more desperation than the officers and men of the Trenton displayed during those hours when the flagship was beaten about by the gale. There was not an idle man on the ship. The entire supervision of affairs outside of the manœuvering of the vessel fell upon Lieutenant-Commander H. W. Lyon, who afterward received the commendation of his superior officers for the efficient services which he rendered during the storm. Among the officers who rendered most valuable assistance were Lieutenants Graham, Scott, and Allen, and Ensign Blanden.

By the skillful use of a storm-sail, the Trenton kept well out in the harbor until the middle of the afternoon, and then she was forced over toward the eastern reef. Destruction seemed imminent, as the great vessel was pitching heavily, and her stern was but a few feet from the reef. This point was a quarter of a mile from shore, and if the Trenton had struck the reef there, it is probable that not a life would have been saved. A skillful manœuver, which was suggested by Lieutenant Brown, saved the ship from destruction. Every man was ordered into the port rigging, and the compact mass of bodies was used as a sail. The wind struck against the men in the rigging and forced the vessel out into the bay again. She soon commenced to drift back against the Olga, which was still standing off the reef and holding up against the storm more successfully than any other vessel in the harbor had done. The Trenton came slowly down on the Olga, and this time it seemed as if both vessels would be swept on the reef by the collision and crushed to pieces. People on the shore rushed to the water's edge and waited to hear the crash which would send to the bottom both men-of-war and their loads of human lives. Notwithstanding the dangerous situation of the ships, a patriotic incident occurred at this time which stirred the hearts of all who witnessed it. The storm had been raging so furiously all day that not a flag had been raised on any of the vessels. As the Trenton approached the Olga, an officer

standing near Admiral Kimberly suggested that the flag be raised. The Admiral, whose whole attention had been absorbed in directing the movements of the ship, turned for a moment to the group of officers near him and said, "Yes; let the flag go up!"

In an instant the stars and stripes floated from the gaff of the Trenton, and to those on shore it seemed as if the gallant ship knew she was doomed, and had determined to go down with the flag of her country floating above the storm. The Olga, seeing the approach of the Trenton, attempted to steam away, but just as she had commenced to move up against the wind, her bow came in contact with the starboard quarter of the flagship. The heavy timbers of the Trenton's quarter were shivered, several boats were torn from the davits, and the American flag which had just been raised was carried away and fell to the deck of the Olga. Fortunately, the vessels drifted apart after the collision, and no serious damage was done. The Olga steamed ahead toward the mud-flats in the eastern part of the bay, and was soon hard and fast on the bottom. Not a life was lost, and several weeks later the ship was hauled off and saved.

The Trenton was not able to get out into the bay again after her collision with the Olga. She was now about two hundred feet from the sunken Vandalia, and was slowly drifting toward the shore. A new danger seemed to arise. The Trenton was sure to strike the Vandalia, and to those on shore it seemed that the huge hull of the flagship would crush the Vandalia to pieces and throw into the water the men still clinging to the rigging. It was now after five o'clock, and the daylight was beginning to fade away. In a half hour more, the Trenton had drifted to within a few yards of the Vandalia's bow, and feelings hard to describe came to the hundreds who watched the vessels from the shore.

The memory of the closing incidents of that day will cling to me through life, for they were a spectacle such as few have ever seen. No American can recall those patriotic features without feeling a glowing pride in the naval heroes of his country. I was standing with others as far down on the beach as it was safe to be, watching the ships through the gathering darkness, and every incident that occurred came under my personal notice.

Presently the last faint rays of daylight faded away, and night came down upon the awful scene. The storm was still raging with as much fury as at any time during the day. The poor creatures who had been clinging for hours to the rigging of the Vandalia, were bruised and bleeding; but they held on with the desperation of men who were hanging between life and death. The ropes had cut the flesh on their arms and legs, and their eyes were blinded by the salt spray which swept over them. Weak and exhausted as they were, they would be unable to stand the terrible strain much longer. They looked down at the angry waters below them, and knew that they had no strength left to battle with the waves. The final hour seemed to be upon them. The great black hull of the Trenton could be seen through the darkness almost ready to crash into the stranded Vandalia and grind her to atoms. Suddenly a shout was borne across the waters. The Trenton was cheering the Vandalia. The sound of four hundred and fifty voices broke upon the air and was heard above the roar of the tempest. "Three cheers for the Vandalia!" was the cry that warmed the hearts of the dying men in the rigging.

The shout died away upon the storm, and there arose from the quivering masts of the sunken ship a response so feeble it was scarcely heard upon the shore. Men who felt that they were looking death in the face, aroused themselves to the effort and united in a faint cheer for the flagship. Those who were standing on the beach listened in silence, for that feeble cry was the saddest they had ever heard. Every heart was melted to pity. "God help them!" was passed from one man to another. The cheer had hardly ceased when the sound of music came across the water. The Trenton's band was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." The thousand men on sea and shore had never before heard strains of music at such a time as that. An indescribable feeling came over the Americans on the beach who listened to the notes of the national song mingled with the howling of the storm.

Men who had exhausted every means, during

the whole of that awful day, of rendering some assistance to their comrades, now seemed inspired to greater effort. They ran about the beach eager to afford help, even at the risk of life itself. They looked despairingly at the roaring torrent of water that broke upon the shore, and knew that no boat could live in such a sea. Bravely as the Samoans had acted, there was not one of them who would again venture into the surf, where certain death would befall them.

Persons on shore were simply powerless, and there was nothing to do but remain on the beach ready to lend assistance in any possible way which might present itself.

But the collision of the Trenton and Vandalia, instead of crushing the latter vessel to pieces, proved to be the salvation of the men in the rigging. When the Trenton's stern finally struck the side of the Vandalia, there was no shock, and she swung around broadside to the sunken ship. This enabled the men on the Vandalia to escape to the deck of the Trenton, and in a short time they were all taken off.

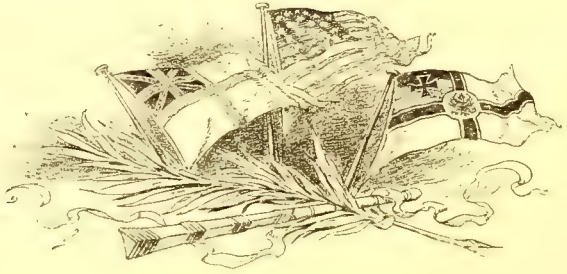
By ten o'clock at night, the natives and nearly all the white persons who had watched the storm, seemed to be satisfied that no further harm could come to the two ships; and the shore, which had been thronged with people all day, was soon deserted. The three Nipsic officers and myself patrolled the beach all night in the hope of rescuing some one who might not have escaped to the Trenton. We found but one man, Ensign Ripley, who had jumped from the Vandalia before the Trenton touched her, and had reached the shore. He was lying on the beach exhausted and about to be washed out by the undertow when we came upon him and carried him to the consulate. The storm had abated at midnight, and when day dawned there was no further cause for alarm. The men were removed from the Trenton and provided with quarters on shore.

During the next few days the evidences of the great disaster could be seen on every side. In the harbor were the wrecks of four men-of-war: the Trenton, Vandalia, Adler, and Eber; and two others, the Nipsic and Olga, were hard and fast on the beach and were hauled off with great difficulty. The wrecks of ten sailing vessels also lay upon the reefs. On shore, houses and trees were blown down, and the beach was strewn with wreckage from one end of the town to the other.

Above the whole scene of destruction the stars and stripes and the flag of Rear-Admiral Kimberly floated from the shattered masts of the Trenton, as if to indicate that America was triumphant even above the storm. The American naval forces took entire control of the town, and a guard of marines, under Captain R. W. Huntington of the Trenton and Lieutenant Fillette of the Nipsic was stationed in every locality to prevent any trouble which might arise on account of the great confusion which prevailed on shore.

A muster showed that one hundred and forty-four lives had been lost in the storm. Of these, ninety-one were from the German ships Eber and Adler. The Vandalia had lost four officers and thirty-nine men, and the Nipsic had lost seven men. One man was killed on the Trenton by a piece of flying timber, and two victims from the schooner Lily were added to the list.

Not more than one-third of the bodies were recovered. The others were either swept under the coral reefs in the harbor, or washed far out to sea.



MAY BARTLETT'S STEPMOTHER.

By Nora Perry.

Chapter VI.

Cathy turned, and there, between the portières that separated them from the next room, stood — Mrs. Bartlett! How much had she heard? She had heard enough. Her cheeks were scarlet; her eyes were bright with unshed tears. Silent from horror in the first moment, in the next, as she saw that look of hurt, May's heart rose up in one pitiful, pitying, appealing cry, and that cry was:

"Oh, Mamma! Mamma!"

Mrs. Bartlett lifted her head with a quick start; she began to speak: "May, I —" then her voice broke, and the tears that had been withheld overflowed.

Just here, "Margaret, Margaret, where are you all?" Mr. Bartlett was heard calling impatiently as he approached from the other room.

Margaret dried her eyes with a swift movement, and, with an entreating, "Come, girls, come with me," turned away.

Thoroughly subdued and not a little frightened, Cathy made no further attempt at delay, but followed the others as they obeyed Mrs. Bartlett's entreaty.

Going down the stairs, Susy, pressing close to Joanna, whispered softly:

"Joanna, did you notice May called her stepmother 'Mamma,' and did you notice her stepmother's face? She cried, but there was a little smile there, did you notice, Joanna?"

Joanna squeezed Susy's hand for reply. She had noticed, but she fancied no one else had noticed.

How the party ended, May could scarcely have told you. Everything was like a bad dream after this, and she moved about mechanically in the supper room, answering questions, now and then seeing that some one was served, but taking nothing herself; once or twice she saw her stepmother looking at her, but she could not meet the glance. Cathy took things more easily. Back again among the lights, the flowers, and the young people, her spirits returned in a measure, though with a wholesome difference of restraint. May observed her ease with astonishment. *She* could think of nothing but that dreadful talk upstairs, specially of that last sentence which her stepmother had overheard. And how much more had been overheard?

All the instincts of a lady were beginning to work in May's mind, and to fill her with self-disgust and shame. She felt like a little traitor in her own household — a traitor to her father, and an ungenerous enemy to her father's wife — an ungenerous enemy from the first, when she had willfully misunderstood, and — yes, willfully misrepresented the matter of the garden party. Then one by one her other "grievances" came up — "grievances" that she had made much of and confided to Cathy! Oh, those confidences to Cathy! They reminded her of the old mythological story of the dragon's teeth that Cadmus blindly sowed. They had come up like armed men to destroy her.

It had been part of the arrangement, when Cathy had been permitted to spend her vacation at the Bartletts', that she should return on Saturday afternoon to the seminary, that she might be all ready for school duties upon Monday. The party had been the excuse for extending the hour of return to evening. Both Cathy and May, at the beginning of the week, had urged, but without effect, that the visit might extend to Monday morning. Now, both felt a sense of relief that they were to separate that night. Cathy, as usual, was the easier of the two, as the final good-byes were said. Her glib tongue did not falter even when she faced Mrs. Bartlett, though, to her credit be it said, a deep blush suffused her cheeks as that lady came forward with a kindly courtesy the girl knew she did not deserve to receive. As for May, the hardest time of all was when the last carriage drove

away and she was left alone with her father and his wife. Her father would be sure to say something about Cathy's behavior, though, thanks to her stepmother, she knew he had heard nothing of what had occurred upstairs. Perhaps, however, she could escape. It was a late hour for her, and she would say good-night in the hall and run up to bed. She was half-way up the stairway when Mr. Bartlett called out quickly:

"May!"

She stopped suddenly, her heart beating violently, her limbs trembling. The next moment, she started backward, stumbled and—fell.

"My *dear!*" and her father sprung forward, and lifted her in his arms. She lay there quite still and very pale. "Are you hurt?" She shook her head, smiled a little, and tried to help herself. As she did so she cried out with pain:

"Oh, my foot!"

She had sprained her ankle.

"Send for Mrs. Marks, Margaret," Mr. Bartlett said, as he carried May into her chamber.

"Mrs. Marks went to bed an hour ago, Edward, with a sick headache, but if it is a sprain—I know all about a sprain—and if you will trust me,"—Margaret paused an instant—"you and May," and she looked down upon May with questioning eyes.

"Of course, we 'll trust you; we 're only too glad to, are n't we, Maisie?"

May gave a shy assent in a faint "yes," yet there was an expression in her face that did not escape Mrs. Bartlett's eyes. It was an expression of dread mixed with shame. But ignoring all this she set about her work of relief in a pleasant, easy manner, sending Julie for hot water and bandages, then softly manipulating the sprained ankle, with a touch both sure and skillful. There was something in this touch, delicate and firm, that brought up to May, by sheer force of contrast, Mrs. Marks's heavy-handed care. The light movement, too, the soft-voiced orders, the ease of everything—all were so different from Mrs. Marks's bustling ways, her step that shook the room, her incessant talk of pity and question and anxiety, whenever an accident put any one under her ministrations.

By degrees, May lost something of that conscious feeling of dread and shame as she lay there. Even when Julie left the room for the night, and May found herself quite alone with her stepmother, the dread did not return, and the keen feeling of shame was softened by a sense of sorrow and humility for all that she had thought and said. It was just when this feeling was strong within her that her stepmother, turning down the light, approached the bed with the words:

"There, my dear, I have put this stand beside you with a bell upon it, and if you need me, you have only to ring and I shall hear you and come to you. You say your ankle does not pain you very much now?"

"Not nearly as much—just a little."

"Well, I shall be in the next room to you, and can come to you in a moment if you need anything."

"In the next room?" May inquired with surprise.

"Yes, I shall sleep on the lounge there to-night to be near you."

May looked up quickly, and gave a little exclamatory "Oh!"

"What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Bartlett, bending over her.

"Nothing," very faintly.

It was then, with a final adjustment of the bed-clothing, that her stepmother, turning to go, said gently:

"Good-night, my dear"; and May, closing her eyes, answered almost in a whisper:

"Good-night,—Mamma."

In the next instant she felt the touch of soft, warm lips upon her forehead. She could not speak. She lay quite still. When she opened her eyes, she was alone.

On Monday morning, word was sent to the seminary that Miss Bartlett had sprained her ankle and would not be able to attend school for a fortnight at least.

Of course Cathy would be the first to go and see May, thought the girls. But Cathy seemed to be in no haste to go. She even excused herself by saying that she was not well, when Professor Ingalls proposed that she should take a message for him to Mrs. Bartlett. And so it came about that Joanna and Susy were May's first callers. It was Mrs. Bartlett who received the visitors, and who went up to an-

nounce them to May. It happened that she did not mention their names as she went into the chamber — that she only said:

"Well, my dear, two of your school friends have come to cheer you up."

"Oh, I can't — I can't see Cathy — just now," May cried excitedly.

"But it is n't Cathy; it is Joanna, and that quaint little girl — I forget her name," Mrs. Bartlett answered quietly.

"Oh,— Susy!" And when Joanna and Susy went into the room the happy relief in May's heart shone in her face, and gave her greeting an added warmth.

By and by the girls fell to talking of the party, of the "good time" they had had, and by and by, in this talk, that last half-hour — that bad time that had so spoiled the "good" — was brought up, and Joanna exclaimed vehemently:

"I think that Cathy Bond would spoil anything. She 's what Professor Ingalls would call 'demoralizing.' She — she tried from the first to — to —"

Joanna colored a little and stopped.

May took up her words — "to set me against my stepmother — I know what you were going to say, but — Joanna — I — I let Cathy talk — I made her talk by telling her things. My Cousin Jack said last summer that boys, if they *were* rougher than girls, would be ashamed to do some of the sneaking things that girls do sometimes,— the things that were unfair and like little lies. I was awfully vexed when he said it, but now I think he was just right."

"Oh, no, May," interrupted Joanna soothingly.

"Yes, I do,— I know he was right." Then, with a catch in her breath, May went on and confessed herself — told of her unfair way of looking at things and of representing them; of the garden party, the village-wagon, and other "little lies" as she now called them.

"But you believed you were right then," still soothingly consoled Joanna.

"I read the other day in a book that people — some people — lie to themselves and believe it!" Susy suddenly broke forth in her queerest way.

"Oh, Susy!" cried Joanna, looking at May; but May's lips were drawing up from their sad lines, and as she caught Joanna's eye, she laughed; Joanna following in a half-suppressed giggle.

"But what I can't get over," began May again, "is that — that last thing that Cathy said upstairs here, that — Mamma overheard." As May said this, as she pronounced the word "Mamma," she colored scarlet.

"You called her 'Mamma,' right there that night, and, May, she knew how sorry you were then, for I saw her smile quick and soft, and I told Joanna about it, did n't I, Joanna?"

"Oh, but, Susy, that was the least I could do. I *had* to say it. It burst out."

"Why don't you say some more — let some more — what you have told us — 'burst out' to *her?*" quaintly asked Susy.

"Oh, I don't know how. I feel so mean when I think of things."

"You would n't feel so mean afterward, and, May, you do like her, now, don't you; that is, you *don't hate* her now, the least bit, do you?"

Susy did say such things! Joanna turned cold as she listened. But May answered as if she was relieved to speak:

"I don't think I ever hated *her;* it was the stepmother."

There was a little pause, then Joanna said:

"I think she was lovely — just lovely to Cathy at the party. I was dancing in the hall, and I saw and heard everything."

May thought how in the same way she had been lovely to Cathy through the whole week.

As she thought this, Susy started up from one of her small reveries and said brightly:

"Oh, I 've been thinking how I wish she would like *me.* I think it would be perfectly beautiful; she 's so sweet and sort of far off and up above us, like an elder sister."

Joanna laughed merrily at Susy's sudden outburst, but to May the words came more seriously. She was startled and thrilled by them.

"Sweet and sort of far off and up above us." It was n't a question of one's liking *her,* with Susy. It was who and what *she* would like. All at once May knew that it was this that was of consequence to her now — this regard of her stepmother. She looked back and saw her from the first, with that air of fine courtesy that had

never wavered. Then, through the last week, not only courteous but generously kind. Of course she would still go on just the same — that was her way — having kindness and consideration for people who did not deserve it; but to have her liking, her loving,— that was quite another thing.

May was silent so long that Joanna felt that she was tired, and that it was time for the visit to end.

Going down the stairs the two girls were met by Mrs. Bartlett.

"What, going so soon?" she said. "Can't you stay longer?" But when Joanna explained why they went, she did not urge them to remain.

Left to herself, May's thoughts returned to the miserable events of the past weeks, the mistakes of the past month. If she could talk with her stepmother as she had talked to the girls — as Susy had recommended! But how could she? "Far off and up above us." Susy's words haunted her. No, she could never talk to her as she had talked to the girls. Her stepmother had been kind to her; she had kissed her; but that was because she meant to do her duty. Over and over poor May pondered these perplexities. Tired and spent at last, she covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. So absorbed was she by her miseries that she did not hear the door open, nor the fall of a light footstep. She heard nothing until a voice close to her,— her stepmother's voice,— said gently:

"My dear, what is it? — Are you so tired?"

She shook her head; she was past speaking just then. Standing beside her Mrs. Bartlett stroked the tumbled hair with soft quiet touches, and spoke not a word. By and by, under these soothing strokes, the sobs grew less, and, presently, ceased altogether. Then smilingly, but with an apologetic tone, Mrs. Bartlett said:

"I 'm afraid I have n't taken very good care of you, my dear, to let you get so tired."

"It was n't that I was tired, I — I — got to thinking after Joanna and Susy went away."

"And I thought Joanna and Susy were going to cheer you up."

"Mamma!" The color rushed into May's cheeks as she said this.

"Yes, my dear."

"I — I want to tell you something. It was n't true what Cathy said — that night. I did n't — I never hated — *you*."

"I never thought you did. I think I understand. It was — *the stepmother*, and I see now how you were encouraged by that hot-headed, foolish Cathy. My dear, I — "

"No — no. I — I encouraged Cathy to begin with. You must n't think it was all Cathy's fault." Then, with a swift rush of words, gathering up her courage with the desperate determination that had come to her, May poured forth her confessions. All her little prejudices, her willful injustices, were told unsparingly, and at the end, with a little shivering sigh that was half a gasp, she burst out:

"But I never said what Cathy — thought I did — never, never!"

"My dear!"

For the first time since she had fairly started on her story May looked up and met her stepmother's eyes. They were full of tears, but the lips were struggling to smile, to speak. The girl was startled at these signs of pain. Had she said too much in this confession? Something of this doubt found utterance. Then the smile gained over the tears.

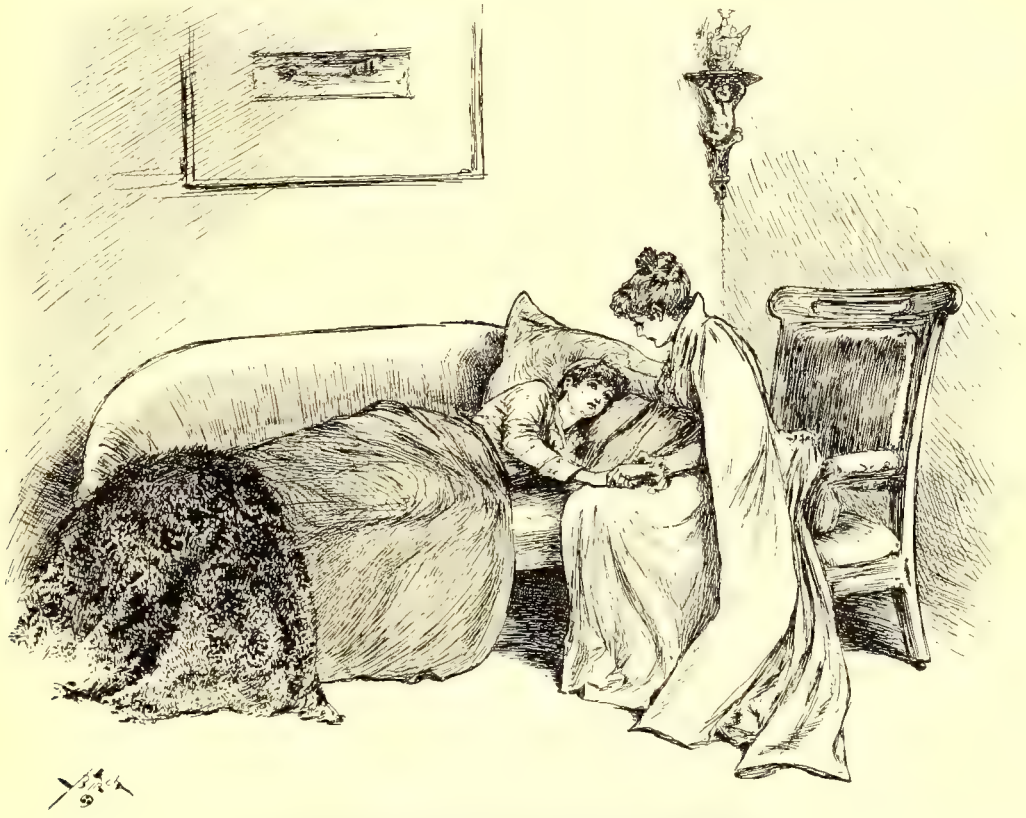
"Too much? My dear, you have done the best thing in the world for both of us. Now we can understand each other. Oh, you poor lonely little girl — to think of all these weeks that you have suffered so! It makes my heart ache."

May heard these words with bewilderment.

"I thought I was acting for the best when I let things take their course and waited. I thought you would resent my going forward, and all this time I was leaving you to such influence — no, I am not going to blame Cathy, altogether, but I ought to have gone forward to you at once — I could have trusted the girl who has been brave enough to tell the truth as you have. You would have done me justice, I am sure. But now we are to be friends — you are not going — to hate — even the stepmother?"

She smiled and put out her hand, as she said this, taking May's cold little fingers in hers. "No, not even the stepmother, my dear," smiling now a little archly. "You have something to forgive her, perhaps, for coming to you with so little warning. But I had not intended to — to come so soon. It was an accident. My

old guardian with whom I had lived since I was a child, was failing in health, and wished to break up his household and go abroad; but he made it a point that I must be married before he went. He was very fond of your father and had great trust in him, and he wanted to transfer the care of my property, as well as of myself, to his hands at once. I had not intended to make this change for six months at least, but when your father joined with my guardian in urging it, I yielded, and was guided by him, as we are all guided by those we love and trust. Your father would have told you all this, no doubt, if you had been a little older, but girls seem even younger than they are, to fathers, you know; and fathers,—I suppose fathers seem very old to young daughters like you, May,—too old to have any right to begin again a home-life with somebody else. But your father is not an old man; he is what is called 'in the prime of life,' and probably has many years before him; and, May, your dear mother, when she knew that she must leave you both, said to him: 'Don't live alone long. Find somebody whom you can love and who will love you and be good to May.' And, my dear, I love him very much, and I want to 'be good to May,' and love her, too, if she will let me."



"NOW WE CAN UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER," SAID MRS. BARTLETT.

May looked up into the kind eyes, without a word, but her fingers closed with a warm pressure about the hand that held hers, and Mrs. Bartlett felt quite content with such an answer.

On the last day of June of this same year, the Bartlett grounds were gay with tents and arches and all the rest of the pretty arrangements that go to make up a garden-party, specially when the garden-party is also a birthday-party.

"Oh, look, is n't it perfectly beautiful!" cried Susy Morris to Joanna, as the two went in under the gateway arch. "Just look, Joanna, there is

her name, 'May,' and underneath, 'Fifteen,'— made of rosebuds."

But if the girls were delighted with this rosebud spelling of May's name and age, how must they have felt when a few steps farther on they found themselves under a flowery tent where stood May and Mrs. Bartlett, distributing to each guest, as they welcomed each, a little nosegay of rosebuds tied with ribbon? It was a perfect day,—all blue sky and sunshine and soft breezes, and everywhere the scent of roses; for the Bartlett gardens and hot-houses were noted for their beautiful roses. The guests began to arrive at three o'clock; the party was to be from that hour until seven. The first to arrive were the seminary class, Joanna and Susy, Elsie and Cathy Bond, with the dozen other girls who made up the number. Each one was in white, Cathy in a brand-new white nun's veiling, with knots of red ribbon here and there, and a bunch of red roses at her girdle. May could n't help thinking of the scarlet kalmia and the night that it was worn, as she greeted her. Cathy, herself, if she did not recall the kalmia, could not but remember that first party, and her cheeks flushed until they matched her flowers, as she stood before Mrs. Bartlett. But that lady was kindness itself. There was not a note in her voice, nor a look in her eyes, that recalled anything of that past disagreeable experience.

"I hope when I am a woman I shall know how to behave just like that," said Joanna energetically, as she and Susy strolled off down one of the garden paths, after leaving the reception tent.

"Just like what — like whom?" asked Susy, in rather a dazed way.

"Why, like Mrs. Bartlett. Did you see how nice and easy she was to Cathy, as if Cathy had always been nice to her,— how she took pains to change the pink rosebuds tied with pink ribbon, for red ones tied with red ribbon, when she saw Cathy's dress? I 'm sure Cathy ought to *love* her now, and not be offish any more."

"Offish?" repeated Susy, still in her queer dazed little way.

"Yes, why you *know* how she 's acted ever since that night of the party. She did n't go near May to inquire how her ankle was, until it was nearly well, and then she went with one of the teachers; and since then she has only been to the house once,— once in all these six months,— and she has had hardly anything to say to May since!"

"Well, but, Joanna, I think that 's because she 's been ashamed and sorry. I think both of them, she and May, have felt ashamed and sorry, and that made them feel queer — and keep away from each other. I — *I* think that 'way down in her heart Cathy would like to — to love Mrs. Bartlett, and to have her love her a little; for, Joanna, did you notice Cathy's new dress, and did you notice her hair? She might have had the skirt made long if she had chosen to, but she did n't; it 's at the top of her boots, like ours, and instead of piling her hair up high, as she did that night, it is braided and tied with ribbon. Now, *I* think that shows something how Cathy feels."

"Well, but, Susy, she has been so stiff with May and all the rest of us, whenever Mrs. Bartlett's name has been mentioned; and don't you remember when May came back, after she got well, and there were a lot of us in my room together one day, and one of the girls said something about a stepmother, and how May broke out and made a sort of confession of the mistakes she had made about *her* stepmother, and explained, and took back ever so many things — don't you remember that right in the midst of her talk, that Cathy stuck up that little chin of hers and marched out of the room?"

"Yes, I remember; but, Joanna, I can see how Cathy felt. She felt mortified, and that made her feel cross; and she felt, too, that May was as much to blame as she was, in — in telling her things, and so,— well, sort of asking for her pity, and encouraging her to talk. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, you dear little peace-patcher, but, all the same, I think Cathy might have pocketed her 'cross' and just said something — a word or two that was nice about Mrs. Bartlett, after being treated so sweetly by her."

"Cathy *did* say to me once, when we were alone, that she guessed May's stepmother was going to turn out better than we expected."

"*She* guessed May's stepmother was going to turn out better than *we* expected! Oh, Susy, that is rich! — and it is just like Cathy."

"But I think that shows that she 's coming round all right."

"Well, may be she is; but it 's coming *round*. That 's just it; not standing up fair and square and saying, like May, that she 's been in the wrong. I hate roundabout things, anyway."

"Yes, but Cathy 's always been so at the head, you know, here at school, so popular, that I suppose it was n't very easy for her to come out and *say* she had been in the wrong."

"She 'd be a good deal *more* popular if she would come out like that. There 's May — none of the girls ever liked her as they do now."

"Yes, I know, but — oh, hark, Joanna, there 's a fiddle, two fiddles, listen! They 're tuning up! We 're going to have music!"

"And dancing! That 's what it means!"

The two girls scampered toward the sound. It led them around a corner to where stood a big square tent, open at both ends, and charmingly decorated; on a little raised platform above the main flooring sat two fiddlers and a harper tuning their instruments.

"Tum ti tum, tum ti tum," sung Joanna, as the sweet scraping of a fiddle-bow started off on a bar of the "Lancers." The player smiled and dashed into a swifter movement, and Joanna, catching Susy about the waist, the two went dancing down the floor as light of heart as of foot. By the time they had reached the length of the tent, other girls came flocking in, and the harp joining with the fiddles set them all in motion.

In another part of the grounds there was tennis for those who liked it, and one could hear the jubilant calls of "play," "'vantage," ringing out and mingling with the dance-music until late in the afternoon. Then came the bountiful supper, served under the trees from prettily arranged little tables, to which all the guests came flocking with hearty outdoor appetites. Long before seven o'clock, all the guests had declared that it was the very prettiest party they had ever attended, and that they had never had such a "perfectly beautiful time."

At the very last, the crowning fun for the four seminary girls came, when May drove them



MAY DRIVES THE GIRLS HOME IN THE VILLAGE-WAGON. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

home in the village-wagon. It was a roomy wagon, but five of them—just think of it! I don't know how they ever crowded in, but they did, and Mrs. Bartlett helped them do it, laughing like a girl herself.

As May turned the pony's head, Susy exclaimed:

"But this is n't the old pony—old Jimmy!"

"No, this is a new one. Is n't he a beauty? It 's Mamma's birthday present to me,—bought with her own money,—and—and it was she who gave me the wagon in the autumn. I did n't know it until Papa told me this morning."

There was the least little bit of a conscious pause, then they all began to talk briskly of the pony's merits, and in the middle of this talk May asked Cathy if she would n't like to drive. There was nothing that could have pleased Cathy more, and she took the pretty red reins from May with a delighted "Thank you."

Mrs. Bartlett was waiting to smile her final good-byes to them as they drove up the driveway past the piazza, and it was just then, as they went whisking by, that Cathy, with a bright red blush, kissed her hand, and called out sweetly above the others' voices:

"Good-night, Mrs. Bartlett. I 've had a lovely time."

Susy, cuddled down in the bottom of the wagon close up against Joanna, breathed a little sigh of satisfaction, and gave a little squeeze to Joanna's hand.

THE END.



A JINGLE.

By Francis Randall.

A mandarin of high degree,
Oh, bow, bow and be polite,
A mandarin from far Chinee—
Oh, bow, bow and be polite.

A mandarin of high degree,
A mandarin from far Chinee;
I am the pink of courtesy—
Oh, bow, bow and be polite.

Then take this lesson now from me,
Oh, bow, bow and be polite,
When any one e'er jostles thee—
Oh, bow, bow and be polite.

Take this lesson now from me,
When any one e'er jostles thee,
Maintain a proper dignity,
But bow, bow and be polite.

SONG OF THE SNOWFLAKES.

By John Vance Cheney.

From the cloudy fountain
Down to the mountain,
From the mountain into the vale,
It 's ho, to go, to drift and sail,
To glisten along the wintry gale.
    Round and round
    With never a sound,
    Hill to hollow
    Fall and follow;
Thicker, faster, merry flakes!
Over the land and over the lakes,
Here and there, everywhere,
On the wings of air.

Oh, it 's hither and thither,
Everywhither!
Blithe to hurry and flurry and shine;
You take the spruce; and you, the pine;
While the tips of the hemlock I 'll make mine.
    White, all white,
    Come, spirits of light,
    Hill to hollow
    Flock and follow!
Thicker, and faster, flake to flake—
First to the forest across the lake!
Softly, softly, drop we, now,
Into the warm, dark bough.

A WONDERFUL PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

(WITH LETTERS CONCERNING THEM FROM MARK TWAIN AND ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.)

Mark Twain's Letter.

Hartford, Oct. 5, '89.

Dear Elsie: The way of it was this. Away last spring, Gillette and I pooled intellects on this proposition: to get up a pleasant surprise of some kind for you against your next visit — the surprise to take the form of a tasteful and beautiful testimonial of some sort or other, which should express somewhat of the love we felt for you. Together we hit upon just the right thing — a pair of slippers. Either one of us could have thought of a single slipper, but it took both of us to think of two slippers. In fact, one of us did think of one slipper, and then, quick as a flash, the other thought of the other one. It shows how wonderful the human mind is. It is really paleontological; you give one mind a bone, and the other one instantly divines the rest of the animal.

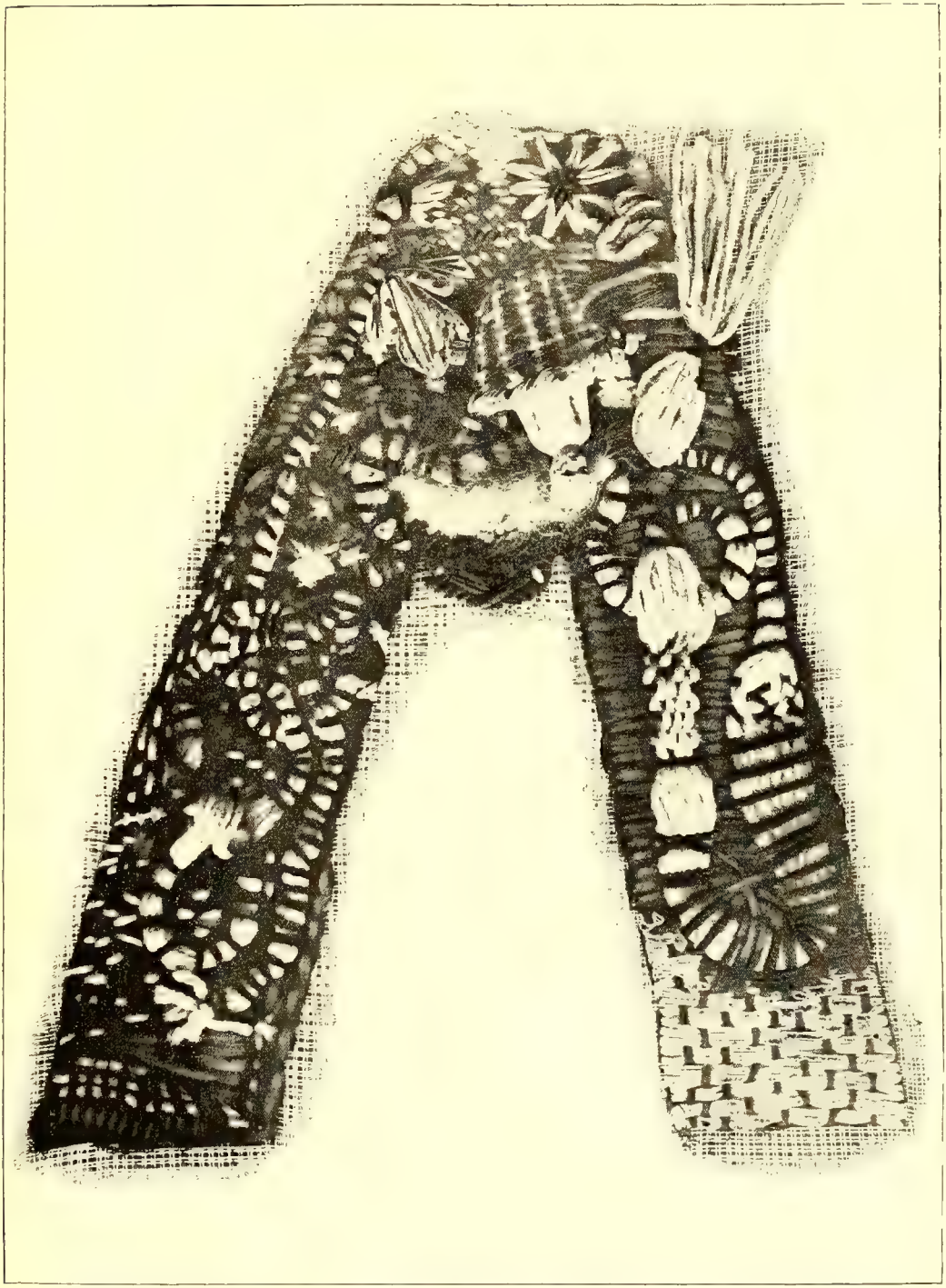
Gillette embroidered his slipper with astonishing facility and splendor, but I have been a long time pulling through with mine. You see, it was my very first attempt at art, and I could n't rightly get the hang of it along at first. And then I was so busy that I could n't get a chance to work at it at home, and they would n't let me embroider on the cars; they said it made the other passengers afraid. They did n't like the light that flared into my eye when I had an inspiration. And even the most fair-minded people doubted me when I explained what it was I was making — especially brakemen. Brakemen always swore at it, and carried on, the way ignorant people do, about art. They would n't take my word that it was a slipper; they said they believed it was a snow-shoe that had some kind of a disease.

But I have pulled through, and within twenty-four hours of the time I told you I would — day before yesterday. There ought to be a key to the designs, but I have n't had time to get one up. However, if you will lay the work before you with the forecastle pointing north, I will begin at that end and explain the whole thing, layer by layer, so that you can understand it.

I began with that first red bar, and without ulterior design, or plan of any sort — just as I would begin a Prince and Pauper, or any other tale. And mind you it is the easiest and surest way; because if you invent two or three people and turn them loose in your manuscript, something is bound to happen to them, — you can't help it; and then it will take you the rest of the



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF THE SLIPPER EMBROIDERED BY MARK TWAIN FOR ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.



COPY IN BLACK AND WHITE OF THE SLIPPER EMBROIDERED BY WILLIAM GILLETTE FOR ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

book to get them out of the natural consequences of that occurrence, and so, first thing you know, there 's your book all finished up and never cost you an idea. Well, the red stripe, with a bias stitch, naturally suggested a blue one with a perpendicular stitch, and I slammed it in, though when it came daylight I saw it was green — which did n 't make any difference, because green and blue are much the same anyway, and in fact from a purely moral point of view are regarded by the best authorities as identical. Well, if you will notice, a blue perpendicular stitch always suggests a ropy red involved stitch, like a family of angle-worms trying to climb in under each other to keep warm — it would suggest that, every time, without the author of the slipper ever having to think about it at all.

Now at that point, young Dr. Root came in, and of course he was interested in the slipper right away, because he has always had a passion for art himself, but has never had a chance to try, because his folks are opposed to it and superstitious about it, and have done all they could to keep him back; and so he was eager to take a hand and see what he could do. And it was beautiful to see him sit there and tell Mrs. Clemens what had been happening while we were off on summer vacation, and hold the slipper up toward the end of his nose, and forget the sordid world, and imagine the canvas was a " subject " with a scalp wound, and nimbly whirl in that lovely surgical stitch which you see there — and never hesitating a moment in his talk except to say " Ouch " when he stuck himself, and then going right on again as smooth and easy as nothing. Yes, it was a charming spectacle. And it was real art, too,— realistic; just native untaught genius; you can see the very scalp itself, showing through between the stitches.

Well, next I threw in that sheaf of green rods which the lictors used to carry before the Roman Consuls to lick them with when they did n't behave,— they turned blue in the morning, but that is the way green always acts.

The next week, after a good rest, I snowed in that sea of frothy waves, and set that yellow thing afloat in it and those two things that are skewered through it. It is n't a home-plate, and it is n't a papal tiara with the keys of St. Peter; no, it is a heart — my heart — with two arrows stuck through it — arrows that go in blue and come out crimson — crimson with the best drops in that heart, and gladly shed for love of you, dear.

Now, then, as you strike to the south'ard and drift along down the starboard side, abaft the main-to'-gallant scuppers, you come to that blue quarter-deck which runs the rest of the way aft to the jumping-off place. In the midst of that blue you will see some big red letters — M. T.; and west'ard, over on the port side, you will see some more red letters — TO E. L. Aggregated, these several groups of letters signify, Mark Twain to Elsie Leslie. And you will notice that you have a gift for art yourself, for the southern half of the L, embroidered by yourself, is as good as anything I can do, after all my experience.

There, now you understand the whole work. From a professional point of view I consider the Heart and Arrows by all odds the greatest triumph of the whole thing; in fact, one of the ablest examples of civil-engineering in a beginner I ever saw — for it was all inspiration, just the lightning-like inspiration of the moment. I could n't do it again in a hundred years,— even if I recover this time and get just as well and strong as I was before. You notice what fire there is in it — what rapture, enthusiasm, frenzy — what blinding explosions of color. It is just a " Turner " — that is what it is. It is just like his " Slave Ship," that immortal work. What you see in the " Slave Ship " is a terrific explosion of radiating rags and fragments of flaming crimson flying from a common center of intense yellow which is in violent commotion — insomuch that a Boston reporter said it reminded him of a yellow cat dying in a platter of tomatoes.

Take the slippers and wear them next your heart, Elsie dear; for every stitch in them is a testimony of the affection which two of your loyalest friends bear you. Every single stitch cost us blood. I 've got twice as many pores in me now as I used to have; and you would never believe how many places you can stick a needle into yourself until you go into the embroidery line and devote yourself to art.

Do not wear these slippers in public, dear; it would only excite envy; and, as like as not, somebody would try to shoot you.

Merely use them to assist you in remembering that among the many, many people who think all the world of you is your friend,

MARK TWAIN.

ELSIE'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, October 9, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. CLEMENS: The slipper the long letter and all the rest came this afternoon, I think thay are splendid and shall have them framed and keep them among my very most prechus things. I have had a great many nice things given to me and people often say very pleasant things but I am not quite shure they always mean it or that they are as trustable as you and "Leo" and I am very shure thay would not spend their prechus time and shed their blood for me so you see that is one reason why I will think so much of it and then it was all so funny to think of two great big men like you and "little Willie" (that is what "Leo" calls himself to me) imbroidering a pair of slippers for a little girl like me of corse you have a great many large words in your letter that I do not quite understand. One word comencing with P. has fifteen letters in it and I do not know what you mean by pooled unless you mean you and Leo put your two minds together to make the slippers which was very nice of you both I think you are just right about the angle worms thay did look like that this summer when I used to dig them for bate to fish with please tell Dr. Root I will think of him when I look at the part he did the Surgicle Stich I mean I hope you will be quite well and strong by the time you get this letter as you were before you made my slipper it would make me very sad if you were to be ill. Give my love to Mrs. Clemens Susie Clara Gene I-know and you-know and Vix and all of my Hartford friends tell Gene I wish I was with her and we would have a nice jump in the hay loft. When you come to New York you must call and see me then we will see about those big words my address is up in the top left corner of this letter.

To my loyal friend
Mark Twain
From his little friend
ELSIE LESLIE LYDE.

[Not Little Lord Fauntleroy now but Tom Canty of Offal Court and Little Prince Edward of Wales.]

A VALENTINE FOR ALLIS.

BY HELEN THAYER HUTCHESON.

OLD Jack Frost who draws the picture
On your window-pane at night
Thought his poor heart was a fixture,
For he kept it frozen tight.

'T was so cold he could n't feel it,
'T was too hard to ache or smart;
He thought nobody would steal it,
Such a hard old frozen heart!

Poor Jack Frost! Before he knew it
Some one took it without leave;
For he never thought they 'd do it,
And he wore it on his sleeve!

He just 'spects he wore it sometime
In some street that Allis crossed,
And she carries so much sunshine
That it melted and was lost!

Was it you it went away with?
Did it happen by mistake?
Do you keep it just to play with?
Please be careful! It will break.

After thinking well about it,
This is what Jack Frost has said:
He 'll agree to do without it,
If you 'll give him yours, instead!

SOME ASIATIC DOGS.

By Thomas Stevens.



NEITHER in Wood's "Mammalia," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Walsh's book of "The Dog," "Youatt on the Dog," nor in works of other eminent authorities on the subject of dogs, foreign and domestic, does one find any description of a breed that won my admiration in Asia Minor. One of these authorities, treating of the English mastiff, hints that its origin may possibly have been Asiatic, since the nomads of that continent have breeds of mastiff-like canines; but this meager reference tells nothing further. This absence of information rather surprised me, for the dogs I speak of made a profound impression on me at the time, by reason of their size and noble appearance.

One day while traversing the desert pastures of Kurdistan, I saw, outlined against the sky, on a knoll not far away, the figure of a man, and what looked like a pair of lionesses. I was riding a bicycle (it was on my ride around the world), and since nothing of the sort had been seen in that country before, man and animals stood gazing at me with blank astonishment depicted in their very attitudes. As I drew nearer, the animals evidently made up their minds that, no matter what else I might be, I was, at all events, an interloper; and so they came bounding after me.

Dismounting as they approached, I picked up a stone, and by so doing brought to a stand, within a dozen yards, two of the most magnificent dogs I ever saw. Newfoundlands, English mastiffs, Great Danes, and other splendid dogs, I, of course, knew very well by sight; but these two monsters that stood baying me with deep, gruff voices — were they dogs, or what? In color, they were tawny; they had about the same quantity of hair on their bodies as a lioness has; the same broad massive head, the long tail; and if not quite so large as a full-grown lioness they were at all events the largest dogs I had ever beheld. In addition to all these points of resemblance, they had wild-looking eyes which gave them a very ferocious aspect.

The man on the knoll was a Kurdish shepherd, and these were the co-guardians of his flock. Although within hailing distance, the Kurd stood and watched his dogs badgering me as if he thought it of small consequence whether they tore me down or not.

The dogs were such splendid animals! — otherwise I should have felt very much like resenting this churlish attitude of their master toward a lone stranger, by treating them to a revolver bullet. Had I done so, however, as I afterward learned, there would have been no end of trouble, for these nomads value their dogs very highly, and regard the killing of one of them as crime little short of murder.

Before starting into the interior of Asia, I had thought of getting a good dog to take with me on the road to Teheran. I abandoned the idea, however, at Constantinople, which was very fortunate, as a dog would have got me into hot water continually, owing to the necessity of defending him from the stray curs of every village passed through. Possibly I might have pulled him through alive, however, till I reached the Kurdish camps, when their huge dogs would have ended his career very shortly.

It is a peculiarity of dogs the world over, to reflect in their nature the character and condition of their owners. The thoroughly domesticated dog is to be found only in highly civilized communities. The Kurds themselves are but semi-civilized, and consequently their dogs are half-wild brutes, but imperfectly trained to obey. Like their masters, they also are possessed of a

streak of cowardice that offsets their ferocity, and, big as they are, a resolute attitude on the part of the person attacked will bring them to a stand. But for this, it would be quite dangerous to attempt to go through their country on a bicycle, for one sometimes encounters as many as a dozen of them together.

A very annoying feature of making their acquaintance, is the unwillingness of the Kurds to call them off. To do this, they argue, is to lessen the dogs' ferocity and courage for purposes of attack, when called upon to do serious work. This may be all very well from the standpoint of the Kurds, but it is a view of the case in which the passing stranger can hardly be expected to meekly concur, when he is the victim. Few travelers care to act as bait for fierce-looking, half-wild dogs, bigger than mastiffs, for the sake of stimulating and encouraging their savageness. On horseback with a good whip, or even afoot, it matters little; for one can keep them at bay with a stick or by throwing stones; but, while riding upon a bicycle, over some difficult trail requiring all one's attention to avoid a header, these big animals would often come charging down on me, and as I pedaled along, quite powerless to defend myself, threaten to seize me by the legs. On more than one occasion I was well aware that the Kurds encouraged the dogs to give chase after I had gone past, out of a curiosity as to my speed.

One day I overtook a party that had four monster dogs in leash. As usual, they stood still and watched my progress past without a word, their wild eyes scanning me and my strange steed with mingled apprehension and astonishment. I had forged ahead about a hundred yards, when they seemed to have made up their minds that I was only a human being after all, and so, in a spirit of wanton mischief, they let slip the dogs. The dogs themselves were half afraid of the bicycle, but for several hundred yards they romped alongside, their big, lion-like heads on a level with my knees, and disagreeably close. Their bark was deep-toned and husky, between the roar of a lion and the bark of an English mastiff, and either of the four had strength enough to tear me down had his courage been equal to his will.

Such encounters as this, on bad roads, where a header was likely to happen at any moment, were of daily occurrence, and serve to enrich, with lively incident, my memories of the big Kurdish dogs. Whether they would fall on me tooth and nail, should I take a sudden spill right among them, was, on such occasions, a serious question to my mind. I think, however, that such a sudden flop would have sent them scurrying back to their masters. Any sudden, unexpected motion by a man generally has that effect on any dog but a bull-dog; and more especially on the half-wild dogs of Asia.

Years ago, when the authority of the Turkish government sat more lightly on these nomad tribes than it does to-day, and they were powerful enough to do as they pleased, they were much given to lording it over the peaceful villagers of Armenia. A fruitful source of trouble between the two parties was these same dogs that readily seconded their masters in bullying and harassing the peaceful tillers of the soil. If by any chance a villager killed a dog, the Kurds exacted from the community to which the man belonged, a penalty that was as unique as it was oppressive. The dead dog was hung up by his tail to a cross-beam, so that the tip of his nose just cleared the ground. The unlucky villagers were then required to bring measure after measure of wheat and pour over it until the carcass was completely covered up. This wheat the Kurds poured into sacks and carried off to their camp. The amount required to build a mound high enough to bury the dog in this manner, was considered by them a fair compensation for its loss. From the tip of the nose to the end of the tail many of these dogs measure, I should say, six feet. Any of my readers may readily figure out the number of bushels of wheat contained in such a mound.

These summary measures are no longer tolerated, but the Kurds and their dogs are, in certain districts, a perpetual menace to the villagers, and the feuds arising therefrom cause no end of trouble. The Kurds still value their splendid dogs so highly that it is almost impossible to buy one, and the life of a villager or stranger is regarded by them as of small consequence compared with the life of one of their best dogs.

These freebooting shepherds and their noble

canine companions have together roamed the desert pastures of northern Asia Minor from the earliest ages. They were the same boon *camarades* they are to-day, long before the time of Christ; and they have lived sturdily on without change, while governments to which they paid taxes have come and gone, risen and fallen, and the settled populations about them have changed. The Kurd and his dog have seen the ancient kingdom of Armenia, of which they were once tribal subjects, crumble to nothing, and have seen the Armenians scattered like the Jews, and the very name of the country changed, by the Turks, to Kurdistan.

The origin of both dogs and masters is lost in remote antiquity, and they seem quite inseparable from each other and their common habitat. The Kurd is never seen far from his tribal pastures, and the dog, if taken away, dies of a broken heart. An English traveler once obtained a fine pair of these dogs from a Kurdish chief, for the purpose of introducing the breed into England. He employed a young Kurd to accompany the dogs to Trebizond, from which point they were separated from all the associations of their old life. As soon as the Kurd had taken his departure and the dogs found themselves among strangers, they refused to eat, and in a few days pined away and died.

Another fine Asiatic dog which deserves a passing notice is the Persian greyhound. At the present day he occupies a very unique position in his native country, owing to the prevalence of the Mohammedan faith. To the Mohammedans, as to the Israelites of old, dogs are unclean animals, unfit for man's association. The Persian is careful that even his garments shall not brush against the common dog, but he makes an exception in favor of the greyhound. The greyhound is the only dog the Persian admits to companionship; the only one, in fact, that can be said to have an owner and a home in that country. The other dogs there are half-reclaimed pariahs that live in the streets and belong to no one.

The Persian greyhound, when thoroughly domesticated, is a beautiful animal, resembling the best English breeds in the grace and symmetry of its form; but, unlike the animals of those breeds, it has long, silky hair on ears, tail, and feet. A common custom among the nobles of Teheran is to dye the ears, tail, and feet of their greyhounds yellow with henna. The same parts of dogs belonging to the Shah are dyed crimson, as are the tails of his horses; no one but the king is allowed to use that color.

The Persian greyhound is used to course hares and antelopes, and the wild asses that abound on the deserts of that country. In its wild state, the latter animal is remarkably swift, and no animal but the greyhound can follow it over the rough, rocky ground where it seeks refuge when pursued. Trained hawks are used to assist in hunting antelopes. The hawks are taught to fly at the antelopes and attack them in the face, thus impeding them, lessening their pace, and enabling the hounds to overtake them.

From bas-reliefs of hunting scenes, discovered among the ruins of ancient cities, it has been proved that the greyhound was used by the Persians to hunt game, three thousand years ago. At present there are two distinct classes of these dogs, though they are of the same breed. There is the city-bred greyhound, kept for ornament and for an occasional day's coursing; and, among the nomads, his country cousin, a coarser and more shaggy-coated animal. The latter is less refined, both in limb and temper, than the city dog; his temper is, in fact, quite fierce and uncertain. He is not unlikely, when baffled in the pursuit of game, to turn and attack the huntsmen. Sometimes the Persian hunter is compelled in self-defense to shoot his own greyhounds.

Everybody, of course, has heard of the "pariahs" of the East. Pariah is the name given to the swarms of semi-domesticated dogs that live in the streets of Constantinople and of every town and city in Asia. The pariah is a mangy, ill-conditioned brute, of wolfish appearance and reddish-yellow color. By the Turks, Persians, and other Mohammedan peoples, they are regarded as unclean animals which must on no account be allowed to touch even their garments. But their presence on the streets is tolerated, and even encouraged, because they devour the offal and refuse from the houses, and so act as scavengers for the good of the public health. The pariahs, in fact, are the only scavengers of most Eastern cities.

Though despising them as unclean beasts, the people recognize the value of their services and treat them kindly after a certain manner. I was much interested, while in Teheran, in the fate of a number of these pariahs, which had at various times fallen down into the deep dry moat that surrounds the city. As the moat is deep and the sides perpendicular, and no one would ever think of helping them out, the unfortunate dogs were prisoners for life. But although they could not "defile themselves" by helping the curs out, many tender-hearted people used to throw food down to them, and as there were certain places where they could get water this curious colony of prisoners managed to live on from day to day. Now and then one dies of disease or old age; but other dogs tumble into the ditch, and so keep up the number.

A curious thing about the pariahs is the way in which they have apportioned out the streets of the cities among themselves. They are divided into tribes or communities, which occupy well-defined quarters of the city, and have sole right to the refuse food from certain houses and shops. Into this quarter must no outside dog venture in search of food. If he does, the whole tribe take after him, and, unless he is swifter of foot than they, fall upon him; and the trespasser on forbidden territory frequently pays for his temerity with his life. A trespassing pariah racing for his life down the streets, with a whole pack of his neighbors in full hue and cry at his heels, is a common sight in an Eastern city. The scene very forcibly suggests a pack of wolves racing through the streets after their prey.

It is this clannish spirit of the pariahs that makes it so troublesome for the traveler to take a domestic dog through the streets. Any strange dog, seen on their domain, is regarded as an interloper, or poacher, to be driven off or killed. They recognize the difference, however, between a foreigner's dog and an offender of their own species, and in cities where the foreigner and his dog are often seen, the pariahs content themselves with howling their protest against the invasion of their territory, instead of falling upon him tooth and nail.

On the other hand, the dog which the missionary or traveler takes with him into the East, never associates with the native dogs under any circumstances. There is as great a gulf between the natures and habits of the two, as between those of his master and of the natives themselves. The chance European traveler who comes unexpectedly along is always welcomed by the missionary's dog with much wagging of tail, joyous barking, and every canine demonstration of delight, as if the two were old friends. And a domesticated dog, even if his temper is sour toward strangers, will, in his lonely home among an alien people and an alien race of dogs, make an exception in favor of the stranger who comes in the garb of the Occident.

One of the pleasantest incidents of my journey through China, was a case of this nature that happened to me in Schou-schou-foo, an interior city. Some Chinese were conducting me to a certain house, which I supposed to be the office of a mandarin. A big black dog issued from the gate, and, reaching me with joyous bound, lavished upon me every token of welcome a dog is capable of expressing. For a moment I was quite mystified, when the whole matter was explained by an English missionary's poking his head out of the door. Both he and I were taken by surprise, for a missionary was the last thing I was expecting to find in Schou-schou-foo; but had I been the dog's own master, returning after a long absence, his joy at my appearance could not have been more spontaneous.

Another very interesting Asiatic dog is the dhole, or wild dog, of India. The dhole looks very much like a pariah, but has certain marks, notably a dark muzzle and tail, that readily distinguish him from that animal. Instead of living in the cities, the dholes make their home in the dense jungles of India, and shun the abodes of man as does any other wild animal. In packs, they hunt down deer and other large game, and are sometimes met by sportsmen, pursuing their prey, in silence, through the jungle. They are said to be quite fearless toward all other denizens of the jungle, and do not hesitate to attack tigers, wild-boars, or leopards.

A pack of dholes are said to be equal to the task of killing even the royal-Bengal-tiger, and the natives will tell you that fierce battles between the two are waged daily in the depths of the jungle, and that the dholes are always vic-

torious. The natives believe, in fact, that the dholes enjoy fighting tigers better than anything else, and are always on the war-path after these striped monsters, and that they hunt down weaker game only to satisfy their hunger.

Although as wild in every other particular as wolves, the dholes betray no fear at the sight of man. English sportsmen who have encountered packs of dholes pursuing game, say the dogs would pass quite close, much like a pack of English fox-hounds when on the trail of Master Reynard, merely greeting the man with a glance of curiosity. On the other hand, strange to say, the sight of the white hunter's domesticated dog frightens the dholes nearly out of their wits. One day, an English officer went gunning for peafowl in the jungle, taking with him "Nimrod," his favorite pointer. After a few miles he ran into a pack of about fifty dholes, that, like himself, were wandering about in search of game. The dholes merely looked at him curiously, and then kept on about their business. The next minute, however, Nimrod emerged into view from the undergrowth. Neither he nor his master had any idea of molesting the dholes, but the moment they saw him they became terror-stricken, and the whole pack fled precipitately out of sight. Some naturalists think the dhole is the ancestor of all the many varieties of the domestic dog.

Perhaps the noblest specimen of all dogs in Asia is the Thibet mastiff. He inhabits the Himalaya Mountains, as that other noble dog, the St. Bernard, inhabits the Alps. But he is a fierce, savage animal, and is used for the purpose of repelling strangers, instead of rescuing them from the snow, as does our good friend the St. Bernard. The Thibet dog is larger and stronger than an English mastiff, and with a heavy black coat. He has a peculiar overhanging upper lip, and a general looseness of skin about the face that imparts to him a strange, forbidding expression. His very look implies a terrible threat, and seems to bid the approaching stranger, "Beware!" And the stranger nearing a Bhootan village will be wise to heed the warning, particularly if he is a European, for the Thibet dog immediately flies into a rage, at the sight of a white face.

This dog has been called the "Guardian of the Himalayas," by travelers who have seen him standing guard on some rocky eminence, warning the stranger in deep, hoarse tones, on peril of his life to come no farther. At such times the imaginative traveler has likened these dogs to black canine sentinels stationed there to guard the rugged Himalayan passes from the advance of civilization.

Though fierce to strangers, the Thibet dog is a very noble and trustworthy friend to his owners. At certain seasons, all the men of a Bhootan village go away for weeks at a stretch, into India, on trading expeditions. On these occasions the women and children, the sheep, and all their possessions are left to the protection of a pack of these powerful dogs. The intelligent animals are said to fully comprehend their responsibilities, and woe to the stranger who presumes to come near their village at such a time. The Thibet mastiff does not thrive when taken from his elevated mountain home, the "roof of the world," as it is called; but he is not affected by removal to the same extent as his relative of Kurdistan.

It is a great change to turn from the huge, half-tamed brutes of Kurdistan and Thibet, and the wild dogs of India, to a certain clever little canine that crept into the last pages of my note-book in Asia — I mean the Japanese poodle. The Japanese are highly civilized; consequently I found among them a great appreciation of pet dogs. The favorite dog of Japan is a toy-poodle that resembles a King Charles spaniel. It has very large protruding eyes, long silky ears, and is a great pet.

One day I arrived at a Japanese inn for the night. After supper, as is customary with the amiable Japs when they have a European for a guest, the son and daughter of the landlord determined to make things as pleasant for me as possible. So the young man brought in his samosan (a stringed instrument) and the young lady her pet poodle "Yokohama," so called after the Japanese city of that name. Yokohama walked into the room ahead of his mistress, on his hind legs, and at her command halted at the door to bark and wave his paws to me, by way of introducing himself. His hair was clipped to resemble some animal, but exactly what he was intended to represent I never could make out. He wore a wide ruffled collar, so that when he

stood on all fours looking toward you, very little of him could be seen save his head.

He was a very clever little dog; quite as full of tricks as some dogs that perform in circuses here. He stood up and twirled round quite rapidly on his hind legs, to the tunes played on the samosan, and at his mistress's command accompanied the music with his own voice. A piece of cake was balanced on his nose, but although his mouth watered for it, he would eat it only when his mistress gave him permission. Yokohama also had a great liking for sweetened tea; and he had been taught to sit up and hold the cup between his paws, and drink. This clever little Japanese dog did many other things, which, while no more wonderful perhaps than those many pet dogs in America can do, were enough to show that the civilization of the people has on dogs in Asia the same improving effect as on those of Europe or America.

HOW BESSIE WROTE A LETTER.

By Edith G. Seran.

A cheerful glow came through the isinglass in the little stove, before which Bessie was sitting in a rocking-chair, with her feet on the fender, and her writing-desk in her lap. But there was no answering light in Bessie's eyes. A discouraging cloud on her face threatened a storm, which presently came, for two big tears dropped right into the middle of the beautiful sheet of peachblow paper on which she had been vainly trying for an hour to write a letter to the aunt for whom she had been named.

"There! I 've gone and spoiled it all, now! I 'd like to know what is the matter with me? It looks just *horrid*, anyway!" And she held it up to read it over, for the twenty-first time.

"Dear Aunt Betsey: I now take my pen in hand to write you a few lines to let you know that I am well and hope you are the same. I hope you will come to see us sometime"—

"Can't think of another single thing to write," sighed Bessie; "and this is just the very way I began my last letter, too. Oh dear! it 's awful to have to write letters to old folks — *I wish Aunt Betsey was in Guinea!*"

Then, letting the tear-blotted paper drop on the floor, Bessie leaned back in the rocking-chair and looked, moodily enough, into the fire.

"It 's almost dark," she said, "and I 'm so tired. The old letter can wait till to-morrow."

A little blue flame behind the isinglass now attracted Bessie's attention. It was fun to watch it leap up and fall swiftly down out of sight. But presently it died away altogether, and there was nothing now to see but the dull, red pictures in the smoked mica. Bessie had often watched these grotesque pictures before. But they had never looked so weird as they did to-night; for now the queer little streaks of black and red seemed to be forming a wrinkled old face, that was very familiar to Bessie.

"It 's a perfect picture of Aunt Betsey; only, it 's scowling — I should think it *would* be scowling, too. To think that I wished her in Guinea! And she sent me all my nice paper, too; I did n't mean to, I 'm sure; but I never know what I 'm going to say when I get into a temper." And a penitent look stole over Bessie's face.

"I 'm on the way to Guinea *now!*" piped a queer little voice, "I 'm on the way to Guinea; it 's too late to be sorry. What kind of a place is Guinea?"

"Oh! I don't know," cried Bessie as Aunt Betsey's image grew more real, and the eyes more fierce, as she went on:

"You wished me to a place that you did n't *know* about? You are cruel! Perhaps it 's a *cannibal country!*"

"I did n't mean you to really *go!*" cried Bessie, in dismay.

"But I must go now; for I 've started, and I never can stop after beginning to do a thing till it 's done!" shrieked the image.

"But *I* can," whimpered Bessie, thinking of the unfinished letter.

"Well, I can't — I never do — Oh, I must go! I *must* go! Cruel Bessie! Cruel Bessie!"

"Don't! Oh, don't go!" screamed Bessie.

The figure all this while had been growing larger and more like Aunt Betsey; and now it darted forward with a hideous frown.

"OH!!" screamed Bessie.

"Why, Miss Bessie, what ails ye? Ye must ha' been slapin', shure," said Bridget, who was just coming in with a light.

"I had a horrible dream," said Bessie, rubbing her eyes to make sure that she saw only Bridget, and not angry Aunt Betsey. "Has Mother come home yet, Bridget?"

"No, Miss; it 's not till siven o'clock I 'm expectin' her. Was it writin' a letter ye was, and fell aslape over it?" And Bridget, picking up the discarded letter, put it on the table.

"I was trying to write one," answered Bessie. "Do you ever write letters, Bridget?"

"Shure, an' it 's only to Patrick that I write thim at all, at all," said Bridget.

"What do you generally say in them?" asked Bessie.

At this question Bridget blushed; but she answered bravely:

"Whativer comes into me head I put down on the paper intirely, Miss. If the mate is a boilin', sez I, 'Pat, me darlint, the mate is a boilin', an' it 's meself must write to ye quick.'"

"Would n't you like to have some of this peachblow paper for a letter to Patrick?" said Bessie, holding out her well-stocked writing-desk.

"Shure, an' if it 's not robbin' ye complately, I 'll be after takin' one page fur Patrick."

Bessie gave her three sheets with envelopes.

"It 's a blissed angel ye are intirely! It 's this very night I 'll be writin' to him"; and, holding the gift daintily between her thumb and forefinger, Bridget joyfully took her departure.

"Not much of a blessed angel am I," thought Bessie, ruefully. "I feel ashamed, I do; but I 'll write that letter now. I 'll sit down to this table, and I 'll never get up till it 's done. I ought to write as well as Bridget, anyway."

So, taking a fresh sheet of paper, Bessie sat down resolutely and began to move her pen. She wrote quite steadily for twenty minutes by the little clock on the mantel. Then she read it all over carefully, and, with a satisfied air, put it into an envelope just as the supper-bell rang.

The next afternoon, when Aunt Betsey received that letter, she looked quite surprised, and said:

"A *long* letter from Bessie? Why, something must surely have happened!"

Then she began to read:

"DEAREST AUNT BETSEY: I am so glad you are not going to Guinea. I dreamed that you were on the way there, and it frightened me. I hope you won't ever go there; for I don't believe it 's a very nice place to visit.

"It is in Africa somewhere, and I think only colored people live there — but I am not quite sure. Anyway, I don't want you to go. Don't you ever go *anywhere* — except when you come to see *us!*

"I like this peachblow paper that you sent me on Christmas ever so much. There was enough of it to fill my writing-desk all the way up to the top, so I could n't put the lid down at first; but I can shut it now. I have just given some of my paper to Bridget. Mother says we ought to be kind to Bridget, and I like to give things away, when I have plenty more left. Bridget is going to write a letter to Patrick to-night — I know she is, because she said so. I suppose he must be her brother, or somebody. Anyway, she writes beautiful letters to him. Sometimes she does it while the meat is boiling. I think she is a real smart Irish girl.

"I am all alone in the sitting-room. Mother has gone to the city; and Jim is off skating. Nobody has been in here all the afternoon, except Bridget and the cat. Bridget did n't stay long — she had to get supper ready — but the cat is here yet. It is lying by the fire — I don't care much for this cat — it belongs to Jim.

"Before Mother went away she told me to write a nice, long letter to you, while she was gone. I did n't begin it right away. I looked out of the window at an old organ-grinder on the other side of the street, and he played tunes at five houses without getting a single penny. I wonder if he will have any supper to-night.

"When he had gone around the corner, I took my writing-desk, and sat down by the fire — I was going to begin this letter, then; but first I counted all my sheets of peachblow paper and all my envelopes — I wanted to see how many I had. There were seventy-six sheets of paper and eighty envelopes. Then I began to write; but I spoiled my first sheet of paper. The way I spoiled it was that I got angry and cried on it; and then I went to sleep, and had a bad dream about *you*. I was sure you were going to Guinea.

"Bridget came in to bring a light, and she woke me up.

"I have been trying to write this letter the way Bridget writes to Patrick. I think it is a good way to write letters. My paper is full now, so I will stop.

"Your loving niece, BESSIE."

"How that child does improve," said Aunt Betsey, laying down her spectacles. "Whatever made her dream that I was going to Guinea, I wonder?"

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOT-BALL IN AMERICA.

FOURTH PAPER.

By Walter Camp.



MAKING AN OPENING FOR A RUNNER.

Development of the Names of the Various Positions.

When the sport was first introduced the players were called, according to their position, forwards, half-backs, and goal-tends. The forwards were also sometimes spoken of as rushers, and the goal-tends as backs. These latter names, apparently, were more suited to the tastes of the players, so they have become more usual, and the terms forward and goal-tend are seldom used. Beyond these general divisions there were neither distinctive names nor, in the early days, distinctive duties. One of the first rushers to receive a special name was the one who put down the ball in a scrimmage. Originally the man who happened to have the ball when the down was made, himself placed it on the ground. It soon became evident that certain men were unable to perform this duty so well as others, and it was not long before the duty was delegated to one man. As he usually stood in the middle he was called the center-rusher. This name has since given place almost entirely to "snap-back," owing to the universal custom of playing the scrimmage by snapping the ball back with the foot.

As the game, after starting with eleven players, was then altered to fifteen, there was an opening made by these increased numbers for more positions. It was in the first days of fifteen men, that the quarter-back play and position first acquired proper form. There was not only a quarter-back but also a three-quarter-back,— that is, a player who stood between the half-backs and the backs. With the return to eleven men the three-quarter-back disappeared, but the quarter-back, or man who first received the ball from the scrimmage, still remained.

The next position to assume prominence and a name was that of end-rusher. The two men who played on the ends of the forward line found unusual opportunities for the exercise of ingenuity in the sport, and their duties were more manifold than those of any of the other rushers. They found opportunities to make runs, opportunities to drop back a little, and make fair catches of short kicks (for it was then quite in vogue to make a short kick at kick-off), opportunities of running along with a half-back and receiving the ball from him when he was likely to be stopped; in fact, to perform the duties of the position required so many qualities that the best all-round men were selected for

the work, and it became quite a feather in a man's cap to be an end-rusher. After this there were but four men on the team who were not specifically classed and designated. These were the two next the ends and the two next the center. The latter took up the name of "guards," as they protected the quarter when the ball was snapped.



This picture shows the finally successful tackle of a runner who has evidently made a dashing run, throwing off the men until several have tackled him together, and, by throwing themselves upon him, at last brought him to a standstill.

The former were called "tackles," probably because, before the tricks in running were so highly developed as at present, a large share of the tackling did fall to them. This division of players is now universal, and each position has duties and responsibilities peculiar to itself.

General Strategy of the Game.

It would be to leave the subject of foot-ball but half completed, did one fail to touch upon the larger strategies of a campaign, and to show how the almost unlimited lesser plays, when properly grouped, prove irresistible in advancing the ball. The first thing to be considered is the material at the captain's command. The foot-ball player can never be educated to a pitch of machine-like perfection, nor will any amount of training make him absolutely untiring. It is therefore necessary to start with the premise that no one or two men can do all the work. The object must be to use each man to the full extent of his capacity without exhausting any. To do this scientifically, involves placing the men in such positions on the field that each may perform the work for which he is best fitted, and yet not be forced to do any of the work toward which his qualifications and training do not point. From this necessity grew the special divisions of players as indicated in one of the early diagrams of a previous article. It might seem that this division of players would take all responsibility from the captain's shoulders, but it does not do this by any means. It only insures some sort of regularity of work for each individual. For instance, a rusher will never be called upon to drop-kick a goal, nor will a half be forced to snap-back the ball.

There still remains the possibility of giving any one of these men so much work of his own special kind to perform as will exhaust him, and thus make it impracticable to call upon him when he is most needed. Here is an element quite dissimilar to any entering into our other popular sport, base-ball. If one might suppose that it were possible in that game to let the most rapid base runner do as much of the running for the rest of the nine as the captain chose, we should have a temptation similar to that which assails the foot-ball captain. It would not be improbable that this chosen runner would become exhausted under certain circumstances; and should he happen to be the pitcher as well, the results would prove fatal to the success of his nine. It seems as if no amount of calm reasoning can convince the average foot-ball captain of this fundamental principle. Year after year has the "one man" game been attempted, and year after year it has brought to grief the team attempting it. Nor is it enough for a captain merely to transfer the play from one player to another in order not to exhaust any. He must do this at the proper time and not at hap-hazard. His best runner will be needed at some critical moment, and at just that moment must he be used. Forwards

must not be given too much running to do early in a game, or their tackling and getting through will suffer. It is a serious mistake to take the edge off their strength until one is certain of the style and force of the adversary's running. As a policy which, while not infallible, will be most uniformly successful, the following may be laid down:

Save the rushers as much as possible until the enemy have had an opportunity to send two or three of their (presumably) best runners up against them; then, if the line holds these men without difficulty, the rushers can be used more freely for general play.

The halves and back should not be given any tackling to do in the beginning of the game. Insist upon the rushers attending to their business so thoroughly as to avoid all possibility of a runner coming through.

Early in the game, give the halves an opportunity to run once or twice, as it warms them up and puts them in better form for catching the ball. Nothing is more unpleasant for a poor shivering half, who has n't had the ball in his hands, than to be forced to make, as his first play, a fair catch.

These ideas regarding the use of material will suggest the details to any thoughtful captain.

The next point to be considered is the adversary. In the great games, a captain usually has some knowledge of his rivals' strength and resources before he faces them on the field. Even though he may not have this knowledge, fifteen minutes of play ought to give him a fairly accurate idea of the weaknesses and strong points of his adversary. It then remains for him to take advantage of this knowledge. It is well-nigh a rule, so common is it, that a team has a



This picture shows a try-at-goal by a place-kick. The forwards are lined out across the field, each one careful to be behind the ball when it is kicked. The man lying on the ground is pointing the ball at the goal under the direction of the half-back. This man stands back several yards, as the kick is evidently to be a long one.



This illustrates the typical feature of the American game in distinction from the English; namely, the open scrimmage. The ball is placed on the ground, and the snap-back stands with his foot or hand upon it, and when his quarter-back gives him the signal that all are ready he snaps it backward. The quarter receives it and passes it to another of his own side for a kick or run. The position of the players in this picture is excellent, showing, as it does, the points of play as one can see them only in an actual game. Beginning at the left of the picture we see the end-rusher of the side which has not the ball. With his eyes fixed upon the center with the keenest attention, he awaits the first movement of the ball to dash through at the man who is likely to receive it. His opponent stands watching him with equal intensity, ready to block him at the moment he starts. Next stands the tackle, apparently perfectly oblivious of the man facing him, and there is a confidence expressed in his attitude which assures one that this man, at least, will get through like a flash when the ball goes. Then there are two men, both stooping forward so that one sees but a leg of each. Of these two, one is the guard and the other the quarter-back, who, seeing a chance of getting through, has run up into this opening. The opposing guard is straightening himself up, in order to cover, if possible, both these opponents. If one may judge from appearances, however, he will be tumbled over most unceremoniously by the onslaught of the guard and quarter. The center-rush is braced for a charge, and with mouth open for breath awaits the first movement of his opponent. He, the snap-back, has just placed his foot upon the ball, and is ready to send it back as soon as the quarter, whose back and leg are just visible, shall give him the signal. The two men in the foreground are opposing guards, one of whom is ready to dash forward, and the other to block. The man who is about to block has his hands clasped, in order that he may be sure not to use them to hold his opponent, as that is an infringement of the rule. The other men in the rush line we can not see, but one can rest assured that they are as wide awake to their duties as the eager ones in view. Behind the group stands the referee with his arms folded and eyes intent upon the ball.

strong side and a weak one. Without intention, this state of affairs comes to exist toward the end of a season. At this weak side of the opponents, then, must the early efforts of a team be directed. When a punt becomes necessary let the ball be driven over on that side. When an opposing runner comes, force him in that direction. Keep a steady press upon the weak side, and before the game is half over the result will be most marked.

Next, if the opponents prove to be high tacklers, a captain should make constant use of his low runners and reserve his high steppers for other work. If the opposing halves are new or green men, he should see that they have plenty of kicks to catch.

Another important point is to make the most of any natural advantages, existing at the moment, in the force and direction of the wind, the slant and condition of the ground, and the position of the sun. These are elements of success which no team can afford to ignore. The writer has seen a team start out with a strong wind and the sun at their backs, and actually throw

away half an hour of the first three-quarters by a running game without score. Then, evidently realizing their mistake, they began to kick, and succeeded in making two goals in the remaining fifteen minutes. Whenever a favorable wind is anything more than moderate, a captain is inexcusable who exhausts his men by holding too closely to his running game, no matter if his runners be excellent. A wind which blows diagonally across the field is by no means to be despised, for if a captain will work the ball to the windward side, on his runs and passes, his kicking will be greatly assisted. The sun, too, plays an important part, particularly when it is low in the horizon so that a low punt driven hard at the half-back forces him to face directly at the sun in making the catch.

Regarding the general conduct of a final game, or the one upon which depends the championship:

From the less important minor games and from the daily practice, the captain has learned not only the caliber of his team, but also their strongest and weakest plays. Now comes a most difficult act for any captain, namely, the elimination of all plays that are not sufficiently well executed by his men to be classed on the average as successful plays. Many plays that are peculiarly successful against weaker teams are, from their very nature, useless against well-disciplined opponents. Such plays must be classed with the unsuccessful ones, and must not be used in the critical game. The object of eliminating all these plays is twofold. Certain ones of them must be given up because they would risk the loss of the ball; and others because they would needlessly exhaust the men. As an illustration, let us take the play of short passes along the line when running. This has always been a tempting play. It appears scientific and skillful. It gains distance rapidly, and against a weak team gives the team practicing it an appearance of superiority not to be denied. The reason for this is that a weak or undisciplined team take it for granted that they must all make for the man who has the ball, and there is, therefore, a rush of several men at the runner. He passes the ball and they all dash after it again. This work quickly tells upon them and they become tired out and discouraged, so that the runners have everything their own way. With a thoroughly disciplined team all this is changed. One or two men may tackle together, but the line as a whole remains steady, and when the runner passes the ball the man receiving it has a tackler upon him almost at once, so that he too is compelled to pass the ball to still another who may expect a similar fate. As all this passing must be at least on a line, and generally backward, nothing is gained, but, on the contrary, some ground is lost. In addition to this, there is always the chance — and by no means a small one — of losing the ball in this quick passing.

Another illustration is the case of long end throwing, or passing the ball to a runner stationed well out on the side of the field. This play is unquestionably strong against rushers who bunch toward the ball, and in the smaller games it has resulted in many a touch-down. Against veterans, however, the play fails, because both the end and tackle are on the alert and carefully guarding any player who is stationed at the end. By the time the ball reaches him one or the other of these men is so close to him that he fails to get a fair start and is usually downed in his tracks. Then, too, it will sometimes happen that an unusually watchful and agile tackle will jump through and actually catch the pass before it reaches the runner. Such a catastrophe has too severe consequences to make the risking of it otherwise than an extremely doubtful venture. A man who thus gets the ball is in a fair way to realize a touch-down from it, for the only player who has a fair chance at him is the back, and the best tackler on a field must have an unequal chance against a runner who has the entire breadth of the field in which to dodge him. Yet again, the runner to whom the pass is made may muff the ball. This, although not nearly so serious as an intercepted pass, always results in loss of ground and sometimes loss of the ball as well.

The consideration of such plays as the two mentioned gives one a fair insight into the methods by which the captain must weigh each play before entering a game of importance with rivals who in skill, strength, and strategy are presumably the equal of his team.

The Little Dutchess

By Laura E. Richards.



ONCE there lived a little Dutchess,
Just beside the Zuyder Zee;
Short and stout and roly-poly,
As a Dutchess ought to be.

She had pigs and she had poultry,
She had lands and she had gold;
And she loved the Burgomaster,
Loved him more than can be told.

"Surly, burly Burgomaster,
Will you have me for your love?
You shall be my pouter-pigeon,
I will be your turtle-dove.

"You shall have my China porkers,
You shall have each Dorking hen;
Take them with your loving Dutchess,
Oh, you Dutchiest of men!"

Loudly laughed the Burgomaster,
"Naught I care for Dorking fowls;
Naught for pig, unless 't is roasted,
And on that my doctor scowls.

"Frumpy, stumpy little Dutchess,
I do not incline to wed.
Keep your pigs, and keep your poultry!
I will take your gold instead.

"I will take your shining florins,
I will take your fields' rich hoard,
You may go and tend your piggies,
Till your spirits be restored."



Loudly wept the little Dutchess,
Tending sad each China pig;
Loudly laughed the Burgomaster
'Neath his merry periwig,

Till the Dutchy people, angry
Conduct such as this to see,
One day plumped the pouter-pigeon
Right into the Zuyder Zee.



ELF SONG.

By Samuel Minturn Peck.

I twist the toes of the birds a-doze,
I tinkle the dew-bells bright;
I chuck the chin of the dimpled rose
Till she laughs in the stars' dim light.
The glowworm's lamp I hide in the damp,
I steal the wild bee's sting;
I pinch the toad till his legs are a-cramp,
And clip the beetle's wing.
O ho! O hey!
My pranks I play
With never a note of warning.

I set a snare for the moonbeams fair
All wrought of spider-web twine;
I tangle the naughty children's hair
In a snarl of rare design.
I flit through the house without any noise,
There 's never an elf so sly;
I break the toys of bad little boys
And the cross little girls who cry.
O hey! O ho!
I work them woe.
Till crows the cock in the morning.

OLD CHIEF CROWFOOT.

By Julian Ralph.



The most interesting Indian among many thousands whom I saw in a trip through Canada to the Pacific Ocean, last year, was Sapomaxikow, the chief of the Blackfeet tribe. He is a king; and when I met him he looked like one, was treated like one, and was on kingly business. He rode in an emigrants' sleeping-car, to be sure, but the seats had been arranged as for a bed, and on them he sat with his feet under him, tailor-fashion, while two of his "head men" sat in front of him and others stood close by in the passage. "Crowfoot" is the English word for his long Indian name, and he is widely famous by his English name as the chief of a numerous and once fierce tribe. He was going to a busy city called Calgary, in the Province of Alberta, which is north of our new State of Montana; and his errand was to order some of the Indians of his tribe to leave there. Some other Indians, of the tribe called "Bloods," had also

set up their smoky tepees or tents at Calgary, and it was feared there might be fighting, for the Blackfeet and the Bloods are deadly enemies.

The train carried many city people from centers like New York and Montreal, and as many as could do so, crowded into the emigrant-car to see this once great warrior and still great leader. He was well worth seeing. He wore a cloak of buckskin literally covered with really beautiful embroidery in beads of bright hues. His short trousers were hidden, but below them were deerskin leggins fringed with colored wisps of the hair of some wild animal. His leather moccasins were worked all over with quaint designs in beads, and above his queer hat—a "stove-pipe" hat with the top torn out—was a proud plume of eagle feathers. There are rich men, and museum companies, and even governments, that would give hundreds of dollars to have the clothes old Crowfoot wore that day, merely to show to those who can not travel, and to preserve for future generations the savage magnificence of at least that one Indian chief.

Crowfoot is eighty years old. He has the complexion of old mahogany, and his face is as wrinkled as a nutmeg; but if you are a good judge of faces you will see by his portrait that he has a finely formed, almost purely Roman, countenance—a face that reminds us of some of the Cæsars who ruled Rome in its glory. The portrait shows the countenance of the old savage in repose, and one sees a hint of cruelty in the features; but on that day when we saw him in the cars he was full of fun;—and good-nature, you know, is a great helper toward good looks. A lady asked him why he had never married, and he shook his head and laughed and told the interpreter to say that "he could n't find any woman that would have him." The old chief wore a life-pass on the railroad. It was in a little silver frame, hung around his neck by a chain of silver. The pass was a printed card, and it said that he should ride for nothing on the cars as long as he lived. This is because he is a "good Indian" who keeps his tribe at peace and obeys the white men's laws.

I saw Chief Crowfoot next day at Calgary. He was then dressed in moccasins, broadcloth trousers and vest (given him by the Canadian Government, once, when they took him to Montreal to show him how the white men live), a blue flannel shirt, and his high hat and feathers. He was visiting Father Lacombe, a priest who is respected all over the world because he probably knows more about the Indian languages than any man alive. This same priest is still more honored by all the Indians, who love him because he has spent a long life among them and has always been truthful, kind, and generous with them. The old priest and the old chief were delighted to see each other. The priest told how he had known Crowfoot when a young warrior, fighting and hunting all the time, before the white man came and when the buffaloes were as plentiful on the prairie as fishes in the sea. Once in a while the good clergyman talked in Indian to Chief Crowfoot and told him what he was saying about him.

"I am telling," said the priest, "how one night when I was with your tribe the Bloods attacked us; how the dogs barked, the women screamed, the children cried, and the muskets blazed and thundered. It was in the middle of the night, and all the Blackfeet had been asleep."

Here the old chief grunted and shook his head, for all the world like an aged lion.

"I was no fighter," said the clergyman, "but a priest and minister of peace, and I did not like this. I rushed out of my tepee and cried out, 'Stop! stop! you will kill me!' I yelled out that it was I, their priest,—for I knew the Bloods as well as the Blackfeet—"

The old chief grunted at that. He knew the Bloods, too, but in a different way.

"But I could not make myself heard," said the priest. "The noise and confusion were too great. On came the Bloods, and it was life or death for every one in our camp. There was nothing else to do, so I changed my commands and I shouted, 'Give it to them!' 'Fire at them!' 'Beat them back!' It was a hot fight, but a short one, for we routed the Bloods."

The eyes of the chief had been blazing, but when the priest nudged him and said, "We have seen a great many things in our time, old friend," the Indian laughed and laughed, precisely like a white man,—just as some old general might do to-day, if a companion should recall to his mind the exciting scenes of his fighting career.

But this is only one side of the story, though I suspect it is the side that many of the boys like best to hear. While I was among the Indians I often thought of how many thousands of boys in the cities are anxious to get a gun and go among the red men, either to see them, to live with them, or to hunt them. It is natural, I suspect, for all men must once have been more or less like the Indians, and what is left in us of the old nature is, to a greater or less extent, felt by boys before they grow old enough to take their full part in the life around them. All men were once hunters, and the spirit of that remote past still lingers in the hearts of boys.

But how disappointed they would be if they could see the Indians in Canada,— where the savages are more nearly like what they were a hundred years ago than are our Indians in the United States. Beyond the Great Lakes there are few cities in Canada. The prairies, forests, mountains, and streams are to a great extent what they were in the days of the Indians' glory. True, the red men are provided with reservations, but bands of them continually wander out of these places and roam over the country. As I said, I saw thousands of them — Sioux, Bloods, Piegans, Crees, Blackfeet, and Indians of half a dozen other tribes. But, except in the case of old Crowfoot, I saw no dignity, no grandeur, no splendid costumes, no pride. What I did see, filled me with sadness; for I remember when I used to think the Indians very different from what I found them to be. In fact, they are, in Canada to-day, a lot of idle, lazy vagabonds, rapidly dying of starvation and bad habits. They are beggars and tramps. What pride they had, what courage was once theirs, what romance and prosperity or comfort flavored their lives, are now all gone. Their best friend in Canada told me that at the present death-rate there will not be a full-blooded Indian left on the plains in fifteen years.

Poor, poor Indians! They really lived upon the buffaloes. The buffalo gave them their food, their tents, their clothes, their exercise, training, and sport, many of their implements, — the very necessaries of their life. Now that the buffaloes are gone, the Indians have either to change into the white man's ways or to follow the departed game to the "happy hunting-grounds." You would scarcely credit what I could tell you of their misery, and yet not all the truth can be told. In place of their former tents of hide, they now live in tents of cotton sheeting, and these are tattered and full of holes burned by flying sparks from their fires. The winters there — on the plains — are dreadfully cold. The thermometer falls as low as 50 degrees below zero. The shiftless Indians never think of the morrow, and therefore save no wood. All winter long, on the reserves, you will see the poor wretches, in these thin tents, bent over fires of damp wood and turning around and around, first with their faces to the fire and then with their backs to it, to keep from freezing to death. They are fed by the Government, which keeps them virtually prisoners, of course; but those who roam the prairies beg of white men and sell the bead-work and other ornaments their poor, abused squaws make. Nearly all that I found while among them to recall the romance of the Indian is bound up in the memory of old Crowfoot. Long may he live!



SCHOOLMATES.

[Virginia, 1744.]

By Alice Maude Ewell.

"Oh, Mother, I 'm glad that you sent me,
For all I was frighted to go —
The lads were so kind to me, Mother,
And the master so patient and slow.
My task it was easy a-learning,
My manners I did n't disgrace,
And — oh, Mother! my seat in the school-room
Is right by George Washington's place.

"Oh, Mother, there 's nobody like him!
There 's nobody like him, for true.
His eyes are so clear and so steady
They look one right through and through;
Yet once when he missed in the lesson
He turned as red as a rose —
Though there 's not much of aught worth the knowing
But I 'll warrant George Washington knows.

"For what is the odds about spelling
And Latin and figures and all,
When a body can jump high as he can,
And never miss once, catching ball!
Why, when it came round to the play-time,
And the big lads were sporting so free,
Oh, Mother, you ought to have been there —
I wish you *had* been there to see!

"At running and wrestling and leaping
He beats every one, I declare,
And the rest might all play 'hounds' forever,
But they never could catch that old 'hare.'
Yet he 's never a bit high-and-mighty
When the little lads ask him to play,
And a-many brave tricks with the marbles
He took pains to show me to-day.

"He cut me this beautiful whistle,
All out of a little smooth stick;
Just hark how it blows! Mother, listen!
He made it as easy and quick!
And when Tony Grimes, cross-grained fellow,
Came snatching it from me to try,
I 'm thinking he was n't long finding
I 'd a friend in George Washington, nigh!

"And then we all played 'French and English'
(And very good sport did we find,
With the Frenchies all begging for quarter
And us English hard after behind).
George Washington, he was our captain,
And, I 'll promise you, when he took hold,
Even Captain John Smith fighting 'Injuns'
Was never a soldier so bold.

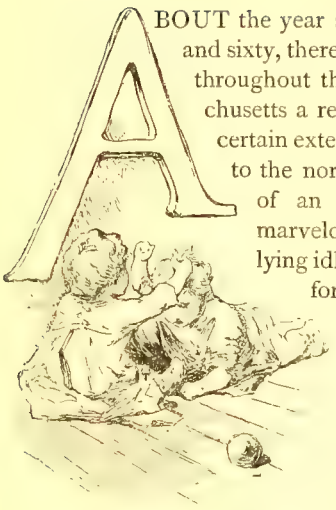
"And, Mother, he says, if you 'll let me,
And Saturday morning is fine,
I can go with him all day a-fishing;
So I 'm thinking I 'll want a new line,
And a fish-hook the biggest and strongest,
To pull in my fish safe and tight —
For I 'm sure if George Washington 's with me
There 'll be big fish a-coming to bite.

"Oh, I wonder, I wonder if ever
I 'll be such a brave one as he!
So big, and so wise, and so gallant!
Mother dear, do you think it will be?
Do you think if I grow fast, and learn fast,
And watch how he does every day,
That I 'll ever be like for to do things
As well as George Washington's way?"

A "BLUENOSE"* VENDETTA.

(A Story of the United Empire Loyalists.)

By Charles G. D. Roberts.



ABOUT the year seventeen hundred and sixty, there was spread abroad throughout the State of Massachusetts a report declaring that certain extensive lands situated to the northward, in Acadia, of an inexhaustible and marvelous fertility, were lying idle and might be had for the asking. From the counties of Rowley, Boxford, and Andover, keen-eyed pioneers were fitted out, carefully instructed, and sent forward to reconnoiter. Report was found to have told the truth, for once; and in a year or two a little body of shrewd and enterprising pilgrims set forth to take possession of their new inheritance. These fair lands were of vast extent, lying along nearly one hundred miles of the valley of the river St. John, on both shores. They consisted, for the most part, of fresh-water meadows, enriched anew each spring by the floods, even as are the banks of Nile. Scattered at most convenient distances along those meadow-stretches, now called "intervale land," were fairy knolls and bits of upland ground, whereon the pioneers could set their cabins and be secure from the fury of the freshets. The bold Massachusetts settlers took possession with little ceremony, as a rule, simply preëmpting such sites as caught their fancy, well knowing that their presence was very welcome to the rulers of Acadia; but a few of the more provident took out title-deeds, against a possible future emergency. For a time there were hardships. Even in this paradise there were perils to be endured, such as wolves, famine, and occasionally hostile Indians; but ere long the settlement was firm-based in a rich prosperity, and other immigrants came to swell the tale.

At the time of the Revolution, all the district which now constitutes the Province of New Brunswick formed part of the Province of Nova Scotia. The early settlers of the St. John valley, being of New England stock, were inclined to sympathize with the thirteen colonies in revolt, but in their isolation they did not dare to declare themselves openly. The Government of the Province watched them with some care, but trusted to their self-interest and a remembrance of the exceeding liberality with which they had been treated, to keep them from any definite outbreak. A few restless spirits, however, could not be kept at home; and these, organizing an expedition across country to the Isthmus of Chignecto, where stood Fort Cumberland, succeeded in capturing, in a night raid, a British schooner laden with supplies. This craft the boyish adventurers navigated safely to Machias, in Maine, where they sold her for a good round sum, and went home happy with the spoils of war. This irregularity the Provincial Government entirely forgave, on condition that the owners of the schooner were indemnified in full; and so they were, to the deep humiliation of the bold raiders. But the failure of the settlement to restrain its young bloods more effectually, caused a deep irritation throughout the province against the squatters of the St. John valley; and all the Loyalist party stored it in

* The term "Bluenose" is applied generally to the inhabitants of the three Maritime Provinces of Canada,—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Strictly speaking, however, it belongs only to the Nova Scotians, while we New Brunswickers bear the appellation of "Buckwheats."—C. G. D. R.

their memories, as a sort of attempt to "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds."

When at last the thirteen colonies found themselves a nation, there came an evil day for those colonists who had taken active part on the British side. An internecine struggle of this kind always generates the fiercest bitterness, and throughout the colonies the two parties, though of one blood and closest kinship, were divided by the keenest hatred. After the intensity of the contest, and the terrible losses and sacrifices endured on both sides, this was not to be wondered at. The Royalist party found their position in the new Republic an unendurable one. In fact, those who had made themselves most obtrusive beheld all their estates confiscated, and themselves sentenced to exile. Others chose exile, rather than endure the new rule and the triumph of their antagonists. A great body of these Royalists (who were some of the richest and most aristocratic of the colonists) journeyed into the land north of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, where they founded the Province of Ontario. The rest sailed to Nova Scotia, and built the city of St. John at the mouth of the St. John river.

These emigrants from the States received special grants and favors from the British Government, which was mindful of all they had braved for their beliefs; and they were formally dignified with the title of United Empire Loyalists, a title which has come down to their descendants. Almost immediately after their coming to Nova Scotia, the Province was divided, and what was formerly the County of Sunbury, with the old New England settlement as its center, became the Province of New Brunswick. At the same time the original settlers in St. John valley, in order to distinguish them from the United Empire Loyalists, became generally known as the "Old Inhabitants."

At this juncture, those Old Inhabitants who had secured their title-deeds felt jubilant, and went about hugging themselves. Others, again, hurried off to headquarters to remedy their oversight. Yet others, too confident or too careless, said they "guessed they 'd do as their fathers had done aforetime," and these, in several instances, being quietly ejected from their farms by enterprising Loyalist immigrants glad to pay off a grudge, had to cut themselves new homesteads out of the bush. These unfortunates received little sympathy, however, from their more politic neighbors. It is while things were in this transition state that my brief story opens,—a story which I found among the papers of a descendant of the Old Inhabitants, who vouches for its authenticity and gives me leave to publish it.

It was a summer morning in the year 1783, and Mr. Joshua Patterson, Old Inhabitant, was taking a complacent survey of his broad acres, where were crops waving in the early sun and wet with shining dew, ere turning into his cabin door for breakfast. Mr. Patterson's cabin—and a very ample and comfortable and prosperous-looking cabin it was—stood on slightly rising ground by the river, opposite the mouth of the Oromocto stream, in Maügerville. The morning sun streamed into the low cottage door, and lighted up very pleasantly a homely and appetizing breakfast, set forth on precious old blue and white crockery which had been brought from Massachusetts in '66. Mr. Patterson had his title-deeds in due form, and he smacked his lips and called life good. At this moment he perceived a boat-load of strangers disembarking at his little landing-place; so instead of going in to breakfast he waited in his doorway to receive them.

The strangers were a party of Loyalist immigrants, under Major Hastings. Rowing leisurely up river, in search of a pleasant abiding-place, the major's eyes had fallen with peculiar satisfaction upon the well-tilled fields of Mr. Joshua Patterson. "I rather think this will suit us!" he had remarked to his followers; and now he had come ashore to take possession. He informed the Old Inhabitant that he 'd take his farm, which met his taste exactly; and that he would give him just a day to clear out, bag and baggage, as a mere vagabond squatter, who was a rebel into the bargain, ought to do. Mr. Patterson merely replied that he guessed he 'd stay where he was, as he himself liked the place pretty well; and he calculated the stranger had better move on. At the same time he made no stir to produce his title-deeds, being wroth at the stranger's high-handedness.

Upon this the Loyalist major began to revile the Old Inhabitant exceedingly; and with huge laughter he drew his sword, and marching

into the cabin he fell upon the breakfast-table, hacked it to pieces, and scattered all the precious old Massachusetts cups and saucers and plates and porridge-basins. Then, seeing no more worlds to conquer, and observing that Mr. Joshua Patterson still objected to giving up his farm, the gallant major paused a moment. He drew forth a list of those Old Inhabitants who had duly taken out their titles at Halifax, and there he found the name of Joshua Patterson. The major bowed politely, bade Mr. Patterson a very good morning and marched his men off to the boat. Some three miles further on, the major found a home to his liking, and settled down unhindered. But from the incident of the smashing of the crockery there grew up a certain coolness between the families of Major Hastings, the Loyalist, and Mr. Joshua Patterson, the Old Inhabitant; at which fact no one will be astonished.

As the years went by the Loyalist found himself surrounded by a brood of stalwart sons; and, large families being the rule in New Brunswick, it came to pass that the Old Inhabitant was in like fortunate case. Between the two families there was now sworn feud. A wholesome Anglo-Saxon respect for life and law prevented the use of fire-arms, and, indeed, any desire for the actual shedding of blood; but whensoever the two families, or any members of them, came in contact, there and then was a fight. As both families were general favorites and in demand at every "house raising" or "wood frolic," the chances of such meetings were very frequent, and kept the pious settlement in continual hot water. But such was the prowess of the two families that no one dared interfere to quench hostilities. Now it was the Loyalists whose star seemed in the ascendant, and again fortune favored the family of the Old Inhabitant; and so the dispute bade fair to prove eternal.

By the third generation, however, the family animosity began to diminish. The descendants on both sides became so numerous that the stock of family hate was not enough to go round, and little by little the younger scions would go to singing-school together, and come home from lodge together, and make various gentle attempts to bury the hatchet. This tendency was looked upon with deep disfavor by older members of both families; and in particular by two young householders who were the acknowledged leaders of their respective clans. These were Mr. Joshua Patterson, of the fourth generation, and young Ponsonby Hastings, himself a major in the militia. To these it appeared nothing short of a sacrilege that so sacred an heirloom as their family hatred should be suffered ignominiously to die out. Yet their responsibilities as leading citizens prevented them from deliberately seeking a meeting.

As the mountain came not to Mahomet, Mahomet in due time went to the mountain. In other words, the occasion for a meeting duly came to the young Old Inhabitant and Major Ponsonby Hastings. It was permitted them, prominent citizens as they were, to carry out in perfect form the traditions of their fine, old, crusted family feud. The manner of their encounter is related with great minuteness of detail in the family document to which I have already referred. But I endeavor to avoid the prolixity of the ancient narrator.

It was an afternoon in early autumn when Mr. Joshua Patterson of the fourth generation was strolling along the Maũgerville road, whistling contentedly as he thought of his goodly acres and his thriving herds. Suddenly his whistling came to an end, for he had come face to face with Major Ponsonby Hastings.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the scion of Loyalist stock. "At last I 've caught you! Now we 'll have it out, if you are man enough to stand up to me!"

To this the Old Inhabitant of the fourth generation merely replied, "All right!" and at the same time he took his hands out of his pockets, with alacrity.

Then the battle commenced. Unlike the Homeric heroes, these two New Brunswick champions wasted neither time nor breath in mutual recriminations. Each knew exactly what the other thought of him; and each was solemnly resolved that a second contest should be rendered forever unnecessary. The scene of the struggle is described so fully in the MS. that it may yet be recognized,— where, between two wide-spreading elms, a bridle-path runs down the steep bank, through a thicket of Indian willows, to a little rough stone wharf where the

canoes and flat-boats make a landing at low water. It would have been a difficult matter to decide which man to back. The Loyalist was of the larger build; but the Old Inhabitant, on the other hand, seemed the more active and wiry. To condense from the MS., I may say without superfluous detail that the advantage lay at first with the Old Inhabitant. Then the slower blood of the larger man woke up, and Fortune seemed to wait obsequiously upon his fists. Again, it appeared as if the Genius of Strife were holding the balance even, and knew not upon which side to let the scale descend.

About sunset, the air was filled with the far-off sound of cow-bells, as the cows wandered homeward for the milking. Then both combatants lay down awhile. They were in their shirt-sleeves, and covered with dust, for that is a dusty country. Presently the Loyalist began to crawl away; and through parched lips the Old Inhabitant derided him scathingly. The Loyalist answered not at all, but crawled down the bridle-path, between the dusty willows, and lay by the water's edge, and drank a little. Then very quietly he crept back, and prepared to renew the conflict. The Old Inhabitant had had no water to refresh him; but then, on the other hand, he had been spared the exertion of crawling, so the struggle was renewed on even terms.

By and by, a mutual acquaintance, who was paddling past in his canoe, caught sight of the combat, and landed. He tried to separate the exhausted gladiators, but was promptly made aware that in case of interference they would both fall upon him; so he discreetly refrained. He paddled away in his canoe, and warned both families; and soon there arrived certain brothers, uncles, and so forth, who saw that, even under the sweet light of the rising moon, the battle still raged on.

Alas for the belligerent young Major Ponsonby Hastings! Alas for the Old Inhabitant of the fourth generation! They were not permitted to fight it out. They were such battered, disreputable-looking specimens that both families were ashamed of them and of the feud together. Over the two panting but still pugnacious champions the families shook hands, and decreed the perpetual canceling of the feud. There, where the ground was trampled by the feet of the fighters, the ancient hatchet was buried with due ceremony and many merry jests at the expense of the delinquents.

The delinquents themselves, a few days later, when their blood had cooled and their wounds had healed, made a heroic effort and shook hands. They said they supposed it was their duty, in a way, to fall into line with the families; and each confessed, at the same time, that he had been taught an entirely new respect for the other's general worth and importance to the community at large.

THE SHADOW-BIRD AND HIS SHADOW.

By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

Through the Dark Land's reeds and rushes,
Down the palm-glooms, I have heard,
Rose-lit with the sun's last blushes,
Comes the Shadow-bird.

And he leads his Shadow! Dimly
Through the sands they two advance.
Then he bows, and, somewhat grimly,
They begin to dance.

Fair his Shadow is. Each feather
Of her wild wings looks like lace.
And they whirl and float together
With unearthly grace.

One night when the Sphinx was staring
At them with an evil eye,
And the black man's stars were flaring
In the desert sky—

Then the Shadow-bird grew merry!
"My sweet shadow," whispered he,
"You are looking lovely, very.
Will you dance with me?"

"No," she said, "you hear me, do you?
You can go and dance awhile
With those lilies, nodding to you,
There across the Nile!

"No," she said, and off she started.
There was not another word.
So it was his shadow parted
With the Shadow-bird.

(She prefers another fellow
If the truth must be confest,
Picturesque in green and yellow,
With a splendid crest!)

And the Shadow-bird now muses,
Like a priest, in temples dim,
Just because his shadow chooses
Not to dance with him.

A MORNING MELODY.

By Mary Bradley.

"Sing before you eat,
Cry before you sleep."
—Old Saw.

The rising-bell rang; my Ladybird sprang
Like a lark from its nest, and as cheerily sang:
"Oh, don't!" cried old Granny, "You 'll certainly weep,
To pay for that song, before time comes to sleep."

But the little one laughed, like a child that has quaffed
The full cup of merriment all at a draught.
"Oh, Nursey," she said, "that 's a silly old saw
Which, take my word for it, is not worth a straw!

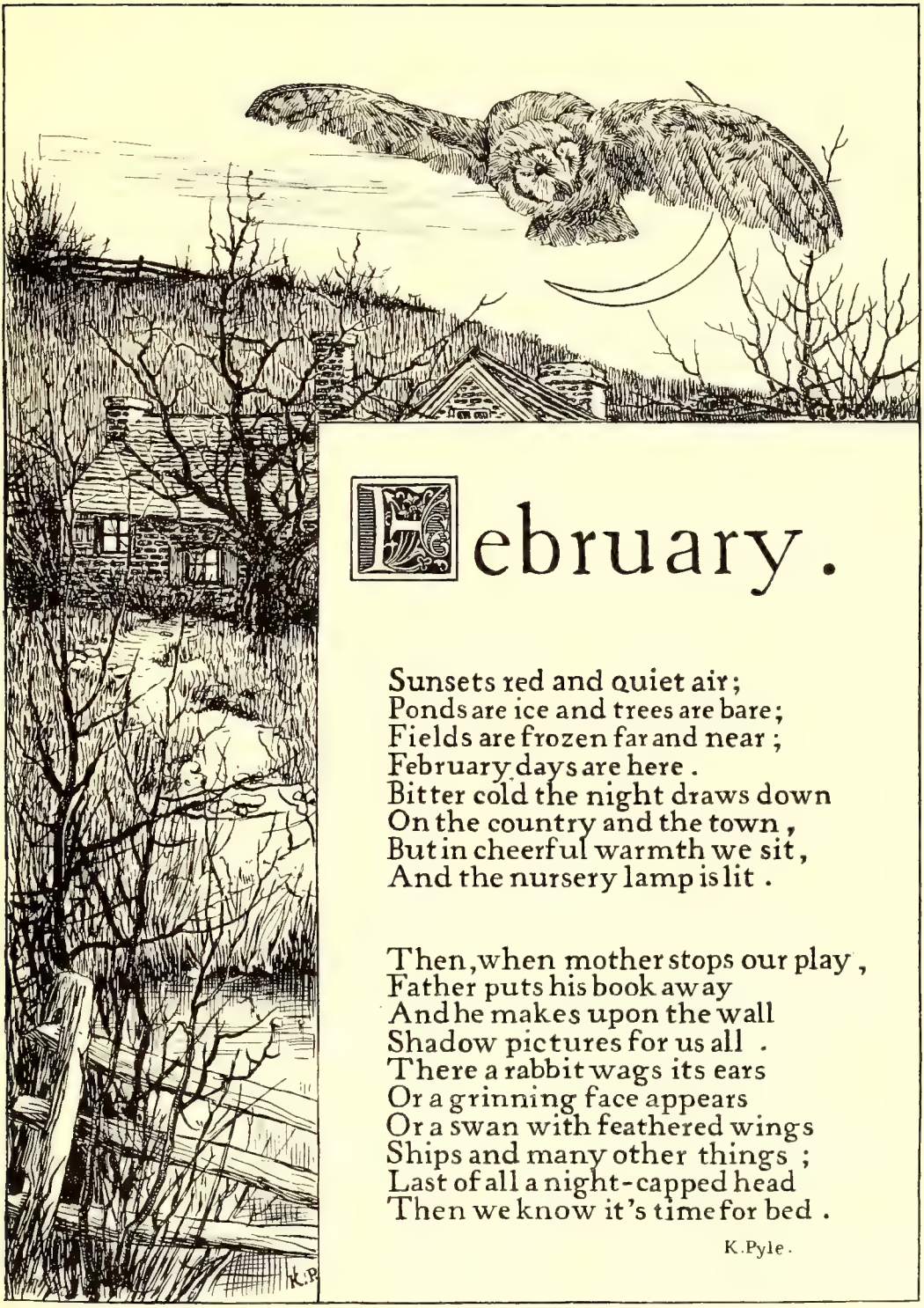
"For please tell me why a body should cry?
The wind 's in the west, and the sun 's in the sky;
And the birds have been singing since daybreak, I know—
When the time comes to roost, will they weep as they go?"

Croaked Granny again, "Be it robin or wren,
The chick thinks it 's wiser, of course, than the hen!
But maybe my Lady will see, before night,
Old saws and old women are apt to be right."

"She 'll see, before long, they are wrong—they are wrong,"
Laughed Ladybird, fitting the words to her song;
And she kissed her old Nursey, all wrinkled and gray,
And light as a feather went dancing away.

Now was it unwise for her carol to rise
With linnet's and lark's to the bright morning skies?
Not so,—for my pretty one came to her nest
As smiling and sweet, with the sun in the west.

The song that rang true when the morning was new,
Like a brook rippled tunefully all the day through;
And Granny for once had to own her old saw
Was not, for my Ladybird, gospel nor law.



February.

Sunsets red and quiet air;
Ponds are ice and trees are bare;
Fields are frozen far and near;
February days are here.
Bitter cold the night draws down
On the country and the town,
But in cheerful warmth we sit,
And the nursery lamp is lit.

Then, when mother stops our play,
Father puts his book away
And he makes upon the wall
Shadow pictures for us all.
There a rabbit wags its ears
Or a grinning face appears
Or a swan with feathered wings
Ships and many other things;
Last of all a night-capped head
Then we know it's time for bed.

K. Pyle.

THE LAUNCHING OF A WAR-SHIP.

By J. O. Davidson.



A GREAT war-ship is ready to be launched. For more than a year she has been in the hands of the builders, and is now ready to take the first plunge into the waves on which she will ride so proudly. For months the ship-yard has resounded to the sound of hammers and saws, of riveting machines and trip-hammers. Huge forges, near by, have smelted the metal with which her steel-clad sides are covered and of which her strong ribs and deck-beams have been built. The great plates with which her turrets are armored have come from rolling-mills all over the country. The stout planking of her decks is sawed from trees that once stood in the forests of Maine; the mahogany which gleams in her steering-wheel and decorates the captain's cabin, has been brought from African forests; the redwood finishing in the officers' quarters, from California; and the stout beams, those not of iron, have been fashioned from logs brought from the live-oaks upon Government reservations in Louisiana near the Gulf of Mexico. Her wonderful engines, that are to push her through the water with the strength of ten thousand horses and work with the smoothness of a watch, may be from makers in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. The boilers to supply the engines with steam are from Chester, and the coal she will burn is also from Pennsylvania. The great guns capable of throwing their heavy shot to a distance of nine miles, which will thunder from those ports and turrets, are the result of the experience and skill of years, and come from the Pittsburgh foundries and have visited the Washington proving-grounds. Her torpedo-boats are from Bristol, Rhode Island, and the torpedoes have been supplied from the torpedo-station at Newport.

Her engineers will be the most skillful and experienced men the Government can find, able to take her engines apart and to replace them if necessary, and the officers, the gunners, and the sailors who are to aim her guns and manage her in battle are to be the best the country affords. She must be able to steam twenty-four miles per hour, and also to go well under sail, should necessity require her to do so; she must turn quickly and back with little delay, not only to avoid an enemy's shot but to place her own accurately, and so as to chase or to avoid the foe, or to dash into him with that monstrous ram or beak, to sink or disable him.

She must be seaworthy, to ride the ocean's heaviest billows, and of as light draught as possible, so that she may follow an enemy up shallow harbors and inlets.

She must be well ventilated and healthful, so that her crew may live in her during the quivering hot winds on the African coast; as well as snug, tight, and warm, when it becomes her duty to cruise in northern waters in protection of our seal fisheries on the Alaska coast or the cod-fishers of the Newfoundland Banks.

Presidents at home and royal visitors abroad will tread her decks, and she must be swift and strong, and have every quality becoming a war-ship which is to deserve the salutes of foreign nations.

This is her christening day. Her friends and well-wishers crowd about and wish good luck. The workmen who have labored so long and patiently to fashion her so grandly, the designers who have thought out her proportions and planned her various parts, the foundry-men and carpenters who have skillfully contributed to her perfection, are standing by idle, now, for their work is done and the visitors fill the yard. The roar of the great furnaces is softened — the ring of hammers hushed; the wheels of the rolling-mill stop for a while, and the workmen crowd down to the water's edge to wish her God-speed. Two sister ships, half completed, lie

beside her, their tops and sides crowded with onlookers. Strings of gay flags flutter in all directions, and all looks ready for a holiday. It is the birthday and christening day of a new ship into our navy; not one like those glorious old wooden-sided frigates, the "Essex" or "Constitution," whose white sails carried our flag through hostile fleets and made it respected round the globe, but of another type destined to do work perhaps as grand,— things of iron and steel, of fire and steam and machinery; independent of tide or wind, defying the furious storm, a new generation of sea-kings.



Now all is ready. The tugs puff softly nearer on both sides; the spectators crowd more closely; blue-jackets swarm up the rigging of the attendant war-ships or stand by their guns. A group of distinguished people make their appearance high up on the bow of the new ship. A flask of wine hangs suspended from the bow by some red, white, and blue ribbons, the ends of which are held by a maiden who is to complete the ceremony of christening. A signal is given by the master workman, and the carpenters saw away the last brace that holds the vessel. A snap is heard, and, as she begins to move, all spring aside. The well-oiled ways smoke and groan as she gathers headway and rushes down, faster and faster, to the water; she dips deep at the stern, throwing up a cloud of spray; then rises; the maiden pulls the ribbons, there is a fall of something bright against the iron side, and a dash of foaming champagne and broken glass falls into the water, as she cries, "I name thee 'Baltimore.'"

The great guns roar out a welcome, bells ring, tug whistles blow, crowds cheer, the tugs take her in tow, and the launching of the war-ship is complete.

CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter III.

Jack was dry enough, but anybody could see that he had had a ducking, when he marched down the main street. He was carrying his prizes in two strings, one in each hand, and he was looking and feeling taller than he ever felt before. It was just the right hour to meet people, and he had to answer curious questions from some women, and from twice as many men, and from three times as many boys, all the way from above the green, where he came out into the street, down to the front of the Washington Hotel.

"Yes; I caught 'em all in the Cocahutchie."

He had had to say that any number of times, and he had also explained, apparently without trying to conceal anything:

"I had to swim for 'em. Caught 'em all under water. Those big speckled fellows are trout. They pulled me clean under. All that kind of fish live under water." And he told half a dozen inquiring boys: "I 've found the best fish-hole you ever saw. Deep water all 'round it. I 'm going there again." And then every one asked: "Take me with you, Jack?"

He had to come to a halt at the tavern, for every man in the arm-chairs on the piazza brought his feet down from the railing.

"Hold on! I want to look at those fish!" shouted old Livermore, the landlord. "Where 'd you catch 'em?"

"Down the Cocahutchie," said Jack once more. "I caught 'em under water."

"Those are just what I 'm looking for," replied Livermore, rubbing his sides, while nearly a dozen men crowded around to admire, and to guess at the weights.

"Traout 's a-sellin' at a dollar a paound, over to Mertonville," squealed old Deacon Hawkins; "and traout o' that size is wuth more 'n small traout. Don't ye let old Livermore cheat ye, Jack."

"I won't cheat him, Deacon," said the big landlord. "I don't want anything but the trout. There 's a Sunday crowd coming over from Mertonville, to-morrer, to hear Elder Holloway. I 'll give ye two dollars, Jack."

"That 's enough for one fish," said Jack. "Don't you want the big one? I had to dive for him. He 'll weigh more 'n three pounds."

"No, he won't!" said the landlord, becoming more and more eager. "Say three dollars for the lot."

"I daon't know but what I want some o' them traout myself," began Deacon Hawkins, peering more closely at the largest prize. "It 's hard times,—and a dollar a paound. I 've got some folks comin' and Elder Holloway 's to be at my haouse. I don't know but I oughter—"

"I 'll take 'em, Jack," interrupted the landlord, testily. "I spoke first. Three pounds, and two is five pounds, and—"

"I 'll give another dollar for the small traout," exclaimed Deacon Hawkins. "He can't have 'em all."

The landlord might have hesitated even then, but the excitement was catching, and Squire Jones was actually, but slowly, taking out his pocket-book.

"Five! There 's your five, Jack. The big fish are mine. Take your money. Fetch 'em in," broke out old Livermore.

"There 's my dollar,—and there 's my traout,—" squealed the deacon.

"I was just a-goin' to saay—" at that moment growled the deep, heavy bass voice of Squire Jones.

"Too late," said the landlord. "He 's taken my money. Come in, Jack. Come in and get yours, Deacon," and Jack walked on into the Washington House with six dollars in his hand, just as a boy he knew stuck his head under Squire Jones's arm and shouted:

"Jack!—Jack! Why did n't yer put 'em up at auction?"

It took but a minute to get rid of the very fine fish he had sold, and then the uncommonly successful angler made his way out of the Washington Hotel through the side door.

"I don't intend to answer any more questions," he said to himself; "and all that crowd is out there yet."

There was another reason that he did not give, for his perch, good as they were, and the wide-mouthed sucker, and the great, clumsy bullheads, looked mean and common, now that their elegant companions were gone. He felt almost ashamed of them until just as he reached the back yard of his own home.

A tall, grimy man, with his head under the pump, was vigorously scrubbing charcoal and iron dust from his face and hands and hair. "Jack," he shouted, "where 'd you get that string o' fish? Best I 've seen round here for ever so long."

Another voice came from the kitchen door, and in half a second it seemed to belong to a chorus of voices.

"Why, Jack Ogden! What a string of fish!"

"I caught 'em 'way down the Cocahutchie, Mother," said Jack. "I caught 'em all under water. Had to go right in after some of 'em."

"I should say you did," growled his father, almost jocosely, and then he and Mrs. Ogden and Aunt Melinda and the children crowded around to examine the fish, on the pump platform.

"Jack must do something better 'n that," said his father, rubbing his face hard with the kitchen towel; "but he 's had the best kind o' luck this time."

"He caught a team of runaway horses this morning, too," said Mary, looking proudly at the fish. "I wish I could do something worth talking about, but I 'm only a girl."

Jack's clothes had not suffered much from their ducking, mainly because the checked shirt and linen trousers, of which his suit consisted, had been frequently soaked before. His straw hat was dry, for it had been lying on the grass when he went into the water, and so were his shoes and stockings, which had been under the bed in his bedroom, waiting for Sunday.

It was not until the family was gathered at the table that Jack came out with the whole tremendous story of his afternoon's sport, and of its cash results.



"JACK STROLLED DOWN ALONG THE WATER'S EDGE." (SEE PAGE 343.)

"Now I 've learned all about fly-fishing," he said, with confidence, "I can catch fish anywhere. I sha'n't have to go to fish out of that old mill-pond again."

"Six dollars!" exclaimed his mother, from behind the tea-pot. "What awful extravagance there is in this wicked world! But what 'll you do with six dollars?"

"It 's high time he began to earn something," said the tall blacksmith, gloomily. "It 's hard

times in Crofield. There 's almost nothing for him to do here."

"That 's why I 'm going somewhere else," said Jack, with a sudden burst of energy, and showing a very red face. "Now I 've got some money to pay my way, I 'm going to New York."

"No, you 're not," said his father; and then there was a silence for a moment.

"What on earth could you do in New York?" said his mother, staring at him as if he had said something dreadful. She was not a small woman, but she had an air of trying to be larger, and her face quickly began to recover its ordinary smile of self-confident hope, so much like that of Jack. She added, before anybody else could speak: "There are thousands and thousands of folks there already. Well,—I suppose you could get along there, if they can."

"It 's too full," said her husband. "It 's fuller 'n Crofield. He could n't do anything in a city. Besides, it is n't any use; he could n't get there, or anywhere near there, on six dollars."

"If he only could go somewhere, and do something, and be somebody," said Mary, staring hard at her plate.

She had echoed Jack's thought, perfectly. "That 's you, Molly," he said, "and I 'm going to do it, too."

"You 're going to work a-haying, all next week, I guess," said his father, "if there 's anybody wants ye. All the money you earn you can give to your mother. You ain't going a-fishing again, right away. Nobody ever caught the same fish twice."

Slowly, glumly, but promptly, Jack handed over his two greenbacks to his mother, but he only remarked:

"If I work for anybody 'round here, they 'll want me to take my pay in hay. They won't pay cash."

"Hay 's just as good," said his father; and then he changed the subject and told his wife how the miller had again urged him to trade for the strip of land along the creek, above and below the bridge. "It comes right up to the line of my lot," he said, "and to Hawkins's fence. The whole of it is n't worth as much as mine is, but I don't see what he wants to trade for."

She agreed with him, and so did Aunt Melinda; but Jack and Mary finished their suppers and went out to the front door. She stood still for a moment, with her hands clasped behind her, looking across the street, as if she were reading the sign on the shop. The discontented, despondent expression on her face made her more and more like a very young and pretty copy of her father.

"I don't care, Molly," said Jack. "If they take away every cent I get, I 'm going to the city, some time."

"I 'd go, too, if I were a boy," she said. "I 've got to stay at home and wash dishes and sweep. You can go right out and make your fortune. I 've read of lots of boys that went away from home and worked their way up. Some of 'em got to be Presidents."

"Some girls amount to something, too," said Jack. "You 've been through the Academy. I had to stop, when I was twelve, and go to work in a store. Been in every store in Crofield. They did n't pay me a cent in cash, but I learned the grocery business, and the dry-goods business, and all about crockery. That was something. I could keep a store. Some of the stores in New York 'd hold all the stores in Crofield."

"Some of 'em are owned and run by women, too," said Mary; "but there 's no use of my thinking of any such thing."

Before he could tell her what he thought about it, her mother called her in, and then he, too, stood still and seemed to study the sign over the door of the blacksmith-shop.

"I 'll do it!" he exclaimed, at last, shaking his fist at the sign. "It is n't the end of July yet, and I 'm going to get to the city before Christmas; you see 'f I don't."

After Mary Ogden left him and went in, Jack walked down to the bridge. It seemed as if the Cocahutchie had a special attraction for him, now that he knew what might be in it.

There were three boys leaning over the rail on the lower side of the bridge, and four on the upper side, and all were fishing. Jack did not know, and they did not tell him, that all their hooks were baited with "flies" of one kind or another instead of worms. Two had grasshoppers, and one had a big bumblebee, and they were after such trout as Jack Ogden had caught

and been paid so much money for. One told another that Jack had five dollars apiece for those fish, and that even the bullheads were so heavy it tired him to carry them home.

Jack did not go upon the bridge. He strolled down along the water's edge.

"It 's all sand and gravel," he said; "but I 'd hate to leave it."

It was curious, but not until that very moment had he been at all aware of any real affection for Crofield. He was only dimly aware of it then, and he forgot it all to answer a hail from two men under the clump of giant trees which had so nearly wrecked the miller's wagon.

The men had been looking up at the trees, and Jack heard part of what they said about them, as he came near. They had called him to talk about his trout-fishing, but they had aroused his curiosity upon another subject.

"Mr. Bannerman," he said, as soon as he had an opportunity between "fish" questions, "did you say you 'd give a hundred dollars for those trees, just as they stand? What are they good for?"

"Jack," exclaimed the sharp-looking man he spoke to, "don't you tell anybody I said that. You won't, will you? Come, now, did n't I treat you well whilst you were in my shop?"

"Yes, you did," said Jack, "but you kept me there only four months. What are those trees good for? You don't use anything but pine."

"Why, Jack," said Bannerman, "it is n't for carpenter-work. Three of 'em are curly maples, and that one there 's the straightest-grained, biggest, cleanest old cherry! They 're for j'iner-work, Jack. But you said you would n't tell?"

"I won't tell," said Jack. "Old Hammond owns 'em. I stayed in your shop just long enough to learn the carpenter's trade. I did n't learn j'iner-work. Don't you want me again?"

"Not just now, Jack; but Sam and I 've got a bargain coming with Hammond, and he owes us some, now, and you must n't put in and spile the trade for us. I 'll do ye a good turn, some day. Don't you tell."

Jack promised again and the carpenters walked away, leaving him looking up at the trees and thinking how it would seem to see them topple over and come crashing down into the Cocahutchie, to be made up into chairs and tables. Just as long as he could remember anything he had seen the old trees standing guard there, summer and winter, leafy or bare, and they were like old friends to him.

"I 'll go home," he said, at last. "There has n't been a house built in Crofield for years and years. It is n't any kind of place for carpentering, or for anything else that I know how to do."

Then he took a long, silent, thoughtful look up-stream, and another down-stream, and instead of the gravel and bushes and grass, in one direction, and the rickety bridge and the slippery dam and the dingy old red mill, in the other direction, he seemed to see a vision of great buildings and streets and crowds of busy men, while the swishing ripple of the Cocahutchie changed into the rush and roar of the great city he was setting his heart upon. He gave it up for that evening, and went home and went to bed, but even then it seemed to him as if he were about to let go of something and take hold of something else.

"I 've done that often enough," he said to himself. "I 'll have to leave the blacksmith's trade now, but I 'm kind o' glad I learned it. I 'm glad I did n't have my shoes on when I went into the water, though. Soaking is n't good for that kind of shoes. Don't I know? I 've worked in every shoe-shop in Crofield, some. Did n't get any pay, except in shoes; but then I learned the trade, and that 's something. I never had an opportunity to stay long in any one place, but I could stay in the city."

Then another kind of dreaming set in, and the next thing he knew it was Sunday morning, with a promise of a sunny, sultry, sleepy kind of day.

It was not easy for the Ogden family to shut out all talk about fishing, while they were eating Jack's fish for breakfast, but they avoided the subject until Jack went to dress. Jack was quite another boy by the time he was ready for church. He was skillful with the shoe-brush, and from his shoes upward he was a surprise.

"You do look well," said Mary, as he and she were on their way to church. "But how you did look when you came home last night!"

There was little opportunity for conversation,

for the walk before the Ogden family from their gate to the church-door was not long.

The little processions toward the village green did not divide fairly after reaching there that morning. The larger part of each aimed itself at the middle of the green, although the building there was no larger than either of the two that stood at its right and left.



JACK AND HIS FATHER FIGHT THE FIRE. (SEE PAGE 346.)

"Everybody 's coming to hear Elder Holloway," said Jack. "They say it takes a fellow a good while to learn how to preach."

Mrs. Ogden and Aunt Melinda led their part of the procession, and Jack and his father followed them in. There were ten Ogdens, and the family pew held six. Just as they were going in, some one asked Mary to go into the choir. Little Sally nestled in her mother's lap; Bob and Jim were small and thin and only counted for one; Bessie and Sue went in, and so did their father, and then Jack remarked:

"I 'm crowded out, Father. I 'll find a place, somewhere."

"There is n't any," said the blacksmith. "Every place is full."

He shook his head until the points of his Sunday collar scratched him, but off went Jack, and that was the last that was seen of him until they were all at home again.

Mary Ogden had her reasons for not expecting to sing in the choir that day, but she went when sent for. The gallery was what Jack called a "coop," and would hold just eighteen persons, squeezed in. Usually it was only half full, but on a great day, what was called the "old choir" was sure to turn out. There were no girls nor boys in the "old choir." There had been three seats yet to fill when Mary was sent for, but Miss Glidden and Miss Roberts and her elder sister from Mertonville came in just then. So, when Mary reached the gallery, Miss Glidden leaned over, smiled, and said very benevolently:

"You will not be needed today, Mary Ogden. The choir is filled."

The organ began to play at that moment, somewhat as if it had lost its temper. Mr. Simmons, the choir-leader (whenever he could get there), flushed and seemed about to say something. He was the one who had sent for Mary, and it was said that he had been heard to say that it would be good to have "some music, outside of the organ." Before he could speak, however, Mary was downstairs again. Seats were offered her in several of the back pews, and she took one under the gallery. She might as well have had a sounding-board behind her, arranged so as to send her voice right at the pulpit. Perhaps her temper was a little aroused, and she did not know how very full her voice was when she began the first hymn. All were singing, and they could hear the organ and the

choir, but through, over, and above them all sounded the clear, ringing notes of Mary Ogden's soprano. Elder Holloway, sitting in the pulpit, put up a hand to one ear, as half-deaf men do, and sat up straight, looking as if he was hearing some good news. He said afterward that it helped him preach; but then Mary did not know it. When all the services were over, she slipped out into the vestibule to wait for the rest. She stood there when Miss Glidden came downstairs. The portly lady was trying her best to smile and look sweet.

"Splendid sermon, Mary Ogden," said she. "I hope you 'll profit by it. I sha'n't ask you to take my class this afternoon. Elder Holloway 's going to inspect the school. I 'll be glad to have you present, though, as one of my best scholars."

Mary went home as quickly as she could, and the first remark she made was to Aunt Melinda.

"*Her* class!" she said. "Why, she has n't been there in six weeks. She had only four in it when she left, and there 's a dozen now."

The Ogden procession homeward had been longer than when it went to church. Jack understood the matter the moment he came into the dining-room, for both extra leaves had been put into the extension-table.

"There 's company," he said aloud. "You could n't stretch that table any farther, unless you stretched the room."

"Jack," said his mother, "you must come afterward. You can help Mary wait on the table."

Jack was as hungry as a young pickerel, but there was no help for it, and he tried to reply cheerfully:

"I 'm getting used to being crowded out. I can stand it."

"Where 'd you sit in church?" asked his mother.

"Out on the stoop," said Jack, "but I did n't go till after I 'd sat in five pews inside."

"Sorry you missed the sermon," said his mother. "It was about Jerusalem."

"I heard him," said Jack; "you could hear him half-way across the green. It kept me thinking about the city, all the while. I 'm going, somehow."

Just then the talk was interrupted by the others who came in from the parlor.

"I declare, Ogden," said the editor, "we shall quite fill your table. I 'm glad I came, though. I 'll print a full report of it all in the Mertonville *Eagle*."

"That 's Murdoch, the editor," said Jack to himself. "That 's his paper. Ours was a *Standard*,— but it 's bu'sted."

"There 's no room for a newspaper in Crofield," said the blacksmith. "They tried one, and it lasted six months, and my son worked on it all the time it ran."

Mr. Murdoch turned and looked inquisitively at Jack, through a huge pair of tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses.

"That 's so," said Jack; "I learned to set type and helped edit the paper. Molly and I did all the clipping and most of the writing, one week."

"Did you?" said the editor emphatically. "Then you did well. I remember there was one strong number."

"Molly," said Jack, as soon as they were out in the kitchen, "there 's five besides our family. They won't leave a thing for us."

"There 's hardly enough for them, even," said Mary. "What 'll we do?"

"We can cook!" said Jack, with energy. "We 'll cook while they 're eating. You know how, and so do I."

"You can wait on table as well as I can," said Mary.

There was something cronyish and also self-helpful, in the way Jack and Molly boiled eggs and toasted bread and fried bacon and made coffee, and took swift turns at eating and at waiting on the table.

The editor of the *Eagle* heard the whole of the trout item, and about the runaway, and told Jack to send him the next big trout he caught.

There was another item of news that was soon to be ready for Mr. Murdoch. Jack was conscious of a restless, excited state of mind, and Mary said things that made him worse.

"You want to get somewhere else as badly as I do," he remarked, just as they came back from taking in the pies to the dinner-table.

"I feel, sometimes, as if I could fly!" exclaimed Mary. Jack walked out through the hall to the front door, and stood there thinking,

with a hard-boiled egg in one hand and a piece of toast in the other.

The street he looked into was silent and deserted, from the bridge to the hotel corner. He looked down to the creek, for a moment, and then he looked the other way.

"I believe Molly could do 'most anything I could do," he said to himself; "unless it was catching a runaway team. She could n't ha' caught that wagon. Hullo, what 's that? Jingo! The hotel cook must have made a regular bonfire to fry my trout!"

He wheeled as he spoke, and dashed back through the house, shouting:

"Father, the Washington Hotel 's on fire!— over the kitchen!"

"Ladder, Jack. Rope. Bucket," cried the tall blacksmith, coolly rising from the table, and following. As for the rest, beginning with the editor of the *Eagle*, it was almost as if they had been told that they were themselves on fire. Even Aunt Melinda exclaimed: "He ought to have told us more about it! Where is it? How 'd it ever catch? Oh, dear me! It 's the oldest part of the hotel. It 's as dry as a bone, and it 'll burn like tinder!"

Everybody else was saying something as all jumped and ran, but Jack and his father were silent. Ladder, rope, water-pails, were caught up, as if they were going to work in the shop, but the moment they were in the street again it seemed as if John Ogden's lungs must be as deep as the bellows of his forge.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" His full, resonant voice sent out the sudden warning.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" shouted Jack, and every child of the Ogden family, except Mary, echoed with such voice as belonged to each.

Through the wide gate of the hotel barn-yard dashed the blacksmith and his son, with their ladder, at the moment when Mrs. Livermore came out at the kitchen door, wiping a plate. All the other inmates of the hotel were gathered around the long table in the dining-hall, and they were too busy with pie and different kinds of pudding, to notice anything outdoors.

"Where is the fire, Mr. Ogden?" she said, in a fatigued tone.

"The fire 's on your roof, close to the chimney," said the blacksmith. "Maybe we can put it out, if we 're quick about it. Call everybody to hand up water."

Up went a pair of hands, and out came a great scream. Another shrill scream, and another, followed in quick succession, and the plate she had held, fell and was shivered into fragments on the stone door-step.

"Foi-re! Foi-re! Foi-re-re-re!" yelled the hotel cook. "The house is a-bur-rnin'! Wa-ter! Waw-aw-ter!"

The doors to the passage-ways of the hotel were open, and in a second more her cry was taken up by voices that sent the substance of it ringing through the dining-hall.

Plates fell from the hands of waiters, coffee-cups were upset, chairs were overturned, all manner of voices caught up the alarm.

It would have been a very serious matter but for the promptness of Jack Ogden and his very cool father. The ladder was planted and climbed, there was a quick dash along the low but high-ridged roof of the kitchen addition of the hotel,—the rope was put around Jack's waist, and then he was able safely to use both hands in pouring water from the pails around the foot of the chimney. Other feet came fast to the foot of the ladder. More went tramping into the rooms under the roof. The pumps in the kitchen and in the barn-yard were worked with frantic energy; pail after pail was carried upstairs and up the ladder; water was thrown in all directions; nothing was left undone that could be done, and a great many things were done that seemed hardly possible.

"Hot work, Jack," said his father. "It 's a-gaining on us. Glad they 'd all about got through dinner,— though Livermore tells me he 's insured."

"I can stand it," said Jack. "They have steam fire-engines in the city, though. Oh, but would n't I like to see one at work, once. I 'd like to be a fireman!"

"That 's about what you are, just now," said his father, and then he turned toward the ladder and shouted:

"Hurry up that water! Quick, now! Bring an axe! I want to smash the roof in. Bear it, Jack. We 've got to beat this fire."

The main building of the Washington Hotel was long, rather than high, with an open veranda

along Main street. The third story was mainly steep roof and dormer-windows, and the kitchen addition had only a story and a half. It was an easy building to get into or out of. Very quickly, after the cry of "Fire!" was heard, the only people in it, upstairs, were such of the guests as had the pluck to go and pack their trunks. The lower floor was very well crowded, and it was almost a relief to the men actually at work as firemen that so many other men kept well back because they were in their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes.

Everybody was inclined to praise Jack Ogden and his father, who were making so brave a fight on the roof within only a few feet of the smoke and blaze. It was heroic to look a burning house straight in the face and conquer it. During fully half an hour there seemed to be doubt about the victory, but the pails of water came up rapidly, a line of men and boys along the roof conveyed them to the hands of Jack, and the fire had a damp time of it, with no wind to help. The blacksmith had chopped a hole in the roof, and Tom and Sam Bannerman, the carpenters, were already calculating what they could charge old Livermore to put the addition in order again.

"There, Jack," said his father, at last, "we can quit, now. The fire 's under. Somebody else can take a turn. It 's the hottest kind of work. Come along. We 've done our share, and a little more, too."

Jack had just swallowed a puff of smoke, but as soon as he could stop coughing, he said:

"I 've had enough. I 'm coming."

Other people seemed to agree with them; but there would have been less said about it if little Joe Hawkins had not called out:

"Three cheers for the Ogdens!"

The cheers were given as the two volunteer firemen came down the ladder, but there were no speeches made in reply. Jack hurried back home at once, but his father had to stop and talk with the Bannermans and old Hammond the miller.

"Jack," said his mother, looking at him, proudly, from head to foot, "you 're always doing something or other. We were looking at you, all the while."

"He has n't hurt his Sunday clothes a bit," said Aunt Melinda, but there was quite a crowd around the gate, and she did not hug him.

He was a little damp, his face was smoky, his shirt-collar was wilted, and his shoes would require a little work, but otherwise he was none the worse.

Jack went into the house, saying that he must brush his clothes; but really it was because he wished to get away. He did not care to talk to anybody.

"I never felt so, in all my life, as I did when sitting on that roof, fighting that fire," he said aloud, as he went upstairs; and he did not know, even then, how excited he had been, silent and cool as he had seemed. In that short time, he had dreamed of more cities than he was ever likely to see, and of doing more great things than he could ever possibly do, and when he came down the ladder he felt older than when he went up. He had no idea that much the same thoughts had come to Mary, nor did he know how fully she believed that he could do anything, and that she was as capable as he.

"Father 's splendid, too," she said, "but then he never had any chance, here, and Mother did n't either. Jack ought to have a chance."

(To be continued.)

TWO WAYS OF HAVING A GOOD TIME.

By Frances E. Willard.

A little bird came and perched on the top of my penholder. It had a little voice somewhat like the jingle of those silver bells worn by fairies. It went off all of a sudden like an alarm-clock, and in five minutes had twittered me two songs in pigeon English. They are here written in prose, as I have forgotten how you write in verse. This is what the bird said in

Song First.

I flew over land and sea, and in Paris I saw three bright little children — Henri, Mathilde, and Sophie. They were three little flutterbudgets, never still a quarter of a minute, but always saying, "Dear Mamma, what will you do next that we may be amused?" and their mamma would answer, "You shall go with your nurse to the puppet-theater in the garden of the Luxembourg, and she shall buy you some bread to feed the goldfish in the large fountain." So they would sit on a shady bank, and the man would make the little puppets (dolls dressed up like big folks) shake hands and talk and be pleasant, or fight and kill one another, just as he thought fit, and the man would stay out of sight behind the little stage, and change his voice, and pretend it was the dolls that talked. So it was a regular little theater, and the three children would laugh and clap their hands if they liked the play, and if they did n't, they would hiss like so many geese. Then they would say, "Now we will go on the boulevard and see the pictures and jewels and all the handsome things in the windows." So they did, and the next day they came to their mother again: "Dear Mamma, we want to be amused." Then she went with them to the Palace of the Louvre, where there are more curious things than you could look at in a whole year, and the little necks would be strained, and the little eyes would go staring this way and that, trying to take in all they could at one glance. Then they would hunt up another dolls' theater and hear the Emperor's band play in the palace garden. The next day they would come again, and with just the same cry: "Oh, dear! Mamma, it is so dull, what can we see that is new, so we may be amused?"

For this was the thing of which they were never tired; and so the good lady went with them to the Garden of Plants, the largest menagerie in the world, with such a noise of big birds cawing and lions roaring and monkeys chattering, you could never hear yourself think; only nobody wished to think, but just to be amused. And the three children said, "You are a lovely mamma, but we are tired of this show; it is good for country children, perhaps, but we have so many nicer things in Paris that we do not like to spend our time here"; so she took them to the real opera that night, and they saw the Emperor, in his box all covered with gold, and all the people clapping their hands, and it was a splendid place to be in, full of such grand folks and glittering uniforms. When Sunday came they went to the cathedral, and the priests had on their bright clothes, and the music was grand, so they had almost as good a time as at the opera, except that in the cathedral one has only a little cane-chair, and in the opera a velvet sofa, which is a great deal pleasanter. In the evening they stayed at home, so that on the whole they found the day comparatively dull. Well, they went on this way year after year,

and they studied somewhat and were ambitious to excel, but they had to be wonderfully amused all the way along; so by the time they were grown up, they had seen so much that nothing could take them by surprise, and they could never wonder about anything great. A pity it was, indeed; and because the people in that country are brought up in this way, they get to think this world is wearisome, and for variety they go to war, or have a revolution at home, or kill their king so as to have a new one, or change their flags and the names of their streets, and build new palaces,— anything so as not to have a dull time in Paris. One of their rulers, the great Napoleon, when he received a letter saying they were displeased with him, replied: "Gild the dome of the Hôtel des Invalides; they will look at that, and it will be a new thing, and they will forget that they are displeased with me."

Song Second.

The little bird opened his mouth very wide, smoothed his feathers, and went on more quietly:

I flew over land and sea, and came upon three other children, living in a grove on the edge of a wide prairie, away in the West; they had nobody to amuse them, they lived miles away from other people, and had never seen a city; they had no company but their mother, except a big dog, a little kitten, and a gopher they had tamed. Their mother had much work to do, and though she was fond of them, she could not send them anywhere to be amused. But she had excellent sense, and she told them to look in the books their father had in his room, and see what people did out in the world; "for," she said, "it 's all a sort of playing, anyway, this that grown folks are so busy about; and you can just picture it all out in your minds, and set up for yourselves, and do the same things, if you like." And then she told them there could n't be better company than the big, pleasant prairie, and woods full of oaks and hickories, and the wide river with osiers on its banks, and shells upon its shores. So the little people began to think and read and imagine, and they made up their minds they would (as they said in the "Plan" they wrote about it all) "combine the advantages of country life and city life," having hiding-places in trees, setting traps in the woods, going out nutting, fishing, hunting, boating, and, besides all this, fitting up their home as a city to which they could return, and where they could sell their nuts and fish and shells. They named all the paths in the garden after famous streets they read about, painted these names on shingles, and fastened them to the trees. They took the dining-room for a hotel, the sitting-room for the city hall, the parlor for the church, and so on. Besides these, they had the barn for a warehouse, hiding-places in trees for sentinels, an old bee-hive for a post-office, and pieces of leather curiously stamped for money. They had a full code of laws written out, with penalties attached; a set of city officers never yet accused of cheating the public; a church where they attended every Sunday; a newspaper — illustrated at that — all written out by hand, with editorials, poetry, stories, and a fine Juvenile Department.

They opened an "Art Gallery" up in the garret, and had a banquet with little dishes they had molded from clay, and set out on a bench covered with a sheet, with pumpkin-blossoms for a center-piece. On this occasion, speeches were made and spring-water toasts drunk out of acorn cups; and, later, water-color drawings of gophers, of blue jays and red-headed woodpeckers were shown; also sketches from nature, and statues of all the family in clay, not very striking likenesses, but then they were all plainly labeled! It would fill a book to tell of all the good times those children had! The people who live in this western world are taught that it is better to amuse themselves than to be amused; to "think things out" and give new ideas time to soak in; and so they take life more as it comes; they would rather eat strawberries when the sun ripens them in June, than to have them from hot-houses in February.

So — said the little bird — as I flew to and fro, I learned that it is better to make a little go a great way than a great deal go a little way, in the amusement of the frisky lambs you call "our young folks."

And he spread his little wings and flew through the open window.

EVERY-DAY BACTERIA.

By Prof. Frederick D. Chester.

MOST of the readers of St. Nicholas have, undoubtedly, often heard that a drop of ordinary water is teeming with all kinds of living things, and those who possess microscopes have, perhaps, themselves seen these wonderful forms of life. Not all of you, however, may understand that such water as this is dangerous to drink, inasmuch as water which is pure and healthful should contain very few of these living organisms. If a drop of good drinking water be examined with a powerful microscope, we see only here and there some living thing moving about, while if we take a drop of stagnant water we find it to be teeming with life of this sort. The difference is as great as that between the few people on the street of a sleepy country village, and the moving throngs on the main avenue of a great city. Now, while we do not care to drink the water which is so full of living things, it is, nevertheless, very interesting to us, and we are anxious to learn what is the nature, and what are the habits, of these inhabitants of a drop of water.

When scientific men first began to construct powerful microscopes, they thought that these living things which they found in a drop of impure water were minute animals, and so called them animalcules. They believed that they were animals because they could move about; and as they saw them darting hither and thither with great swiftness through the water, they could come to no other conclusion.

We have since discovered, however, that some minute *plants* can move with the grace and ease of animals, and that most of these living things of which we are speaking are microscopic plants.

The great majority of these microscopic plants are what botanists call *bacteria*, the smallest form of vegetable life. So small are they that it would take, in some cases, as many as fifteen thousand of them arranged in a row to extend an inch. They have different forms, some being round, some oval, some rod-shaped, and others much the shape of a corkscrew, or spiral. In all cases they are so small that one needs a powerful microscope to study them, and in no case can we perceive them singly with the naked eye. When countless millions of them are grouped together in a mass, or colony, we can see them about as we are able to see at a great distance an approaching army, of which we are totally unable to distinguish a single soldier.

We have said that these bacteria move about; and this is true of most of them, although there are some which do not appear to move at all, but remain fixed where they find a good feeding-place. Those that have motion behave in a very peculiar manner: some wobble about in one place without moving forward in the least; others dart hither and thither, back and forth, at an apparently furious rate, rocking and twirling about, and turning a hundred somersaults as they move along.

Bacteria multiply very rapidly, and they do this in a strange way. A single one breaks itself in two; then each half grows to be as large as the first. Then these, in turn, divide up again, and so on, until from a single one we have many thousands in a short time. To give you the figures, such as they are, a single one can multiply at so enormous a rate that in forty-eight hours it can produce something like 280,000,000,000 of bacteria. Great consequences follow this enormous increase of bacteria; for, while one which is so small in itself can do little, the vast army resulting from the multiplication of one is able to accomplish much.

Let us think of some of the commonest things that are caused every day by bacteria. Every one knows how quickly milk will turn sour on a warm day. If you ask what causes this change, I answer, the great army of bacteria

performs the work. Examine a drop of the sour milk with a microscope, and you find swarms of bacteria in this one drop. We find very few when the milk first begins to turn sour, but up to a certain point we discover more and more, as the souring goes on. The milk as it comes from the cow usually contains none of the bacteria which cause milk to sour, those which do this coming mainly from the air or from some unclean vessel.

We feel assured of this, because, if milk is heated in bottles or jars, and then corked or sealed so tightly that no air can get in, the milk will not sour. The reason for this is that a great heat will kill bacteria, and so, by heating both the milk and the vessel which holds it, we kill all bacteria which might otherwise cause the milk to sour. Should we heat the milk and then expose it to the air, however, we would find that it would soon sour, because the bacteria would fall from the air into the milk just as dust falls upon the furniture, and some of these bacteria would be of the kind which causes souring.

Instead of doing this, we cork it tightly, and thus preserve it sweet for many months, and even years. Examine a drop of the milk which has been corked up so long, and which is still sweet, and you will not find any of those bacteria which are to be found in the sour milk.

Let us now try another experiment which, if you will study it carefully, will give you much information. Cut a piece of meat into fine bits, and soak them in water for a few hours. Pour off the water from the meat into a tin cup, and boil it for five or ten minutes. Allow the liquid to stand until cool, then strain through fine muslin, when it will come out perfectly clear. Pour the clear liquid into a flask, and boil it in the flask for five or ten minutes every day for several days. In this way you will kill all the bacteria in the liquid. The flask should be corked all this time with a plug of ordinary cotton, and you will find that after undergoing this process your broth will keep for months, and perhaps for years. Upon taking out the plug of cotton, the liquid will, in a short time, begin to spoil and to smell bad. Examine it with a microscope, and you will find it swarming with bacteria, while there was not a living thing in it before. This experiment indicates, I think, that bacteria cause the spoiling of broth, and that they are "sown" in it from the air.

A great many different diseases are caused by bacteria, and in several cases the kind causing a particular disease has been recognized. Thus there is a form of bacteria always found in diphtheria, and another in small-pox.

Boys not seldom cut or bruise their fingers while using tools, or run splinters into their hands. Now, when this is done, the injury should be attended to at once, for the finger or hand may fester and become sore, and this may go so far as to result in blood-poisoning, often with very serious results.

If we magnify a little of the matter which sometimes forms about a cut, we shall find it full of bacteria, and it is these bacteria which cause the irritation and soreness. The cut makes a place which is peculiarly favorable for the growth of the bacteria, a few of which may have adhered to the knife, and when the cutting occurred they may have been "sown" into the cut, or others may have been carried into it by dust or dirt lodging there. In any of these ways, one or more of these bacteria find their way into the cut place, and there multiply, causing the festering and soreness. There is one sure way of preventing this, and that is by bathing the cut, or keeping it wet all the time with some liquid that will kill the bacteria or prevent their multiplying. There are a number of these liquids, but as most of them are poisons, it is unsafe for any one but a physician to use them. A good substitute is alcohol. If you wash your cut finger with alcohol, and then wrap a rag wet with this liquid around it, your finger will not be in danger of festering. The alcohol causes a smarting at first, but this soon passes away.

Years ago, whenever physicians were obliged to cut off people's limbs, the operation was accompanied by great danger. It was because bacteria lodged and multiplied very rapidly in the cut places, and then got into the blood and caused blood-poisoning. This seldom happens now unless surgeons are careless, because the cut is always washed with some liquid which quickly kills all bacteria, and is kept moist with the same, so that they can not afterward be deposited and developed.

Bacteria often enter the human body, and, multiplying upon certain parts or organs, produce particular diseases. They get into the body principally in two ways, by the air we breathe, and by the water we drink. Now, special kinds of bacteria produce only particular diseases, and fortunately there are not many of them in the air or water. Were it otherwise, there would be continual illness. It is, nevertheless, very important to breathe pure air and drink good water, for, when these are not pure, there will be more bacteria in them and more likelihood of there being a few of those which may cause some of the more serious diseases.

Most of the diseases caused by bacteria are contagious, because the bacteria causing the disease may be carried from a person who has it to one who is susceptible.

When we are afraid of taking a particular disease we burn sulphur in the house. This is because the gas which comes from the burning sulphur rapidly kills all bacteria which might otherwise cause the disease that we wish to escape.

All these things teach us that bacteria are mighty agents, and although they are the smallest of all living things, that they can accomplish results of the greatest importance.

TODDLING ISLAND.

By Edith M. Thomas.

On this silver inlet's breast,
Lies an isle in glamour drest.
All its trees are small but old,
Three-score winters each has told,
And the patriarch of the clan
Is no taller than a man!
Yet these little weazened trees
That are dropping on their knees
Down before the bluff north breeze
Are gigantic yew and oak
To the island's pigmy folk.

They are full of craft and guile,
Who inhabit Toddling Isle.
Oftentimes, with quaint farewells,
They launch out in scallop-shells,
On some mighty voyage bound
To the mainland meadow-ground.
If you 're like to cross their track,
Straight about they veer and tack,
Sheltering in those tangled coves
Where they hide their treasure-troves;
If you land, they quickly flit
Into secret cave and pit;
So that never yet, I ween,
Any of their ilk was seen.
But their bond-slaves you may pass,
Weaving through the warm, dry grass
(Limber "hopper," coal-black grig,
Lady-bug, and emmet trig);
And their beds you come across,
Strewn with tressèd green-gray moss;—
Pillows made of silk-weed floss—
Coverlids of rose-leaf lawn—
Sweet-fern curtains, partly drawn.
You may find their banquet-rooms
Hung with white azalea blooms,
And the dainties left in haste,
If you wish, yourself may taste;—
Goblets filled with dewberry wine,
Purple beach-plums, sleek and fine,
Honey that was had in fee
From the solitary-bee,
Smilax salads cool and crisp;—
You may taste—but no word lisp,
Else for seven years and a day
You on Toddling Isle must stay.
For of fern-seed you will eat,—
Be unseen, from head to feet,—
Be unheard, howe'er you moan,
Till your captive years are flown,
Drag about a gossamer chain,
Serve the King of Elves, in pain.

Ah, my child, be wise and dumb,
When to Toddling Isle you come!



PROFESSOR: "Now I know the name of this specimen of rock,—very rare—" ARMADILLO: "As a rock,—yes,—very rare!"

AN ARMADILLO HUNT.

BY WALTER B. BARROWS.

IT was nearly sunset of a hot day in January (!) when our boat left the rapid current of the Rio Uruguay,—its broad surface dotted with thousands of floating islets of tropical plants,—and rowing up a shady little creek, our party of five pitched camp on its grassy bank and began an all-night battle with the mosquitoes.

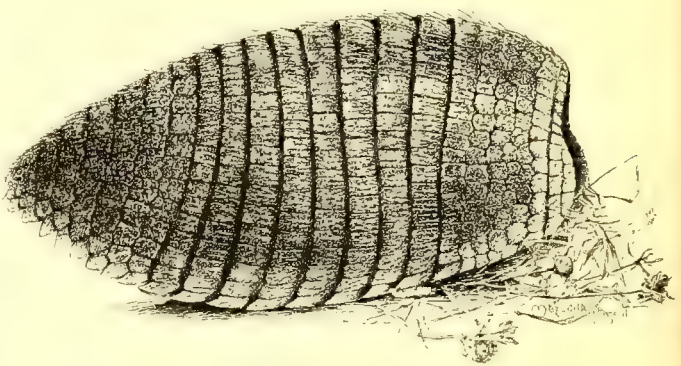
The trip had been planned mainly in search of rare plants, for the Doctor and his assistant, Hans, were botanists; but I was collecting birds and insects, our boatman, Pablo, was a river fisherman, and Miguel, our black cook and guide, was a *carpincho* hunter, whose regular business was the chase of the water-hog or capybara.

Behind the tent stretched a rolling, treeless plain, covered for the most part with long grass and flowering plants, with masses of thistles in the hollows, and here and there on the sandy ridges a thicket of cactus and mimosa. Half a dozen graceful pampas-deer watched us curiously from a safe distance as we arranged the camp, and, still further away, Miguel pointed out several *avestruces* (ostriches); but the gathering darkness made it impossible to follow them that night, especially as we were without horses.

On the opposite side of the creek, or *arroyo*, lay a heavily timbered swamp, from which the night-herons were already flapping lazily away to the marshes beyond, whence the weird shrieks of the crying-bird came to us constantly as we sat huddled in the smoke of the camp-fire, wondering how we should live through the night among such swarms of mosquitoes. Midnight found me still busy with the same problem; for my *mosquitero** proved too ragged to be of any use, and the night was so sultry that it was impossible to sleep wrapped in anything thick enough to keep out the insects. At last, goaded beyond endurance, I seized a shotgun, and, after a word of explanation to Miguel, started off over the rolling plain in hope of reaching higher ground, where possibly a breeze might sweep away some of the tormentors. The region was new and strange to me, and as there was always a chance of meeting a prowling puma or a more

* Mosquito netting.

dangerous jaguar, while the risk from wild cattle was even greater, there was need of constant watchfulness and care. At rare intervals, a bright spot half-way up the eastern sky marked the place of the full moon behind the clouds, but at other times the sky was uniformly dark and lowering, making the night gloomy though the darkness was not intense. Passing over a rounded ridge of grass-clad sand behind the tent, I entered a hollow filled with rank, spiny, thistle-like plants nearly ten feet high. Pushing hastily through these, another low ridge was reached, then another hollow, and so on, until — still surrounded by a dense cloud of mosquitoes — I stopped, breathless, and dripping with perspiration, a mile or more from the river. The air was heavy and motionless except that it fairly throbbed with the shrill notes of insects, broken occasionally by the harsh cry of the burrowing-owl, or more rarely by the bark of a fox. Gradually, however, the ear became conscious of another sound, — an indistinct, muffled noise which at one moment seemed close at hand and at another far away. I changed position cautiously and located the noise near by among the roots of the long grass, where some animal appeared to be digging and sniffing alternately, with an occasional grunt of satisfaction as it unearthed some particularly nice morsel. Although the animal was less than half a dozen paces distant, it could not be seen; yet I felt sure it must be a small animal, and, running over in my mind all the possible chances, soon concluded that it was a fox, an opossum, or an armadillo. A fox would have taken the alarm ere this; an opossum or an armadillo would be both harmless and interesting, so with gun ready I pushed forward through the coarse grass with every sense alert. Suddenly the sniffing ceased, the grass rustled gently for an instant, and then the mysterious creature went tearing through the weeds and brambles at a pace that rendered pursuit very difficult. Reaching an open sandy space, however, I was soon near enough to see that it was a fair-sized *peludo*, or hairy armadillo, weighing perhaps ten pounds or more. This was my first experience with a member of this family, and though I knew they were said to be perfectly harmless, I was loath to grapple with a beast which resembled nothing so much as it did a snapping-turtle. But its movements, in spite of its clumsiness, were sufficiently quick, in the uncertain light, to keep it out of my hands. Again and again I pitched forward and tried to seize its tail, but without success. A jump on the animal's shell, and a kick which nearly sent it over, alike proved useless, and after a sharp scramble of several minutes my first peludo tumbled suddenly into the mouth of its own or some other animal's burrow; and I sat down breathless, hot, and disgusted, wondering at my stupidity in letting it get away after all. Half an hour later, however, another escaped in almost the same manner, in spite of a charge of shot from my gun, which rattled against its coat of mail as harmlessly as a handful of sand. It was now after two o'clock in the morning, and though the mosquitoes still followed me in clouds, there was a slight breeze and the air seemed a trifle cooler. Deer frequently started up from the long grass and dashed away in the darkness, while once or twice an ominous bellow warned me of the nearness of wild cattle. The possible danger from this source, and the still greater risk from venomous snakes, caused me to halt at last in an open spot where I could wait for daylight in comparative safety. Both sleep and comfort were out of the question unless a strong breeze should drive away the mosquitoes; but evidently it was unsafe to wander aimlessly about; and apart from the actual danger it was very unpleasant, to say the least, to be constantly stumbling against the



THE SHELL OF AN ARMADILLO.

spines of prickly-pear cactus, which became more and more abundant on the higher ground.

The night seemed interminable, but at last morning broke,— dull, gloomy, and threatening, with a bank of inky clouds along the southern horizon.

The two miles of prairie, or *campo* as the natives call it, which lay between me and the river, were soon traversed, and almost as the tent was reached came the first gusts of a strong *pampero*. For the first half hour, the wind blew a hurricane, and while it lasted the tent was in momentary danger of being blown into the stream. Then came torrents of rain, and the wind became more steady, though for several hours the gale continued with great severity. Meanwhile I had slipped off my wet clothing, and, wrapped in a dry *poncho*, was soon fast asleep. It rained steadily until afternoon; then the clouds broke away and the sun shone forth on a new world.

Not a mosquito was left to vex us, and, instead of the sultry heat of the previous day, a strong south wind was sweeping over the billowy pampas, and the air was so fresh and cool that we were glad to draw our ponchos close and gather about the fire to sip our coffee and talk over our plans for the rest of the day. The Doctor and his assistant spent most of the afternoon in collecting plants; Pablo repitched the tent, gathered firewood, and set trawls in the arroyo; while Miguel and I hunted deer and ostriches, and planned an armadillo hunt for the evening. Ostriches were far from scarce, but proved too wary to allow us a shot even at long rifle-range; so we were obliged to content ourselves with a fine deer which lingered an instant too long within range of our guns. We carried to camp the antlers, hide, and some of the meat, although Miguel protested that after a single taste of peludo, we would scorn to touch venison. Supper was eaten with keen relish, and, after an hour's rest, the camp was left in charge of Pablo and we started for the prowling grounds of the armadillo just as the clouds along the horizon were silvered by the rising moon. Miguel, besides his long knife, carried only a light strong club, but Hans and I had double-barreled shotguns, while the Doctor, who was short and stout, carried a carbine to match.

The night was cool and the moonlight so bright that we could walk as rapidly as we chose without getting too warm, and without danger from cactus or snake. The Doctor awoke all the foxes and owls in the neighborhood by a reckless shot after a couple of deer which started from a belt of thistles that we crossed. Of course the ball hit nothing, but several of the startled burrowing-owls followed us for a long distance, hovering about us and shrieking dismally. Soon we reached an open, sandy stretch, broken occasionally by stunted bushes, or by clusters of the prickly-pear cactus bristling with long spines. In order to cover more ground, we now separated somewhat, keeping in sight of one another as a rule, except when a stray cloud passed over the moon plunging everything into deep shadow. The Doctor, being near-sighted, kept close to Hans, much to the annoyance and even danger of the latter, for the Doctor was very excitable and always ready to shoot at anything which aroused his suspicions. After several narrow escapes, however, he was persuaded to draw the cartridges and carry his carbine unloaded, much to our relief. We were proceeding quietly in this way, when suddenly Miguel darted forward, evidently in pursuit of something. The rest of us closed in on each side, but only in time to see him stumble forward over a tussock at the very mouth of a burrow where a large peludo had vanished half a second before. Miguel was quickly on his feet again and only saying, "Better luck next time!" started on. The Doctor expressed himself more forcibly, however, and intimated that if his carbine had been loaded, matters might have ended very differently. No one could dispute this, and the thought of Miguel's narrow escape from the Doctor was some consolation for the peludo's escape from us.

We had proceeded perhaps a quarter of a mile without incident, when, on entering a little oasis of grass among the sand hillocks, Hans stopped short, thinking he heard a slight noise near at hand. When it was repeated an instant later, he stepped softly toward the spot from which it seemed to come, and saw a dark object, about as large as a woodchuck and almost as flat as its own shadow, shuffling from one tuft of grass to another, stopping but a moment to sniff about the roots of each, and then trotting

away to the next. Reasoning as I had done the previous night, he leveled his gun and pulled the trigger just as the peludo emerged from the shadow into the full light of the moon. Rushing forward through the smoke to pick up the game, he was amazed to see the peludo scudding away unhurt, as fast as its short legs would carry it. He gave chase at once and soon overtook it, but it dodged suddenly and made off in another direction, while he ran some distance past. Recovering himself, he dashed after it again, and bringing his foot down fairly on its back succeeded only in upsetting himself without stopping the armadillo. Again and again he overtook and stooped to grasp it, but each time got only a handful of sand and grass. He was rapidly being winded, while the peludo still seemed perfectly fresh, and in all probability we should have lost our game after all, had not Miguel at this juncture brought his club down on the animal's head, apparently killing it outright. It was only shamming, however, and by digging its long claws into the ground was able for several minutes to defy Miguel's knife. But eventually a vital spot was found, and as soon as it was dead, we began to examine it curiously. Including the tail, it was not far from two feet in length, and weighed perhaps seven or eight pounds. It was little wonder that Hans's shot had no effect, for the rounded back was covered completely with a coat of mail formed of cross rows or bands of thick, bony plates, so hard and smooth that nine times out of ten they would have turned off a rifle-bullet. The seams or lines of skin between the bands were almost hidden by the overlapping of the plates, and were thinly sprinkled with coarse hair. This became more abundant on the belly and legs. The teeth, which grew only on the sides of the jaws, were of small size, but the feet were armed with large claws. Those on the fore feet were especially long and strong. Altogether, it was rather a repulsive-looking beast, and it was hard to credit the assertions of Miguel and the Doctor that the flesh resembled in flavor that of young roast pig, and was even more delicious. This species, the hairy armadillo of the pampas, has no power to roll itself up in a ball, which many of its relatives possess, but if attacked often escapes its enemies by flattening itself close against the ground and feigning death. During hot weather, it seldom ventures abroad by day, but searches at night for its food of roots and insects. In winter, however, or in dull, dark weather, it sometimes roams about by day, taking refuge, in case of necessity, in any burrow at hand, or, if surprised where the soil is moderately soft, it can burrow out of sight and out of danger in a few seconds.

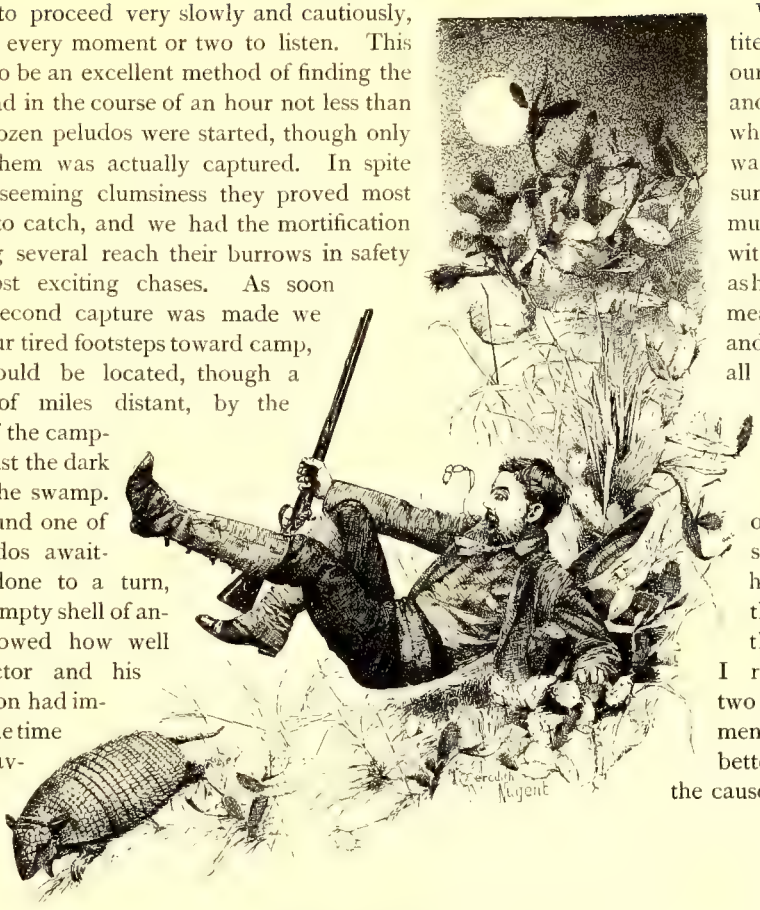
While Hans and I were examining this, the first armadillo we had ever laid hands on, the Doctor lighted his pipe and began to stroll dreamily about, talking to himself as was his custom, perhaps commenting on the beauty of the night, or, more probably, congratulating himself on the near prospect of roast peludo. Oblivious of everything else, he presently walked directly into a spreading tuft of cactus, and, in backing out of this, stepped into the mouth of an old fox-burrow and measured his length — which scarcely exceeded his breadth — on the ground. Fortunately the remarks which followed were not in Spanish, for Miguel, had he been within hearing, might have resented some of the comments on his native land. But by the time the Doctor's pipe was found and relighted, he had recovered his good humor, and hearing a sudden shout from Miguel, we all started off on a run in his direction.

We soon met him carrying a plump young armadillo by its tail, and at his suggestion, Hans and the Doctor, both of whom were already thoroughly tired out, started homeward with the game, carrying instructions to Pablo to have a roast ready for us on our return. The campfire was plainly visible a mile or more away, and Miguel and I were satisfied that two of us could capture as many armadillos as four of us,— a belief which proved fully justified. The moon was well up, now, in a cloudless sky, and moving objects could be made out at much greater distances than earlier in the evening. Another peludo was soon found digging among the grass-roots, and after a short chase was captured. A single sharp tap with the club caused it to sham death, and then it was easily killed.

Miguel's plan in hunting peludos, was to pass rapidly over the bare or thinly grassed ridges, trusting to our eyes for the detection of game, but on entering more thickly covered

ground to proceed very slowly and cautiously, stopping every moment or two to listen. This proved to be an excellent method of finding the game, and in the course of an hour not less than half a dozen peludos were started, though only one of them was actually captured. In spite of their seeming clumsiness they proved most difficult to catch, and we had the mortification of seeing several reach their burrows in safety after most exciting chases. As soon as the second capture was made we turned our tired footsteps toward camp, which could be located, though a couple of miles distant, by the gleam of the camp-fire against the dark wall of the swamp.

We found one of the peludos awaiting us, done to a turn, and the empty shell of another showed how well the Doctor and his companion had improved the time after leaving us.



A HUNTER THROWN BY AN ARMADILLO.

With keen appetites we sat down to our midnight feast, and any hungry fox which may have watched us from the surrounding thickets must have looked on with growing despair as he saw us eat. The meat was rich, juicy, and tender, justifying all the praises I had heard bestowed upon it; but as I looked at the charred remains of the wonderful shells, and thought how strange was the structure of the whole animal, I resolved that our two remaining specimens should serve a better purpose, in the cause of science.

GREEDY.

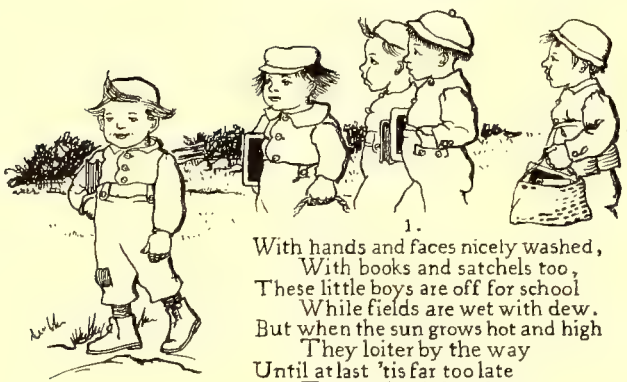
By Sydney Dayre.

A greedy fellow? I should say!
They passed the apples round this way
And then he snatched—he could n't wait—
The biggest one upon the plate.

Such greediness I do despise!
I had been keeping both my eyes
Upon that apple, for, you see,
The plate was coming, next, to me.

'T was big and mellow, just the kind
A greedy chap would like to find.
He laughed as if he thought it fun—
I meant to take that very one.

Clever Peter and the Ogress.



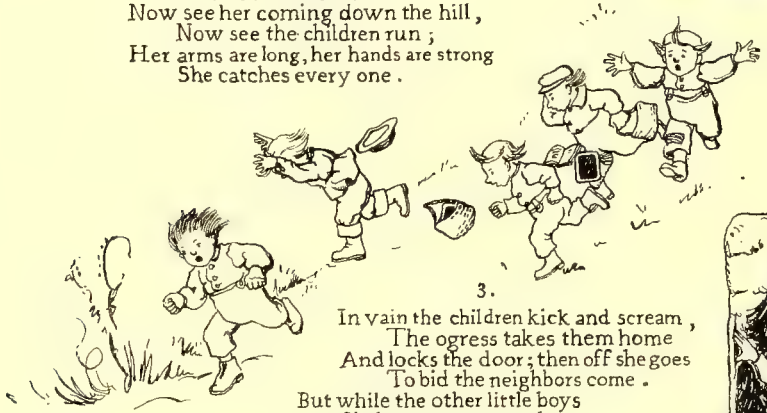
1.

With hands and faces nicely washed,
With books and satchels too,
These little boys are off for school
While fields are wet with dew.
But when the sun grows hot and high
They loiter by the way
Until at last 'tis far too late
To go school that day.



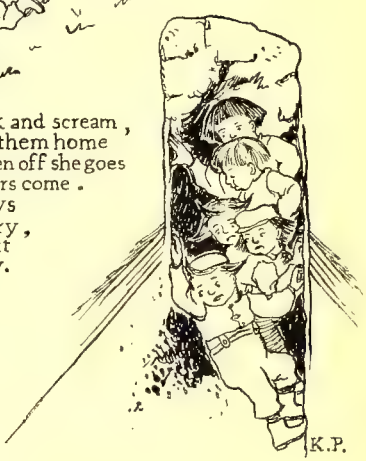
2.

O naughty, naughty truant boys!
But listen what befell –
Close by, a wicked ogress lived
Down in a lonesome dell.
Now see her coming down the hill,
Now see the children run;
Her arms are long, her hands are strong
She catches every one.



3.

In vain the children kick and scream,
The ogress takes them home
And locks the door; then off she goes
To bid the neighbors come.
But while the other little boys
Sit down to weep and cry,
The clever Peter pokes about
To see what he can spy.



4.

He sees above the fire-place
The chimney black and wide.
"Quick, wipe your eyes and come," he cries,
"I've found a place to hide".
Into the cracks between the bricks
Each sticks his little toes,
And scritchy-scratchy, out of sight
One and another goes.

K.P.

5.
And none too soon; for scarce the last
Is out of sight, before
They hear the wicked ogress
Come stumping in the door.
And now she puts the kettle on,
And now she looks about
Behind the clock, behind the broom
And bids the boys come out.

6.
Then from the chimney Peter bawls
"We're hiding, stupid-face."
"Oh ho!" the ogress says, "I know;
You're up the fire-place!"
So up the chimney now she looks,
"I'll fetch you down" she cries.
But puff! the clever Peter blows
The soot down in her eyes.





7.
All black with soot from head to foot
She dances with the pain.
Then stops awhile to rub her eyes
Then hops and howls again
Out through the kitchen door she goes
Hopping and howling still,
Just when the other ogresses
Are coming up the hill.

8.
They stop, they stare, they quake with fear.
They stand appalled to see
This dreadful hopping howling thing
As black as black can be.
And now pell-mell away they run,
Their eyes stick out with fright;
Nor do they stop till safe at home
The doors are bolted tight.



9.
The little boys then clamber down
And stop awhile to take
From off the ogress' cupboard shelves
Her pies and ginger cake.
And when they're safely home once more
They keep the master's rule,
And never, never play again
At truant from the school.

K.Pyle.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Good-morrow, my friends! I say this because it has an old-time, poetic sound, and a good field preacher ought to be poetic if anything. If I should say instead, Good to-morrow, it would be quite a different matter. So good-morrow it is, my rosy crowd of coasters, skaters, and tobogganers; and now as the time is short — only twenty-eight days in this entire February — we 'll proceed to business, beginning with the letter nearest at hand:

THE CARPENTER BEE.

New York, Feb. 3, 1889.

Dear Jack-in-the-Pulpit: I am one of your interested readers, in the second grade of the grammar, and twelve years of age. Seeing many stories of birds, I thought I would tell your readers of a curious species of bees. It is a solitary bee. She bores a tube in the limb of a dead tree or post or any wood that is decayed. The tube is continued, after taking a sudden turn, about twenty inches, running parallel to the grain of the wood. This tunnel is afterward divided into cells, in each of which is placed an egg, with a supply of food for the young larva. The partitions between the cells are made of the sawdust which has collected from her boring, moistened by a gummy fluid which the bee secretes. She seems to know that the egg first deposited at the bottom of the tube will hatch first, so she bores a second opening at that part of the tunnel, through which the young bees come forth in succession at their proper times. This bee is called the carpenter bee, which is considered quite an appropriate name for it. Yours respectfully,

Robbie Weyh, Jr.

Jack thinks Robbie speaks with much authority; but Doctors disagree in science as elsewhere. A different story is told in "Hidden Homes," published in St. Nicholas for June, 1889. Jack is too wary of all sorts of bees to investigate for himself, but he asks the Agassiz young people of his congregation to find out which of these two distinguished entomologists is right, if either is wrong.

IS THE PANTHER COWARDLY?

Dear Jack: I used to think of the panther in his native wilds as a very fierce creature, always ready to make an attack and eat his man. Even when he sat blinking behind the bars of a menagerie-cage, he never impressed me as being particularly afraid of me. But hear what a traveler says in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat:*

"The plain fact about the panther is that he is a tremendous coward, and will only in the rarest and most extreme cases give battle to man. If three or four panthers happen to be together, as sometimes occurs, they will present a bolder front to a man, but even then will not fight unless cornered or wounded. When warm and well fed, the panther, if disturbed, will, with just the same feline impudence as the house cat shows under the same circumstances, spit and growl a little in displeasure; but if the hunter who has thus intruded will retreat and then, a moment later, return, he will find that his impudent foe has absented himself, and is probably by that time making his way down the mountain-side twenty feet at a bound."

Now, I should n't be surprised if that is a true statement, after all. Even the lion is nowadays said to be not the king of beasts, but a timid, sensitive creature who pounces upon you only when he is surprised and disconcerted, not knowing exactly what else to do.

Now, let me tell you something really startling. I am a St. Louis boy, who for two years lived on a farm, and I can tell you from actual experience that a lamb is really a plucky, brave little creature, one who always takes his own part, and can give you a header whenever you tease him too hard. I never tried to tease a panther or a lion, but if they are cowards, I don't care to have anything to do with them. Good-bye! Your constant hearer,

Joel Stacy, Jr.

WHY NOT TRY?

Dear Jack: A French writer says if you take a long, narrow paper bag, place it so that its closed end rests a few inches upon the edge of a table, and hold it in place by a book or some rather heavy object laid upon the closed end, you can perform an interesting experiment. Well, I followed the directions given, and performed the experiment to my entire satisfaction, for I have a good pair of lungs. A bronze tiger had been placed on the closed end of the bag, and the tiger was much moved, by what I did.

Now, what was the experiment and how did I perform it? I should like to hear from some of your chicks on this matter.

Yours respectfully, John D. T.

RUDE COURTESY.

"I won't make way for a fool!" cried an envious scribbler, on meeting Saphir, the famous Austrian wit, in a narrow passage, where at first neither seemed disposed to give place. "Oh! I will, with pleasure," replied Saphir, stepping aside and bowing courteously.

A ROMAN FEAST.

DEAR JACK: I would like to tell your boys and girls about a fine entertainment which the old Roman, Lucullus, once gave his guests. The dining-hall used on this particular occasion was a grand pavilion, built in his garden. The tables were set in a circle, the seats being on the outside, while the inside was completely hidden by curtains. The guests were not a little surprised at this, and their astonishment was still further increased when, at a given signal, the curtains fell, and these Roman ladies and gentlemen found that the tables encompassed a lake, not of water, but of wine, flavored with oranges, lemons, spices, and the petals of flowers. On this lake six beautiful girls, dressed as nymphs, floated in their small boats. Of the two in each boat, one rowed with silver oars, while another filled the wine-cups from a golden ladle. The air was perfumed with choicest flowers, and rare and beautiful music delighted the ear. This dinner lasted forty hours, and eighteen hundred different kinds of meat, fish, vegetables, and bread were served.

M. E. L.

HOW A BOY WAS TAUGHT TO TURN OUT HIS TOES.

I NEVER give long morals, because I know you young people don't like them. Some folks will find one thing in a story and some another.

Once a mother succeeded very well in teaching her child to obey and study, and to use good grammar, but she could n't teach him to turn out his toes. He was excellent, too, at finding out a moral. One day she saw him reading a fairy tale, and felt quite worried at seeing him poring over such trash. But, to her great astonishment, she noticed that he at once began to pay great attention to turning out his toes; in fact the improvement soon grew to be a habit. One day she asked him how it happened. He colored up and told her that the prince in that absurd fairy tale was a glorious fellow and one reason that the princess fell in love with him was that he turned out his toes so beautifully. "At the end of the story," said the boy, "there was a whole lot of stuff about some virtues or other such as grace or deportment, but I did n't care for it. I went in for the prince."

BLOOMING IN LATIN.

HERE is a letter which should have been shown you two months ago, had not my birds carelessly mislaid it. They are now off for the winter, or they would apologize. However, it never is too late nor too early to speak of flowers, so you shall hear now what Miss Goodrich has to say:

To the Little School-ma'am and the Children at the Red School-house.

DEAR FRIENDS: During the discussion that has recently raged in regard to the pronunciation of ar-bu-tus somebody suggested that all the trouble arose from our not calling the Mayflower *Epigæa repens*. Really *Epigæa repens*, after it is explained, is not so bad. But, as a presidential candidate recently remarked, "it is not the length of the step we are taking so much as its direction."

If we begin to use the scientific names, where shall we stop? The next thing will be to call the delicate spring beauty *Claytonia Virginica*, which means Clayton's Virginia flower. (By the way, the botanists seem to have had a hobby for calling things after Virginia and Carolina and Canada; when they got tired of using those, they named all the rest of the plants after foreign travelers.) But there is worse yet to come. You would never guess it,— that is, unless you belong to the Agassiz Association. The truth is, that the botanists themselves sometimes have two or three names for the same plant! There, the murder is out! And just think how we have been twitted with having different common names for our flowers in different parts of the country!

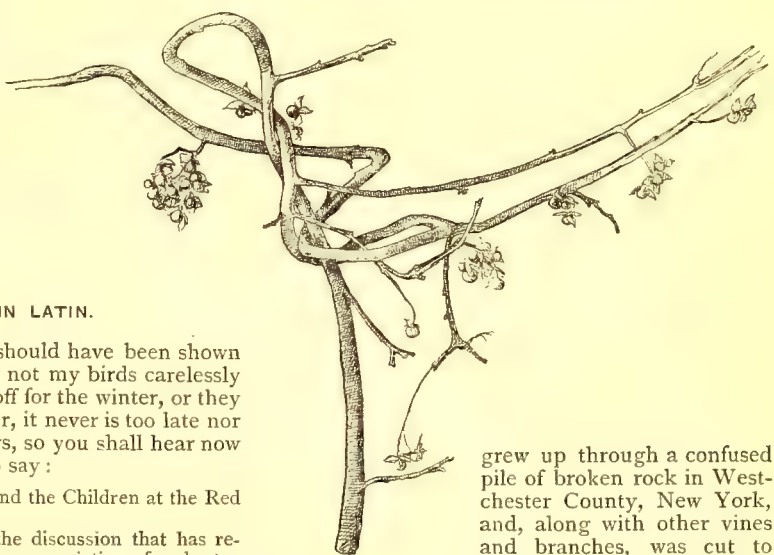
Since I can remember (not such a *very* long time, either), the dear little bluets (about which Miss Thomas made one of you children some verses a while ago),— some of you call them "innocence,"— were named *Oldenlandia cærulea*. Afterward they were changed back to *Houstonia cærulea* by the great Mr. Gray himself. How much simpler just to call the pretty things bluets. The truth is, my dears, that the Latin names make an herbarium look very learned; and when you collect one I hope you will take great pains to have the plants properly labeled. But what would your poets do with *Houstonia cærulea* in their verses? I do not think such terms are suitable for the finer uses of life and literature; so I hope you children, all, will take pains to learn the common names of the flowers. I only wish you could tell me every one; but perhaps some one will yet make a dictionary of them.

Your friend and faithful reader of Jack-in-the-Pulpit,

SARA F. GOODRICH.

A SPRIG THAT TIED ITSELF INTO A KNOT.

A LEARNED and observing friend of the Little School-ma'am sends you this picture of a sprig of bitter-sweet, whose natural tendency to twine spirally was curiously thwarted. This bitter-sweet



grew up through a confused pile of broken rock in Westchester County, New York, and, along with other vines and branches, was cut to decorate a room for Hallowe'en festivities. The friend who sends the picture says that the shoot has tied itself into a perfect granny-knot in its efforts to be original — a not uncommon fate.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF CHINA.

By Yan Phou Lee.

OUTDOOR GAMES AND SPORTS.

The Chinese boy has been usually represented by writers on China as a prodigy of obedience fully invested with the attributes of dignity and seriousness of demeanor.

The truth of the matter is that, as in many statements about the Chinese, what has been observed among a few, and at certain times only, is represented to be true of all and at all times. The average boy of the country on the other side of the globe and directly under us, is, I assure you, astonishingly like boys of more enlightened climes. He, too, is compounded of naughtiness and goodness, obedience and rebelliousness, love of play and thirst for knowledge, wearisome curiosity and wholesome respect for his elders. It must be owned, however, that children in China from their earliest days are taught to obey implicitly, never to question the propriety of commands laid upon them by their superiors, and never to contradict. They are trained to remain silent even when unjustly punished, and to make no complaint when beaten by their elders. In the house they must not sit unless bidden, and are not expected to talk unless questioned. Outside, the same deference to their seniors must be shown. On no account should a boy walk side by side with his father, an elder brother, or an uncle,—and still less precede them. He should show his respect by always following in their footsteps.



SHUTTLECOCK WITH THE FEET.

Under a pernicious system of restraint, fear controls the young instead of love, and deceit is often resorted to where truth should be told. The boy's frank, impulsive, and spontaneous nature is restrained and bound down, and its development checked at the outset. It becomes like the dwarfed trees for which Chinese gardeners are famous,—which are cut and trimmed and bent over and held down by wire frames, to make them resemble some fabulous monster or other.

Such being the method of molding his character, and so little freedom being accorded him, it possibly would be inferred that the Chinese boy becomes a model of deportment; that he puts away childish things, with all the games and sports of boyhood, as soon as he reaches his teens, and that he is a man at an age when American boys are still playing marbles and spinning tops. Not so. Before his superiors he is as quiet, studious, and grave as you please; but out of their sight and among his comrades he is a different being altogether. Remember he has been acting a part; maybe his mother has promised him a mango or a moon-cake if he would be good; or perhaps his teacher is a ferocious tyrant, ready to use the rattan whip or walnut ruler on all occasions. Our boy abstains from play, frolic, and fun, only so long as he is watched. Out in the back yard, where none but indulgent mothers or sympathizing sisters are about, or at the street corners, you will find the Chinese boy lively and frolicsome.

Of innocent amusements the Chinese boy can not be said to be entirely deprived. He does not play marbles, but he tosses pennies instead. He plays tip-cat with great enjoyment, but knows nothing of lawn-tennis, base-ball, foot-ball, coasting, skating, or tobogganing. The game of battledoor and shuttlecock satisfies his lofty ambition to be a high kicker. This game is played without other battledoors than those of nature's make,—his own feet. The player has to assume various queer attitudes in trying, with his feet, to keep the shuttlecock in the air as long as possible. A defeat must be confessed when he permits the feathered toy to reach the ground.

The flying of kites, indulged in at all times, but especially on the "ninth day of the ninth moon," when everybody takes part except women and girls, gives him an opportunity to run and expand the lungs. As the large paper kite, with concave wings, round painted body, and long tail, soars into the pendent clouds and emits weird sounds from the musical bow fastened on top, reproducing the



PENNY-TOSSING. PLAYING HORSEBACK-RIDING.

music of the Æolian harp, and suggesting a message from another planet, is there a youngster who would not be enchanted with the sport? A paper butterfly, measuring two feet from wing to wing, and gorgeously painted, is sometimes sent up along the string. The wind carries it up, up, until it reaches the kite, when, its message being delivered (a spring being touched by the force of the concussion), its wings collapse and down it comes by its own weight.

When there are other kites buzzing in the upper air, a battle-royal generally ensues: every one disputing the supremacy of the skies with every other, and attempting to dislodge all rivals by cutting string with string. The kite with the toughest cord is likeliest to come out ahead, though a little skill may prolong the ethereal existence of those with weaker cords. The discomfited kites are carried by the four winds of heaven into unknown regions, to be heard of no more. In this sort of contest, where might and not right comes off conqueror, it is not deemed disgraceful to beat a retreat.

The Chinese boy enjoys his games of running and jumping, and he can hop on one leg as long as the nimblest of American lads. But to be carried on somebody's shoulders and play horseback-riding is great fun for him. To wear a mask and "make believe" that he is some great hero — to frighten the girls — that is the small boy's summit of felicity.



TIP-CAT.

Our small boys have a substitute for base-ball — a sorryapology it must be admitted, for the national game of the Americans. Some yarn is wound around bits of snake-skin, and the ball thus made is as elastic as one made of rubber. The game consists of making the ball bound as many times as possible. Sometimes the ball is made to strike against a wall, and then under one leg of the player before it is again struck with the palm. This game is too simple to elicit anything but scorn from a Yankee lad. It would not be a bad idea for some young base-ball enthusiast to go to China and teach the boys there the American game.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

By Anna F. Burnham.

A little maid upon my knee
Sighs wearily, sighs wearily;
"I 'm tired out of dressin' dolls
And having stories read," says she.

"There *is* a book, if I could see,
I should be happy, *puffickly!*
My Mamma keeps it on a shelf —
'But *that* you cannot have,' says she!"

"But here 's your 'Old Man of the Sea,'
And 'Jack the Giant'!" (Lovingly
I tried the little maid to soothe).
"The *interestin'* one," says she,

"Is that high-up one! — seems to me
The fings you want just has to be
Somefing you has n't got; and *that's*
The interestin' one!" says she.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

THREE illustrations to Mr. Camp's Foot-ball article in this number are from instantaneous photographs taken specially for ST. NICHOLAS, upon the Yale grounds, by Mr. Alexander Black, the amateur photographer, whose excellent work with pen and camera is familiar to our readers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

MORRISANIA, N. Y. CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing so many interesting letters in the "Letter-box" of your charming magazine, I thought I would like to add my name to the list of contributors.

I attend a public school, and am in the highest grade. I have a teacher, a man, who makes school so interesting and instructive that I enjoy going very much. The girls of our grade have formed a literary society, the object of which is to cultivate a taste among us for good books and a knowledge of how to express ourselves correctly in speaking and writing. The society has now a library of about three hundred books, most of which were provided by our teacher. We have a very lively girl for chairman, who makes the meetings very entertaining. One of the by-laws of the society is that every girl, on the return of a book from the library, must have selected some good quotation from the book to be recited before the society.

The boys and girls of our grade are preparing to edit a paper, which is to be named "Our Own." This, I think, is a very suitable name, as its contents and the work of printing it are to be our own work.

Our teacher has a printing-press which he will take to school, and teach the boys type-setting and printing, so there will be no printer's expenses to be taken from the profits (that is, if there are any), and if there is a surplus it is to go toward making the library of the society larger.

Your devoted reader, MADELINE G——

GLENCOE, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a girl of twelve. I live in Baltimore in the winter, and spend the summer at the beautiful country home of my grandma.

We have a great many pets, one I don't think you ever heard of before; it is a ground-hog, and very 'cute. It was found in the spring, and a dog ate its mother, so a colored boy kept it until it became very tame, and then gave it to my brother. It is very smart, and we all are very fond of it. It has a huge appetite, and when it is hungry will come out and stand on its hind legs, and, if it sees you, will run and catch hold of your dress and pull until you give it something to eat. Now that the weather has turned cold, it has made a very deep hole where it will spend the winter. We have seven horses, "Dandy," "Darling," "Daisy," "Di," "Dot," "Dude," and "Dixey"; also two dogs, one large and black, which is my favorite; the other has not very good sense because his tail was cut off when he was too old a puppy; also a parrot, which is very smart, a pet lamb, and we wanted a deer, but Mamma thought we had enough.

We have taken you for twelve years, and are glad you are to add eight pages.

Your devoted reader, FANNY B——.

SAMARKAND, ASIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of eleven. I love your stories very much. My home is in Finland, but we have been here in Asia a year. There are many interesting things; beautiful Mahommedan churches more than five hundred years old. I wish all your boys and girls could see them, as there are no such very old churches in America.

We have you only one year, but some years ago, when I was quite small, my sisters and brothers had you. Every number that we get is sent from St. Petersburg, where my brother, a naval cadet, reads you. I wonder if there are scorpions in America? In our bedroom were yesterday killed three of those dangerous animals; also a big snake was killed in the garden. I could write to you lots about animals and curious things, but I am afraid my letter would be too long.

Much love to yourself and all your boys and girls.

From your affectionate reader, ELLA V. S——.

VERBENA, ALA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, just seven years old, and this is my own handwriting. I read and enjoy your stories very much. My sister has been taking you since 1880, and you published one of her letters when she was ten years old; that was five years ago. I was born in Montgomery, Ala., and have been to New Orleans, and lived in four counties in Virginia,—Henrico, Albemarle, Botetourt, and Fairfax,—and have seen the Blue Ridge Mountains. I am taking piano lessons from my mother. I have a little sister four years old, and she enjoys ST. NICHOLAS, also. I always write in pencil; so am not used to ink, and must ask you to overlook any bad penmanship. I thought you would not read a penciled letter. I will always be your little friend,

ADÈLE C——.

PAW PAW.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have noticed that a great many of your readers have written to you, and as we have enjoyed reading their letters very much, we thought that we would write one also. We are twins, and, although fourteen years of age, we take great comfort with our dolls. We have two cats, named respectively, Captain Jinks and Peter the Great; they are the pride of our hearts, but we regret to say that their voices sadly need cultivation. Fearing that we will weary you with so long a letter, we will close; with much love and many good wishes for your welfare in the future,

Your devoted admirers, RAE and GAE.

CORNING, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two friends visiting in Corning, and the children whom we are visiting have just received the November ST. NICHOLAS. We have been looking it over, and we think it is all that you promised

it should be. Our friends here have the set complete. We are studying French and German, and we think it would be very nice to have little French or German stories, as you had some years ago. We saw "Little Lord Fauntleroy" played in Elmira by Ada Fleming, and we enjoyed it immensely. We go to a private school and study hard. Our favorite authors are Dickens and Shakspere. We thought the story of "Little St. Elizabeth" was a very charming story, as Mrs. Burnett's stories always are. We do so hope you will print this letter. From your loving readers, GRETA S——.
FANCHON T——.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, S. A.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, and have been taking you for nearly one year.

I think Caracas is a very nice place, though I would much rather live in the United States. All the houses here are made one story high, except the Government ones. The windows all have iron bars in front of them, and the roofs are made of bamboo canes covered with tiles.

They carry bread around in two barrels, one on each side of a donkey.

Caracas is in a beautiful valley surrounded by high mountains. There are five or six rivers running through the town, so of course there are a great many bridges.

At the edge of town there is a hill called Calvario, on the top of which there is a lovely garden and an aviary full of bright-colored birds.

I remain your loving reader, WILLIE M. P——.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a story and a letter for your "Letter-box," and hope you will think it sufficiently interesting to publish.

My little boy is about eight years old, and has just learned to write — an accomplishment of which he is very proud. While out playing last spring, and while it was still quite cold, he found, with some of his little friends, a litter of kittens, in a vacant lot not far from our house. The poor mother was dead not far off, and the little ones were squirming around, blind, helpless, and cold. There were four of them, and one had already perished from the exposure. His little heart was deeply moved at their condition, and he determined to try to save them. He and his little friends took the three kittens, but an older boy snatched one of them and ran away with it. But the two were brought into the house and placed on a bit of old carpet, in front of the furnace, hoping that the warmth would restore them. Then he got a sponge and some milk, and tried to squeeze a few drops into their mouths; but in spite of all his care one was found dead the next morning, and then he sat down and wrote the following letter to his friend who lives just the square beyond us:

"DEAR SIR: One of the kittens is dead. The other, I fear, will soon do the same. There is no more to tell, so I will close this letter.

"Yours sincerely, GRAHAM C. W——."

Such a brief statement of such tragic import deserved, I thought, to be recorded; and as I have no more to say, I, too, will close my letter.

Yours sincerely, B. W——.

P. S.—I forgot to say that the other kitten did "do the same" very shortly after.

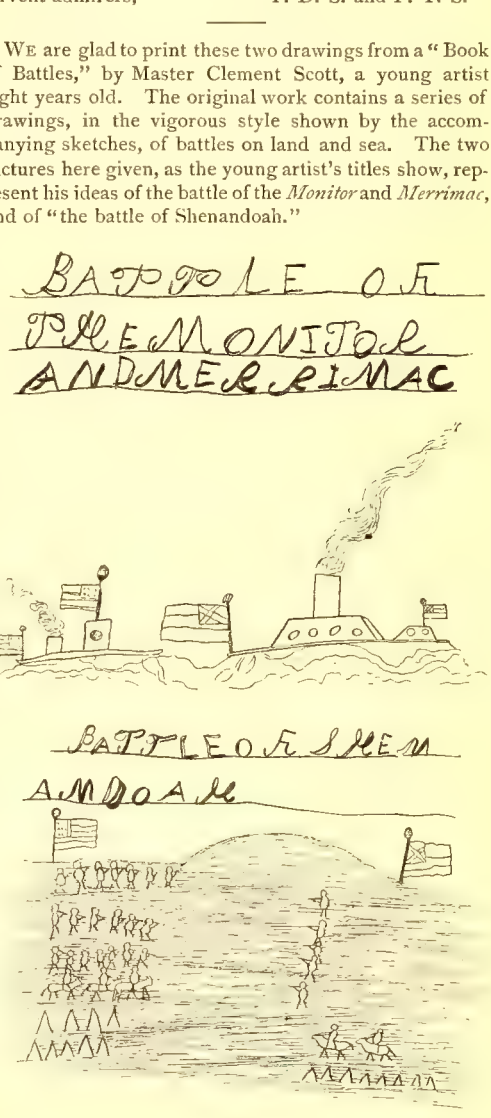
PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though we are somewhat older than the generality of your readers, we have so much enjoyed your stories this summer that we would like to thank you for the pleasure you have given us.

Those who take your magazine regularly do not appreciate its value so much as we who so seldom have a copy; and that is saying a great deal, if one can judge by the number of letters of thanks that each copy contains. Our little nieces, who have spent their vacation with us, have shared their ST. NICHOLAS, and thus we have lightened many a cloudy day by your bright tales, so well adapted to any age.

Hoping you will print this as a testimony of the high esteem in which you are held by two lonely old women, we are ever, dear ST. NICHOLAS, your respectfully fervent admirers, Y. D. S. and F. T. S.

WE are glad to print these two drawings from a "Book of Battles," by Master Clement Scott, a young artist eight years old. The original work contains a series of drawings, in the vigorous style shown by the accompanying sketches, of battles on land and sea. The two pictures here given, as the young artist's titles show, represent his ideas of the battle of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*, and of "the battle of Shenandoah."



WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a college town; it is surrounded by mountains. Papa is a professor here. We are near the foot of Greylock, the highest moun-

tain in Massachusetts, three thousand five hundred feet high. There is a tower on top of it, and you can see for a long distance.

Your loving reader, RICHARD J. R——.

BALMACARA, LOCH ALSH, SCOTLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but have for a long time wanted to tell you what a delightful magazine I think you are; you are a great companion to me, as, not being strong enough to run about much, reading is my greatest pleasure. I am fourteen years old, and have been in England, Ireland, Canada, and the States. I am at present in the beautiful Highlands of Scotland. The loch I am nearest to is a very beautiful one; the hills around it are very high; some are covered with purple heather, and here and there a silver stream winds its way down, like a narrow shining ribbon. The Highlanders are superstitious, and some of their legends are very interesting. I showed you to a little friend of mine this summer, and she has become a devoted reader, as has also

Your affectionate friend, HONORIA P——.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first year I have taken your delightful magazine. I have enjoyed it very much, especially the stories about the St. Bernard dogs, as I have a little nephew, living in the same house with me, who has one. The dog's name is "Prinz." He was sent to us last July, from his native Alps, on the steamship "Netherlands," which sailed from Amsterdam. He was not chained on the ship, like Drapeau, but was in a huge cage. He is seventeen months old, and is very fond of playing ball. His shaggy coat is tawny red, and his breast, feet, and the tip of his tail are pure white. He has a white streak between his eyes. These marks denote his pure breed. He behaves beautifully, and is as gentle as a kitten, letting his little master, who is but two years old, roll over him, and do as he likes, until his (the dog's) patience is exhausted, when he gets up, and walks away with the greatest dignity. I think he promises to be more like Turk than like Drapeau.

Your earnest reader, MARGARET S. B——.

MAX STRASSE, EILBECK, HAMBURG.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and live in Hamburg. I have never written to you before, but I think I ought to, as you are always sent to me from America. My name is George. I am a Brooklyn boy, and live with my aunt, an English lady, that I may go with my three cousins to a German "gymnasium." My cousins take English magazines, but we all like ST. NICHOLAS the best. We went to Travemünde for our vacation; it is a seaside on the Baltic. We had last year's numbers bound together, and my dear auntie is letting us color the pictures.

My youngest cousin is six years old; he likes the Brownies very much; he always looks for the Dude first. We have given my cousin the name Giant Brownie, as he is much sunburnt. Our school hours are from nine to three, with a short pause succeeding each hour. The German boys do not play games as we do, like cricket and foot-ball. My cousins and myself all remain,

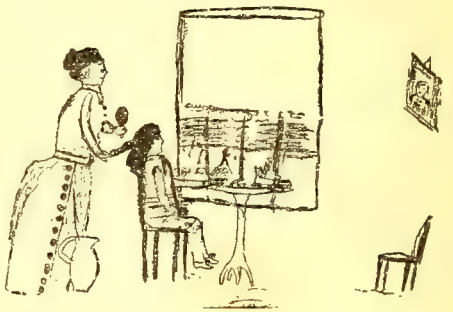
Your affectionate reader, G. F. D——.

VICTORIA, B. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I have never seen a letter from here I thought I would write. I do not live here, but have been here since the last of June. Victoria is a very pretty old-fashioned town. We are living in a house which, during the summer, was occupied by Mary Hallock Foote. The straits are beautiful, with snow-capped mountains all about. We are going to live in Seattle, W. T., but we came from Dayton, Ohio. There is a nice beach here, where we can go in wading and bathing. We found a large number of star-fishes and sea-urchins. Two of our star-fishes were very large. One was pink and the other a dark crimson. They were very pretty. There is a nice park here, too, where there is a bear named Jennie, a seal named Joey, and lots of other animals and birds. I am very fond of drawing, and I admire Mr. Birch's drawings very much. I have a doll that is dressed like Little Lord Fauntleroy, and two others named Juan and Juanita, besides a great many others. I have three brothers and one sister. I am the oldest and my sister is the youngest. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade.

From your loving reader, CHARLOTTE P——.

WE take pleasure in printing the following amusing drawing and verse by a young friend of ST. NICHOLAS, Daisy Dyer, who is nine years old:



I don't want to be great and famous
And have my name over the world;
I want to stay home with my mother
And have my hair peacefully curled.

We thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Joe Davis, Janet C. G., Mildred Myers, Ralph A. W., "Silver Birch," Frank H. Newnes, Bell Farrar, Florence Montgomery, Florence Peple, Kenneth Noble Hamilton, Mabel Hughes, Nell Richards, Mary Florence Jones, Margaret K. Cameron, May C., Amanda M. H., Emily Lee, Dick, Mabel B., Stoughton Bell, Lena M. Chase, Anna C. G., Hallie W. Lucas, May M., Kathryn M. Hinsdale, R. H. J., Bessie S. True, Ernestine Mary Burg, George Holmes Edwards, Edna C., Theodore A. Cornell, H. B., Henrietta L. Sprague, Hazelle M., Ada Pierce, Robert W. Ritchie, Gertrude S. Barnes, Laura M. Daggett, Adèle L. I., E. D., E. A. G., Fannie M. G., H. A. Schwartz.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

PI. Twelve more beautiful months to swing
From the bending bough of time;
To bud and blossom in joyous spring,
And yield, in the summer's prime,
Rich fruit of noble thought and deed
For the autumn rest and the winter's need.

DIAGONALS. Tiny Tim. Cross-words: 1. Trouble. 2. Diamond. 3. Pandora. 4. Drayman. 5. Carotid. 6. Pacific. 7. Premium.

ZIGZAG. Alexander Hamilton. Cross-words: 1. Ash. 2. Ill. 3. Woe. 4. Axe. 5. Any. 6. Inn. 7. Bid. 8. Pet. 9. Roe. 10. Shy. 11. Lea. 12. Ems. 13. Ivy. 14. Ale. 15. Lot. 16. Sot. 17. New.

OCTAGON. Across: 1. Tar. 2. Ample. 3. Battled. 4. Attaché. 5. Chevron. 6. Opera. 7. Rap.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. 1 to 13, The World's Fair. From 1 to 14, Trite; 2 to 14, Horde; 3 to 14, Eagle; 4 to 14, White; 5 to 14, Ounce; 6 to 14, Rupee; 7 to 14, Liege; 8 to 14, Dense; 9 to 14, Store; 10 to 14, Flake; 11 to 14, Angle; 12 to 14, Imbue; 13 to 14, Rhine.

DIAMONDS. I. 1. N. 2. Jew. 3. Jewel. 4. New Year. 5. Weedy. 6. Lay. 7. R. II. 1. B. 2. Cam. 3. Caves. 4. Bavaria. 5. Merit. 6. Sit. 7. A.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Daniel Webster; fifth row, Edward Everett. Cross-words: 1. Condemns. 2. Paradise. 3. Downward. 4. Variance. 5. Aspersed. 6. Chaldron. 7. Showered. 8. Grievous. 9. Prebends. 10. Mossrose. 11. Pretense. 12. Greeting. 13. Courtier.

PECULIAR RHOMBOID. Charles Dickens. Downward. 1. D. 2. Pi. 3. Roc. 4. Cork. 5. Hare. 6. Anon. 7. Rats. 8. Lad. 9. Ed. 10. S.

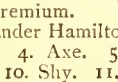
RIMLESS WHEELS AND HUBS. I. From 1 to 8, Prescott; 9 to 16, Fillmore. From 1 to 9, Proof; 2 to 10, Rabbi; 3 to 11, Easel; 4 to 12, Scull; 5 to 13, Charm; 6 to 14, Outgo; 7 to 15, Tutor; 8 to 16, Trite. II. From 1 to 8, Epiphany; 9 to 16, Michigan. From 1 to 9, Eliam; 2 to 10, Patti; 3 to 11, Isaac; 4 to 12, Plush; 5 to 13, Hayti; 6 to 14, Aping; 7 to 15, Nubia; 8 to 16, Yearn.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Maude E. Palmer — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — J. B. Swann — Russell Davis — Helen C. McCleary — Mamma and Jamie — Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley — "The Wise Five" — Odie Oliphant — Ida C. Thallon — "The Book Searchers" — "Cœur de Lion" and "Shakespeare."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Lillie A. Chapin, 1 — Gertrude M. Janney, 1 — Willie H. Morrow, Jr., 1 — Ella Lent, 1 — Katie Van Zandt, 5 — Mabel Burlee, 1 — Amy E. S., 1 — Fannie H. Tolman, 1 — "Last Rose," 1 — Herman A. Webster, 1 — E. W. J., 2 — "Richard Cœur de Lion," 1 — S. W. F., 2 — Grace Compton, 1 — J. B. Briggs, Jr., 1 — "Stove Poker," 2 — Grace A. H., 3 — "Cavalry," 3 — Rae and Gae, 3 — Maude G. Moss, 1 — Mary C. Hawes, 2 — C. and C., 1 — Edna C. C., 1 — Lisa D. Bloodgood, 2 — R. Lounsbery, 2 — Honora S., 1 — Charles Beaufort, 4 — Florence Bettmann, 6 — R. B. R., 2 — P. K. W., 1 — Jo and I, 11 — B. F. E., 4 — Robert Boyd, 1 — "Grandma," 7 — Pattie P. Berman, 7 — Clara B. Orwig, 9 — Clarice H. Lesser, 1 — Rachel J. Kennedy, 1 — Maxie and Jackspar, 11 — Papa, Lily, and Little Lu, 1 — Two Ladies of G., 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 8 — Charles Hitch, 1 — "May and '79," 8 — "Sir Roger de Coverley," 3 — Gertrude Henry, 1 — V. P. Conklin, 5 — S. Z. H., 5 — Helen C. Skinner, 1 — Elaine Shirley, 1 — Margaret G. Cassels, 1 — Madge, 3 — R. Bloomingdale, 8 — Roseba and Laurida, 4 — Hubert L. Bingay, 8 — Florence Cox, 1 — F. B. Johnson, 2 — Douglas Burnett, 1 — Harry R. Gower, 8 — Emma V. Fish, 2 — H. T. B., 4 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 5 — Nellie and Reggie, 11 — "Little Women," 6 — Alice A. Smith, 2 — M. K. B., 8 — "Infantry," 10 — Pearl F. Stevens, 11 — "Miss Flint," 9 — Henry Guilford, 9 — Abbie Hunt, 4 — Mary Cave, 3 — Rebecca Mitchell, 7 — Fannie Le Boutillier, 3 — "Molly," 7 — Edith W. Allyne, 3 — Hildegarde Henderson, 8 — Mamma and I, 3.

DIAGONALS.



DIAGONALS, reading from right to left, downward. 1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. A youth. 4. Wanders from the right. 5. Establishes. 6. To blacken. 7. The nickname of a President of the United States. 8. An abbreviation for one of the continents. 9. A letter.

Words reading across: 1. Auctions. 2. Weeds. 3. A play. 4. Stumps of trees. 5. Vapor. Behead and curtail the five foregoing words and other words result. The three central words are reversible. N. T. M.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

THE letters in each of the following nine groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed they will answer to the following definitions: 1. A contrivance for expelling stagnant air. 2. Thin. 3. One who pines. 4. One who talks in enigmas. 5. The art of magic. 6. Relating to color. 7. An abscess. 8. Formed like a kernel. 9. Quackery.

1. Tart in love.
2. Ted, eat a nut.
3. I shun glare.
4. Game it is n't.
5. Come, Nancy R.
6. Coil in tart.
7. M, I must hope.
8. Mourn life, C.
9. Mice, Sir Pim.

When the above letters have been rightly transposed, the initials will spell the name of something all would like to have. MAXIE AND JACKSPAR.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A person of wild behavior. 2. To punish by a pecuniary penalty. 3. A stratagem. 4. A very fine, hair-like feather. 5. To agree. 6. Removed the bark.

"IRONSIDES."

EASY ZIGZAG.

EACH of the words described contains four letters. When these have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of the only Greek writer on algebra.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Obscure. 2. A series. 3. To let fall. 4. To cut with a quick blow. 5. A pain. 6. Unruffled. 7. Close to. 8. To pierce. 9. To avoid. 10. A lump.

KARICLES.

A Double Acrostic



EACH of the five pictures may be described by a word of seven letters. When these words are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of the father of Hector; the finals, a preparation of uncooked herbs.

WORD BUILDING.

BEGIN with a single letter, and, by adding one letter at a time, and perhaps transposing the letters, make a new word at each move.

I. 1. A vowel. 2. A pronoun. 3. To fasten. 4. To nip. 5. A class. 6. To put into brisk action. 7. The result of a burn. 8. Short, stiff hairs.

II. 1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. Clamor. 4. To partake of the principal meal of the day. 5. An infernal being. 6. To mark the limits of. 7. Elegant. 8. To favor.

III. 1. A vowel. 2. A verb. 3. To entangle. 4. A span. 5. Visible vapor. 6. A leader. 7. Concerns. 8. A quilted bed. 9. Those who drive horses or oxen. 10. Sciolists.

IV. 1. A vowel. 2. A preposition. 3. A unit. 4. To heed. 5. Fourteen pounds. 6. Upright. 7. Wasps. 8. Curtails.

CHARLES P. W.

A LITERARY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in Tasso, but not in Boileau;
My second in Shakespeare, but not in Guizot;
My third is in Campbell, but not in Macaulay;
My fourth is in Milton, but not in Raleigh;
My fifth is in Bacon, but not in Sterne;
My sixth is in Lessing, but not in Burns;
My seventh in Coleridge, but not in Scott;
My eighth is in Hawthorne, but not in Watt;
My ninth is in Swift, but not in Tennyson;
My tenth is in Thackeray, but not in Emerson;
My eleventh is in Pascal, but not in De Foe;
My twelfth in Goethe, not in Martineau;
My thirteenth is in Montaigne, but not in Voltaire;
My fourteenth is in Tyndale, but not in Molière.
The whole was written, as you will see,
By the hand which penned the "Heathen Chinee."

F. C.

ABSENT VOWELS.

INSERT vowels in place of the stars, in each of the nine following sentences. When these words are rightly completed, select from each of the sentences a word of five letters. When these nine words have been selected, and placed one below the other, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name given to a certain day in February.

1. L*ck* m*n n**d n* c**ns*l.
2. *ll *s s**n r**d* *n *n *rd*rl*h**s*.
3. M*n* h*nds m*k* l*ght w*rk.
4. Wh*r* th* h*dg* *s l*w*st, m*n c*mm*nl* l**p *v*r.
5. Th*t *s * w*s* d*l*y wh*ch m*k*s th* r**d s*f*.
6. H*n*rs s*t *ff m*r*t, *s dr*ss, h*nds*m* p*rs*ns.
7. Str**n *t a gn*t, *nd sw*ll*w * c*m*l.
8. Tw* *f * tr*d* s*ld*m *gr**.
9. *ng*r *nd h*st* h*nd*r g**d c**ns*l.

JOHN PEERYBINGLE.

PROTEAN RHOMBOID.

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

ACROSS: 1. A person afflicted with a certain disease. 2. Measures of length. 3. Drank to excess. 4. A word of uncertain meaning which occurs often in the Psalms. 5. A Scriptural name.

REVERSED: 1. To drive back. 2. A masculine name. 3. A place of deposit. 4. Drags. 5. A Scriptural name.

DOWNWARD: 1. In London. 2. A printer's measure. 3. An abyss. 4. A proper name. 5. To repulse. 6. A Scriptural name. 7. A small, flat fish allied to the flounder. 8. An exclamation. 9. In London.

UPWARD: 1. In Naples. 2. A pronoun. 3. The end. 4. Single. 5. A person afflicted with a certain disease. 6. Certain beverages. 7. Vicious. 8. An exclamation. 9. In Naples.

CYRIL DEANE.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ON A MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

(SEE PAGE 374.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII. MARCH, 1890. No. 5.

ON A MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

BY HARRY PERRY ROBINSON.



WE had no warning. It was as if they had deliberately lain in ambush for us at the turn in the trail. They seemed suddenly and silently to rise on all sides of the sleigh at once.

It is not often that the gray timber-wolves, or "black wolves," as the mountaineers call them, are seen hunting in packs, though the animal is plentiful enough among the foot-hills of the Rockies. As a general rule they are met with singly or in pairs. At the end of a long and severe winter, however, they sometimes come together in bands of fifteen or twenty; and every old mountaineer has a tale to tell,—perhaps of his own narrow escape from one of their fierce packs, perhaps of some friend of his who started one day in winter to travel alone from camp to camp, and whose clean-picked bones were found beside the trail long afterward.

It was in February, and we, Gates and myself, were driving from Livingston, Montana, to Gulch City, fifty miles away, with a load of camp supplies—a barrel of flour and some bacon, coffee, and beans; a blanket or two, and some dynamite (or "giant powder," as the miners call it) for blasting; a few picks and shovels, and other odds and ends. We had started at daybreak. By five o'clock in the evening, with some ten miles more to travel, the worst of the trail was passed. There had been little snow that winter, so that even in the gulches and on the bottoms the exposed ground was barely covered; while, on the steep slopes, snow had almost entirely disappeared, leaving only ragged patches of white under overhanging boughs, and a thin coating of ice in the inequalities of the hard, frost-bound trail, making a treacherous footing for the horses' hoofs.

The first forty miles of the road had lain entirely over hills,—zigzagging up one side of a mountain only to zigzag down the other,—with the dense growth of pine and tamarack and cedar on both sides, wreathed here and there in mist. But at last we were clear of the foot-hills and reached the level. The tall forest trees gave place to a wilderness of thick underbrush, lying black in the evening air, and the horses swung contentedly from the steep grade into the level trail, where at last they could let their legs move freely in a trot.

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Hardly had they settled into their stride, however, when both animals shied violently to the left side of the trail. A moment later they plunged back to the right side so suddenly as almost to throw me off into the brush.

Then, out of the earth and the shadow of the bushes, the grim, dark forms seemed to rise on all sides of us. There was not a sound,—not a snap nor a snarl; but in the gathering twilight of the February evening, we saw them moving noiselessly over the thin coat of snow which covered the ground. In the uncertain light, and moving as rapidly as we did, it was impossible to guess how many they were. An animal which was one moment in plain sight, running abreast of the horses, would, the next moment, be lost in the shadow of the bushes, while two more dark, silent forms would edge up to take its place. So, on both sides of us, they kept appearing and disappearing. In the rear, half a dozen jostled one another to push up nearer to the flying sleigh,—a black mass that filled the whole width of the trail. Behind those again, others, less clearly visible, crossed and recrossed the roadway from side to side. They might be twenty in all — or thirty — or forty. It was impossible to tell.

For a minute I did not think of danger. The individual wolf is the most skulking and cowardly of animals, and only by some such experience as we had that night does a hunter learn that wolves can be dangerous. But soon the stories of the old mountaineers came crowding into my mind, as the horses, terrified and snorting, plunged wildly along the narrow trail, while the ghost-like forms glided patiently alongside — appearing, disappearing, and reappearing. The silent pertinacity with which, apparently making no effort, they kept pace beside the flying horses was horrible. Even a howl or a yelp or a growl would have been a relief. But not so much as the sound of their footfalls on the snow was to be heard.

At the first sight of the wolves, I had drawn my revolver from the leather case in which it hung suspended from my belt. Gates, handling the reins, was entirely occupied with the horses; but I knew, without need of words, that he saw our pursuers and understood the peril as well as I.

"Have you your gun?" I shouted in his ear.

A negative shake of the head was all the answer. So we must trust to the six cartridges in my revolver.

"How many wolves are there, do you suppose?" again I called.

Again he shook his head, as if to say that he could not guess.

So the minutes passed and we swept on, rising and falling and swaying with the inequalities in the trail. The dark forms, growing more indistinct each minute, were hanging doggedly to the sleigh.

Suddenly I became aware that a wolf was almost at my elbow; its head was on a level with my waist as I sat in the low sleigh. In the darkness I could plainly see the white teeth, and the dim circle of the eyes. I hardly had to lean over at all to place the muzzle of the revolver within a foot of the great round head before I fired. I saw the black form roll over and over in the snow as we went by. Simultaneously, two other shadowy shapes that had been running abreast of the horses, in advance of the animal that was shot, dropped back; and looking over my shoulder I could see them throw themselves upon their wounded fellow. As the sea-gulls, following in the wake of a vessel in mid-ocean, swoop from all directions upon some floating scrap that has been thrown overboard, so from both sides of the trail the dark figures rushed together into one struggling mass behind the sleigh; and for the first time we heard them snapping and snarling at one another, as they tore their comrade to pieces.

The horses appeared to know that in some way a gleam of hope had come. They ceased plunging and seemed to throw all their energies into putting as wide a space as possible between them and the yelping pack behind.

How long would the respite be? Seconds passed until half a minute had gone. Then a minute. Could it be that they had left us — that the horrible race was over?

But even as the hope was forming itself in my mind, I became aware of a dim, gray thing moving beside me. A moment later another appeared, close by the horses' heads, and behind us the trail was again full of the jostling pack.

It was terrible beyond expression, the utter noiselessness with which they resumed their places,—apparently tireless; keeping pace with the racing horses without a sign of effort; patient as fate itself. Have you ever been on a fast steamship—say a "P. and O."* boat in Indian waters where the sea is transparent—and, leaning over the stern, watched a shark following the vessel? If so, you remember how, hour after hour and day after day, the dark, vaguely outlined body, not more distinct than the shadow of a cloud upon the waves, stayed, motionless to all appearance, just so many feet aft in the ship's wake, no matter how fast she moved. To me, and I think to every one who has seen it, that silent, persistent, haunting presence is the very embodiment of ruthlessness and untiring cruelty. There, in the twilight and shadow, was the same silence, the same indistinctness, the same awing impression of motionless speed, the same horror of the inevitable, in that pursuit by the wolves.

But soon their tactics changed. Either they had grown bolder, or the wolf they had eaten among them had put a keener edge upon their appetites. There were now four or five of the ghostlike forms moving abreast of the horses on my side of the sleigh alone. On the other side more were visible. They were now closing in upon us, with determination. Suddenly I saw one make a spring at the throat of the off horse, and, missing his aim, fall back. The horses had been terrified before; from that moment they lost all control of themselves. Neither the driver's voice nor his hands upon the reins had any influence upon them as they tore wildly down the narrow path between the bushes, snorting, throwing their heads from side to side, and breaking now and again into short, shrill neighs of terror. The breath from their nostrils and the steam from their bodies made a white cloud in the wintry night air, almost enveloping them and us, and at times blotting out of sight the wolves beneath.

But the pack was again closing in. In front of all, I could see one running under the very noses of the horses, keeping just beyond the reach of their hoofs, and evidently waiting for the right moment to make a final leap at their throats. Leaning forward, and steadying my aim as well as I could in the rocking sleigh, I fired full at the whole dark mass in front. Apparently the ball passed harmlessly through them, but in an instant all had vanished—behind and into the bushes—as a swarm of flies vanish at the waving of a handkerchief. Only for a second, however, and one after another they were back again.

A second shot, fired again at random into the mass, was more successful; and once more we saw them drop back and crowd together in the trail behind us while the snapping and snarling grew fainter as the horses plunged on.

Half of the last ten miles had now been traveled, and five miles more would bring us to Gulch City and security. The excitement of that race was unspeakable: the narrow lane of the trail lying white ahead of us and behind us between the dark borders of the brush, seen fitfully through the steam from the maddened horses.

But the respite this time was shorter than before. Once more our relentless foes gathered round us, silently, one by one. The wolves seemed to know as well as we, that time was short and escape lay not far away; for hardly had the pack settled in their places round us before I saw one animal throw himself recklessly at the horses' throats. There was a sudden mad rearing up of both the horses, a wild, despairing neigh, a short yelp from the wolf's throat, and the dark form that had seemed to hang for a moment, leech-like, to the chest of one of our brave beasts was beaten down under the hoofs.

The others did not wait even for the sleigh to pass, but leaped upon the struggling form even as the runners were upon it. In my excitement I did a foolish thing. Leaning over, and thrusting my revolver almost against the skins of the fierce brutes, I fired two shots in quick succession. They had their effect, I know, for I saw one of the dark figures throw itself convulsively out of the mass into the brush, where others sprang upon it, and a death-cry went up in the night air. But we could ill spare the ammunition.

This idea evidently occurred to Gates. Leaning suddenly toward me, but with his eyes fixed on the horses and the road ahead, he called:

"How many shots have you left?"

* Peninsular and Oriental.

"Only one."

"Not even one apiece for us?"

And I knew that he was in earnest. I knew also that he was right; that it would be better to die so, than to be torn to pieces by that snarling, hungry crew.

But it was too late now. Five shots out of the six were spent, and twenty minutes yet must pass before we could reach the camp. And even while these few words were being said the pack was close upon us again. Fiercer now, and more determined than ever to make an end of it, they crowded around. One even flung himself at the low side of the sleigh to snap at me, and his teeth caught for a moment in the sleeve of my coat as I struck him on the head with the clenched hand holding the pistol. On both sides, too, they jostled each other, to reach the flying horses, and I knew that in a few seconds more I must sacrifice the last cartridge in my revolver.

As a forlorn hope I snatched the buffalo-robe which lay on Gates' knees, and threw it to them. But they hardly stopped to tear it to pieces. There was more satisfying food in the sleigh. And they closed around the horses again.

For the first time Gates turned to look at me.

"Jack!" he called excitedly, "the giant powder!"

For a moment I did not grasp his meaning. Seeing my indecision he shouted again:

"The giant powder, Jack!"

Then it came to me. Thrusting the pistol into its case, I scrambled over into the rear part of the sleigh, and as I did so the wolves that were following behind fell back a few feet. Hastily fumbling among the various supplies, I found the old sack in which the sticks of dynamite were wrapped, and with them the small package of caps and fuse. Taking three of the sticks, I tied them tightly together with my handkerchief and, quickly fitting the end of an inch of fuse—for, in this case, the shorter the piece the better—into a cap, I thrust the latter into the center of the three sticks. I was still at work, when a sudden swing of the sleigh and a cry from Gates warned me that something was the matter. The horses were plunging violently, and as the near horse reared I saw that a wolf had leaped upon its withers and was clinging, with its teeth apparently in the side of the horse's neck. In their terror, the horses had stopped, and were actually backing us into the brush. Something had to be done, and with some vague hope, I fired the last shot from the revolver into the dark circle which already surrounded the plunging horses. The shot had its effect, for one of the brutes leaped into the air with a yelp and fell backward into the bushes. The horse, too, sprang suddenly forward, and the wolf that was clinging to it fell to the ground and was trampled under the hoofs. In an instant, those of the pack that had not already flung themselves upon the wounded animal in the bushes, rushed upon this one that was lying lifeless or stunned from the horses' feet; and once more, for a few seconds, we had breathing space, and the sleigh sped along through the keen air, our enemies snarling and quarreling behind us.

But the last shot was spent!

Turning my attention again to the giant powder, I fixed the cap and fuse more firmly in their place, and taking off my belt wound that tightly round the whole. Round that again I wrapped one of the old sacks, and tearing off my coat made an extra covering of that, knotting the sleeves tightly on the outside, that the ravenous teeth might be delayed in tearing the bundle apart. Crouching down in the sleigh, I lighted a match, and, as I did so, I saw that the wolves were upon us again, apparently as numerous and as tireless as ever. The match went out; and a second. Crouching lower still, I made a barricade against the wind with anything I could lay my hands on in the sleigh, and at last a dull red spark caught the end of the fuse.

The pack was already crowding round the terrified horses, which, it seemed to me, were almost worn out, and moved more heavily than heretofore. And how slowly the fuse burned! Nursing it carefully with my hands, I blew upon the spark and kept it glowing as it ate its way slowly into the cotton. Why had I not made it shorter? Every moment I expected to feel the sudden jolt which told that the wolves had pulled down one of the horses and that the end had come!

At last the dull red glow had almost reached

the end of the cap. A few seconds more and it would explode. Thrusting the bundle hastily into another sack, forgetting even the wolves in my terror lest it should explode in my hands, I threw it with all my force into the midst of the moving forms abreast of the horses.

The beasts flung themselves upon it, and as we swept by, the whole pack was again collected into a struggling, snarling heap beside the trail. We were sweeping round a curve in the road,



THE EXPLOSION.

and before the horses had taken a dozen strides, the brush shut out the path behind us and the wolves.

A moment later and the air and the earth shook around us. I was still half standing, clutching the low side of the sleigh, and the concussion threw me upon my face. The report was not the crash of a cannon nor the sharp noise of gunpowder, but a dull, heavy roar like an instantaneous clap of distant thunder. The stillness that followed was intense, but I thought that I heard, from the direction where the wolves had been, one broken, muffled howl.

What had been the effect of it? Both Gates and myself leaned forward and with voice and hand urged the horses on. When would those grim, gray, ruthless forms reappear? The seconds passed; minute followed minute, and the horses, breathing painfully, labored on over the level trail. With every yard traveled, hope grew stronger, until leaning over again I said to Gates:

"I don't believe they 're coming, Charlie."

But his only reply was a shake of the reins and another word to the horses.

Then suddenly there came a twinkle of light in the distance. The brush fell away from the trail and the white expanse of the clearing of Gulch City was before us.

* * * * *

For a distance of fifty yards, at a point about a mile and a half north of Gulch City, the old Livingston trail had to be abandoned. It would have been more labor to repair it than to clear a new pathway through the brush. And when I left that part of the country two years afterward, the packers would still turn out of their way for a minute to look at "Giant Hole," and to kick up out of the weeds and brush that had grown around it the skull or part of the skeleton of a wolf.

Quite a Singer

By Malcolm Douglas

A little man, pressed for a song,
Could not be induced by the throng.
"I 'm sorry," he said,
With a shake of his head,
"But I 've not brought my music along.

"It 's a pity it happens just so,
For you 'd all like my tenor, I know;
So high it can rise
That I oft close my eyes
So terribly dizzy I grow.

"The musical scale, as you see,
Has the letters from A up to G;
And, if it were set
Through the whole alphabet,
I believe I could go up to Z!"



THE CROWS' MILITARY DRILL.

By Agnes Fraser Sandham.



I HAVE never shared the farmer's hatred of the crow. There is an air of aggressive independence about him which I like, and I find a certain dignity in his glossy black coat which compels my respect. Even his unmusical voice is not without power and meaning, and at all events it compels attention.

One September day, while I was in the beautiful English "Lake Region," I heard repeated cawings high in air, and saw a great number of crows flying about in so singular a manner that I soon began to suspect that their actions were directed to some special purpose. There was a gentleman present who was a keen observer of nature and skilled in the secrets of animal and vegetable life. I asked him what the crows were doing. He watched them for a few moments, and then said, gravely, "They are going through their military drill."

Seeing by my expression that I did not take his answer seriously, he repeated it reassuringly and asked:

"Did you never hear of the crows' military drill?"

"No," I answered. "What is it?"

His explanation was so interesting to me that I have written it, as nearly as possible, in his own words.

He said:

"In consequence of ill health, when I was a boy, I had been sent away for a whole year to rusticate, and stayed at a farm occupying high ground on the borders of the great Chateaugay Forest, along the dividing line between New York and Canada. There I had an opportunity to study the habits and peculiarities of the crow, and I was not at all prepared for the wonderful sagacity shown by these birds.

"Across the road, directly in front of the house, there were thick woods, the remains of the primeval forest. Here rose high in air many giant hemlocks, and, on account of their commanding position, these were a favorite resort of crows. Every night they would gather in great numbers, and, toward the fall, their incessant cawing, during the evening hours, became really deafening. I had an odd neighbor, Ned Greer by name, but better known by his sobriquet of 'Old Powder and Shot,' owing to the fact that he was never seen without his fire-arms. This old hunter had been born and brought up on the borders of civilization, and hunting was his life. Give him his gun and his traps, and Ned was happy; without them, he would declare, without reservation, that life was not worth living. I remarked to him that the crows seemed to be holding a convention. Like all men who have lived long either at sea or in the depths of the forest, Ned was slow of speech. So, after waiting a proper length of time to think of his answer, he remarked, 'They 're a-drilling for their journey south.'

"About a year before I had enrolled my name as member of a volunteer company, and had spent weary hours going through what the old soldiers called the 'goose-step.' So the word 'drilling' fixed my attention, and I resolved to study the crows and to find out, if possible, how they managed their 'goose-step.'

"The next evening, therefore, I stowed myself away by the side of an old stone fence which commanded a good view of the hemlock woods. Before long, the crows began to assemble from all points of the compass, but I could make out nothing but that they seemed to be exercising their wings. At intervals a few would leave their roosts upon the boughs, and after flying in a circle of a few hundred feet return to the branches. Thus far I had not observed any change from their usual habits, and I returned home disappointed.

"In the morning I reported to the old hunter that he had been fooling me, and said that the drilling of crows was 'a humbug!' After looking at me in silence for an unusual length of time (even for him), he remarked sententiously, 'Things is interesting to folks as knows something.'

"I was silenced, whether owing to his grammar or to his philosophy I could not decide; now I am inclined to think it was the contemptuous satire of the remark, that subdued me. But, at the time, his scorn had the result of making me resolve to learn by observation all that was to be learned about crows.

"That evening found me again at my post, and this time I discovered that, amid the hubbub of cawing, one hoarser voice predominated. I also made another discovery: that always after this loud voice had spoken, a number of the birds would leave the trees for their circular flight, and that each of these detachments would return to the same tree it had left. It became quite evident, therefore, that there was method in their actions, and, moreover, that one crow was in command.

"Next day I again reported to Ned Greer.

"'Yes,' said the hunter, 'that same old crow has been the General ever since I can remember; he knows all about the business.'

"'How can he keep so much knowledge in so small a head?' I inquired.

"'You see, my boy, that old chap's head has such little room to rent that to live without crowding it, he 's got to *disremember* about as much every day as you can learn in a year.'

"From this you will see that old Ned was not very enthusiastic concerning the brilliancy of my intellect. Perhaps this was owing in some measure to the fact that he could, if so disposed, shoot off the head of a crow at a few hundred feet, while I could scarcely hit a barn door at the same distance; a fact of which I was beginning to think the crows were aware, from the apparent contempt with which they regarded my presence as I sat night after night watching them.

"During my many conversations with the old hunter I found there were only two objects in nature which caused any animation in him. One was the 'wild bob-cat,' which he hated; the other the crow, which he seemed to hold in a sort of superstitious veneration — a feeling only equaled by that of the Zuñi Indians, in their worship of the cunning of the fox.

"Night after night I watched the crows, until at last it became certain that the old crow, with the stentorian lungs, was in absolute command and had his forces well under control. After about a week more of training, they began to show undoubted signs of excellent discipline. At the command of the leader, a flock of a dozen or more took wing and described a much larger circle than ever before. Until they were about two hundred feet from the rest, comparative silence reigned among the remaining host; but then, suddenly, came several loud, sharp tones from the leader, and about as many more left the trees. This time the new division separated into two equal bodies, and flew off at right angles for a short distance. Then, in response to another caw, they turned in the same direction as the advance-guard, who were now some distance away. After a few moments had elapsed, the word of command was again given, and all the crows arose in a body and followed the lead of the advance-guard, the old chieftain being well to the front; but I noticed that he did not fly so fast as the main body, and they gradually passed him. 'Now,' I thought, 'he may be the crow with the most acute brain, but he certainly lacks the strength of wing to keep to the front,' — for by this time he was among the stragglers bringing up the rear. But before long the air again resounded with the hoarse 'Caw! Caw!' and immediately the apparently abandoned trees sent forth a very creditable rear-guard. These last crows rose and scattered themselves into open skirmishing order.

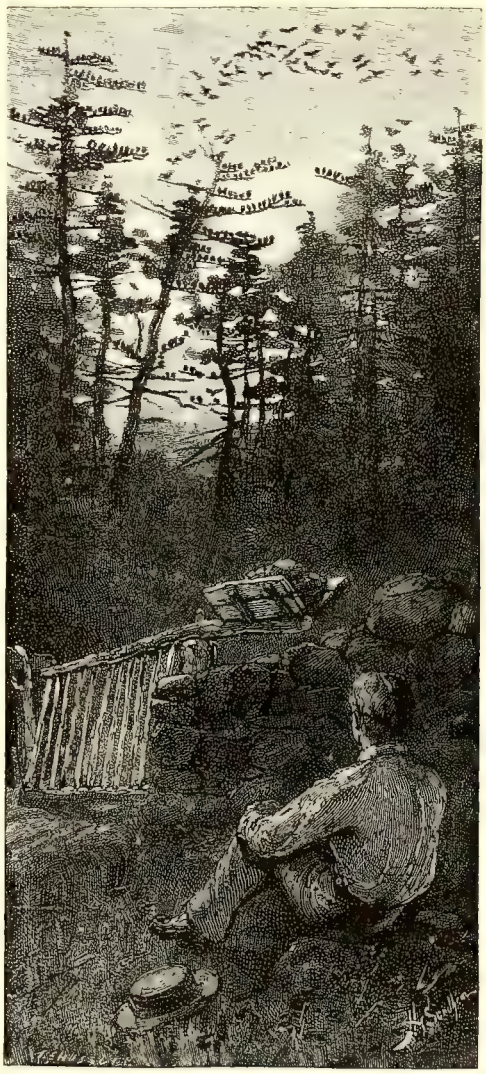
"Then the General at once proved to me I had been very foolish in drawing hasty conclusions concerning his wing power, for he at once forged ahead, plowing his way rapidly, until he reached the main body and took a leading position. By this time the advance-guard had completed their circle and were fluttering round in smaller circles preparatory to alighting upon their old perches; but the vigilant eye of their leader detected this attempt, and a caw of command sent them forth to duty again. The old fellow was a perfect old martinet, so far as drill was concerned. Up to this time, he had taken things somewhat easily, as it had been only company drill; but now, it was the all-important battalion drill, and therefore there was no shirking allowed.

"The word to halt was soon given, however, and each detachment, perched upon its camping trees, awaited orders. As if it was perfectly understood that after drill they were to 'roost at ease,' a terrible cawing commenced. It seemed that each crow meant to let them all understand that he was the best-drilled bird in the brigade.

"You will perceive that by this time I had learned something, and, according to old Ned's remark, 'Things were interesting.' I became very curious to know more, but had to wait until the following evening. Next time there was another advance; for, when the regiment received the order to march, there was no sign of their halting in their flight; but, after scurrying around the circle once or twice, at a sign from the leader some of them left the main body and flew ahead till they reached the advance-guard and the right and left wings of scouts took their places. The birds then on duty slackened their flight and gradually rejoined the main body. The same thing was repeated by the rear-guard. It became evident that the General not only intended to guard his army, but also had arranged to relieve those who were sent out upon this special duty. In fact, no human general could have thought out all probable contingencies and prepared for them better than did this 'old black crow.'

"Next day, feeling encouraged by the 'pride that cometh by knowledge,' I reported to my neighbor what I knew about crows. For a moment there was a decided relaxation of his usual set expression as he soliloquized thus: 'Mebbe he 'll larn something yet!' Under these circumstances I felt encouraged to ask a question which had been puzzling me for some time.

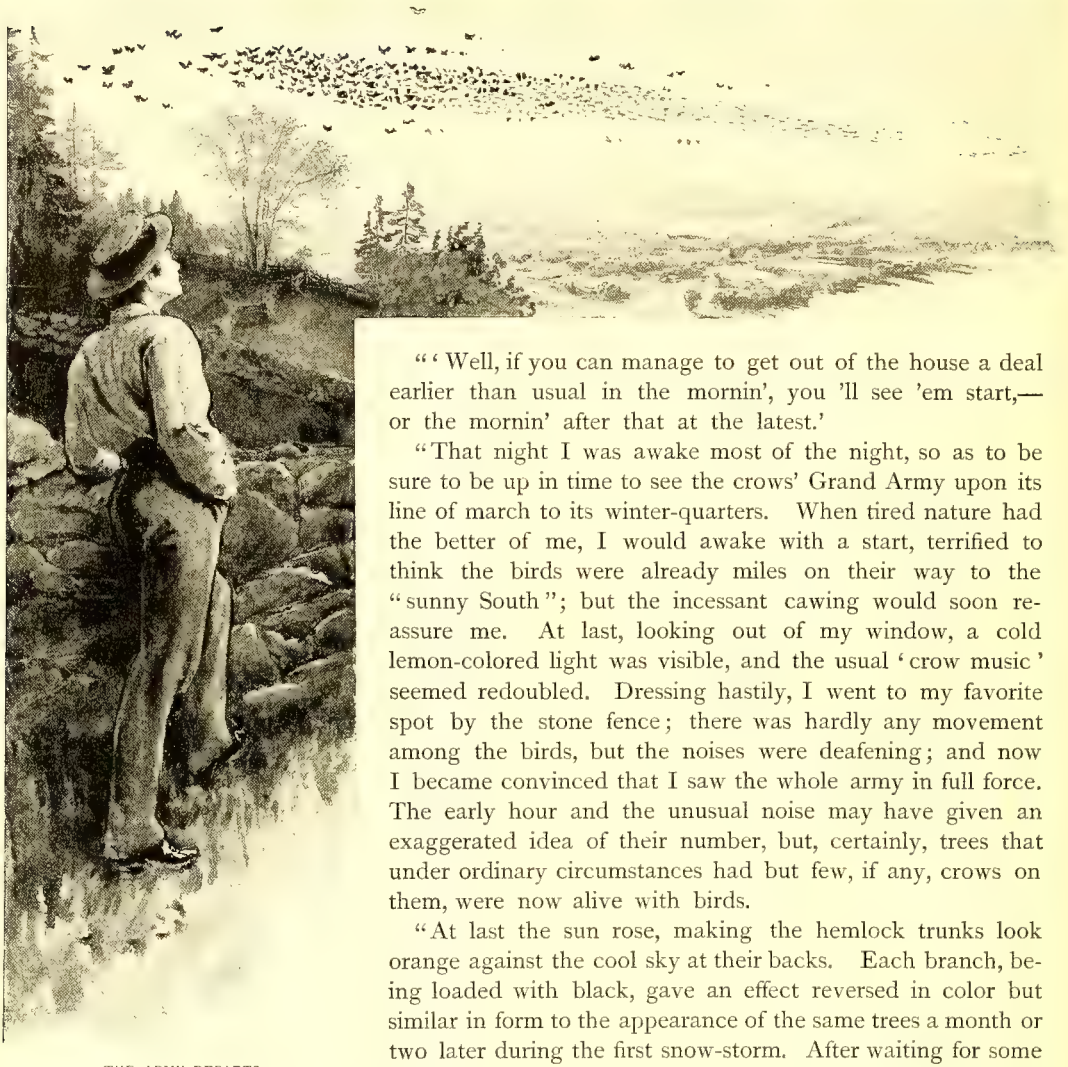
"'Now, Ned, when do you think they will finally start south?'



"The usual pause ensued; then he asked:

"'Did you say, boy, that the old chap was teaching them to take spells watching out for danger?'

"'Yes,' I replied; 'he certainly relieved guard last night.'



THE ARMY DEPARTS.

"'Well, if you can manage to get out of the house a deal earlier than usual in the mornin', you 'll see 'em start,— or the mornin' after that at the latest.'

"That night I was awake most of the night, so as to be sure to be up in time to see the crows' Grand Army upon its line of march to its winter-quarters. When tired nature had the better of me, I would awake with a start, terrified to think the birds were already miles on their way to the "sunny South"; but the incessant cawing would soon reassure me. At last, looking out of my window, a cold lemon-colored light was visible, and the usual 'crow music' seemed redoubled. Dressing hastily, I went to my favorite spot by the stone fence; there was hardly any movement among the birds, but the noises were deafening; and now I became convinced that I saw the whole army in full force. The early hour and the unusual noise may have given an exaggerated idea of their number, but, certainly, trees that under ordinary circumstances had but few, if any, crows on them, were now alive with birds.

"At last the sun rose, making the hemlock trunks look orange against the cool sky at their backs. Each branch, being loaded with black, gave an effect reversed in color but similar in form to the appearance of the same trees a month or two later during the first snow-storm. After waiting for some time, the voice of the General sounded forth the order to march. The advance-guard at once arose with their usual 'Caw!' and then in silence started due south, flying on a horizontal plane only a few feet higher than the trees they had left. At the word, the other guards flew out as right and left wings, but maintaining the same height in the air as the pioneers;—in fact, all appeared as if moving along an invisible railroad track. As soon as the advance parties had taken their posts, the General gave the signal starting the main army in motion. There was now little or no noise other than that caused by the movement of their wings.

"In response to an order given by the leader at the head, and passed from one crow to another at irregular intervals along the line, the rear-guard took their position in a somewhat scattered and fan-like shape.

"I glanced down the hillside, and, some distance away, noticed a farmer directly in their line of march. He held something in his hand, but he was so far off it was difficult to tell whether it was a gun, a pitchfork, or merely a stick. I am inclined to think it was a gun, judging from the military precautions of the crows. One of the leading birds in the advance-guard gave a

sharp 'Caw!' and immediately rose several hundred feet higher. The warning was rapidly passed back, and the whole army rose up to the new line of flight. Here I noticed a difference between the tactics of soldiers and those of the crows. At the word of command the whole command of crows raised their grade of flight. In the volunteer regiment, to which I then belonged, we would have altered our line of march only as each company reached the point at which the first company had been ordered to change its course.

"After the crows passed over the object of their suspicion, a series of caws were given, but whether by the rear-guard, after they realized they were past the danger, or in response to the leader, the distance between us was too great for me to decide. Whichever it was, they all gradually settled down to the level they had taken when starting from the trees, and this they kept until they became a gray cloud in the distance and then melted out of sight in the glowing southern sky.

"I faced toward the house, and was struck by the absolute silence and loneliness that had fallen on everything.

"It was with a hearty welcome I greeted the time-scarred face of Ned Greer, whom I saw approaching with his queer rambling gait.

"'How far do you suppose those crows will travel to-day, Ned?' I asked.

"'Mebbe fifty miles, more or less.'

"As he started to walk away, the sense of loneliness again took possession of me, and I ran after him, feeling that I needed companionship more than my breakfast. 'What are you going to do next?' was my question. 'Well, it 's time to attend to the winter traps. I 'm convinced that those crows know pretty well when winter 's near.'"

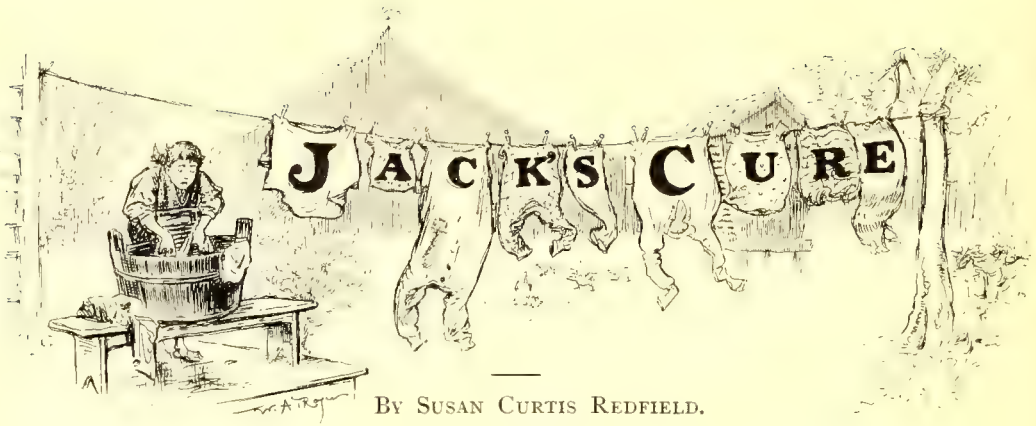


THE IMPERIOUS YAWN.

By Henry Moore.

Two rosy lips each other press
And two deep dimples deeper make;
Two eyes, with struggling lids, confess
'T is hard to keep themselves awake;
Two rosy lips more tightly drawn,—
The little lady *will not* yawn.

Two rosy lips that slowly yield,
And part, and meet, and part anew;
Two eyes, whose drooping lids are sealed
As flowers close when falls the dew;
Alas! her "will not" all is gone,—
The little lady needs *must* yawn.



By Susan Curtis Redfield.

Jack had no father nor mother. That 's bad to begin with, is n't it? Worse than that, he could not remember the time when he ever had any. His mother died when he was a tiny baby, and before he was two years old the father died, so he was left quite alone.

After the funeral, Uncle Hiram took Jack home with him, "to bring up with his girls," he said. Aunt Rachel opened her arms wide to receive the little child, and, as for the girls, there was never a king who had a more willing and adoring court than Jack had in these same girls.

Very soon Jack began to imagine that he was a wonderful being, and by the time he was five years old he was fully convinced that there never was such a boy. There was perfect harmony between the family and little Jack, because they all felt that nothing was too much to do for him, and Jack felt just so himself.

Uncle Hiram was rather an irritable man, but he had a warm heart, and there was a very soft spot there for his sister's boy. "I can't refuse that boy anything," he often said. "That 's Emily's smile, and those eyes too are Emily's." Dear Aunt Rachel never refused anybody anything.

When Jack was eight years old, he was sent to school. To his surprise he found that the teacher did not pay him any unusual respect, and that the boys behaved as if they thought they were as good as he. In fact, some of them talked as if they even dared to consider themselves a little better; and before the week was over Jack heard himself called "Stuffy," "Dude," or "the Roberts girls' doll-baby," in the most familiar manner. Before he had been in the school two weeks, he had actually been flogged.

However, he was not a stupid boy, and he soon found out that he must alter his conduct at school if he wished to escape punishment and nicknames. "You see, Stuffy, this sort of thing won't go down with us boys," said Bob King, a boy twelve years old, and very much revered by the small boys. "Just keep those airs for Aunt Rachel and the girls." And that is just what Jack did do. He really lived the life of two boys, the school boy and the home boy, and you cannot imagine how different those two boys were. The school boy was a jolly, active boy, always ready for a game of ball or a running match, and willing also to take his share of any work among the boys. He learned his lessons pretty well, and kept out of scrapes about as well as most of the boys. He was respectful to his teacher, and it never seemed to occur to him to dispute his authority or question the propriety of his orders.

The home boy was a good-natured boy, too, as long as there was no interference with his plans or pleasures; but he was always tired; too tired to bring in an armful of kindling for Aunt Rachel, or to go after the milk for Cousin Alice. If Uncle Hiram sent him out to cut the strawberry runners, he was soon seized with such a terrible pain in his back that he could hardly walk to the house. "I presume the boy *is* tired," tender-hearted Aunt Rachel would say; "he has been studying hard all day. I am afraid

he will never be very strong. Poor Emily was never able to work hard." Now Jack did not look at all delicate, for he had a stout pair of arms and very sturdy legs. His shoulders were broad, and his cheeks were hard and red, and there was n't a boy in the school who could run so fast.

But these kind people could see no fault in their boy. The warmest corner in the room was for Jack, because he was out in the cold so much. The largest piece of pie and the piece of pudding that boasted the most raisins fell to Jack, because he was growing so fast; and so it went on till Jack was fourteen years old.

Then something happened. Uncle Hiram woke up one day, rubbed his eyes hard, shook himself a little to be sure that he was awake, and then sat down to think and to wonder how he could have slept so long, and have had such strange dreams. He was still sitting by the stove thinking, when Jack came in from school. One idea had taken firm possession of his mind, and that was that he had thoroughly spoiled Emily's boy, and that he must undo the mischief he had done, without a moment's delay.

"Jack," he said, rather sharply, "go out and chop some kindlings."

Jack was neither surprised nor alarmed at the sharpness of the tone. Uncle Hiram was expected to be a little cross when he had rheumatism. So he tossed his books upon the table, and answered carelessly:

"Oh, I can't to-night! I promised to meet some fellows down here at Stoney—"

"You won't meet any fellows, anywhere," interrupted Uncle Hiram, raising his voice, "until you 've chopped that wood." Jack began to open his eyes a little, but he soon recovered from his surprise and began to make fresh objections. "Now, see here," said Uncle Hiram, rising from his chair, "I 'll have no more of this; there are to be no loafers around my place. Go straight out to the shed and chop that wood."

Jack went, but he slammed the door after him. Uncle Hiram sat down again, feeling a little queer. He was very sure that he had done his duty, and yet——. Ah, Uncle Hiram, you can never undo the work of twelve years in this way!

From that day there was trouble enough in the old house. Uncle Hiram was firm in his resolve to reform Jack, and was as exacting as he had been indulgent. Nobody was happy, and probably he suffered more than any one else, for he knew that something was not right. He lay awake many a night grieving over the sharp, hasty words he had spoken to the boy, and resolving that he would be wiser and more patient on the morrow. But each day seemed to impress him more thoroughly with a sense of Jack's indolence and willfulness, and the troubled old man grew constantly more irritable, often magnifying Jack's offenses from his very anxiety over him. The young man himself highly resented the change, and soon became sullen and moody. He had so long been accustomed to do nothing at home that he disliked, and to take the best of everything as a matter of course, that he merely considered himself very ill-used now that he was requested to alter his habits. He therefore did simply what he dared not refuse to do, and did it most ungraciously. Aunt Rachel and the girls endeavored in a hundred little ways to make up for Uncle Hiram's harshness, and although not a word was said Jack felt that they were on his side. You see, everybody was making a mistake in his or her way.

One Saturday afternoon, Jack was weeding in the garden, brooding over his woes, and lamenting bitterly that so gifted a young person as himself should be doomed to weed in that old garden and dig potatoes. Just then half a dozen boys came rushing down the street, making as much commotion and raising as much dust as if they had been a troop of cavalry. "Hullo there, Jacky," shouted one of them, "come on, here 's a lark! Mr. Mayhew's colt has run away, and he has offered five dollars to any one who will bring it back safe and sound." Away ran the boys, and away ran Jack, dashing through the potato patch, and kicking over the basket of potatoes in his haste. There was more than one colt loose that Saturday afternoon. The boys did not find the missing animal, but a "lark" they certainly had.

But even boys tire out after a while, and visions of supper finally led their steps homeward.

Jack walked through the garden very slowly and quietly, noting that the basket of potatoes

had been picked up and that Aunt Rachel's flower-bed had been carefully weeded. He dreaded to go into the house. In the doorway stood his uncle. As Jack approached, he stepped outside, closing the door behind him. "I have a good mind not to let you into the house, sir," he said sternly. "You don't deserve your supper nor your night's lodging."



DOROTHY BRINGS JACK HIS DINNER. (SEE PAGE 387.)

"Very well," answered Jack, "I 'll not take them then"; and without another word he turned and walked away. "I 'm not afraid that you will stay away long," called Uncle Hiram. "It is pretty near supper-time, and you have never learned to go without your supper, or earn one either." Jack did not look back, but walked steadily on out of the gate and down the street. His uncle stood watching him till he was out of sight; then he turned and went into the house. Aunt Rachel was sitting by the open window, looking pale and troubled.

"I am afraid you have gone a little too far, Hiram," she said. "The boy has done wrong, I know; but what you said stung him wonderfully."

"Oh, nonsense,— never fear. He 'll be back pretty soon," said Uncle Hiram, trying to speak carelessly. "A boy is not likely to run away without a cent in his pocket."

They delayed the supper until it was useless to wait any longer. Then they sat down, but no one ate much. After supper Uncle Hiram put on his coat and went out "to take a little stroll," he said. On one pretext or another, the anxious cousins visited all the houses where Jack was known to be intimate, but received no tidings of Jack. Not one of them hinted to any one that Jack could have run away. Ten o'clock came and eleven o'clock, but no Jack; and the Roberts family passed a sleepless night.

I will tell you now what sort of a night Jack passed. We left him walking rapidly through the principal street of the little town. In his first excitement, he walked straight ahead, on and on, scarcely knowing where he was going. After he had walked about five miles in this way he began to feel very tired, and sat down on a large stone by the side of the road. He soon realized that he was also hungry, and resolved that he would ask for some supper and a night's lodging at the next farm-house. The miserable thought soon flashed upon him that he had no money with which to pay for such luxuries. Jack was forced to confess to himself that he had not run away in proper style. He had read thrilling tales of runaway boys, but he did not at the moment recall any boy who had been so indiscreet and short-sighted as to leave home with-

out a bundle of clothes and some money in his pocket.

Just then he heard the sound of wheels and of horses' hoofs, and, looking up, saw a pair of powerful horses, and then a large wagon, whose only occupant was a young man, much tanned and freckled.

"Where are you going?" Jack asked the man.

"I am going home."

"Where is home?" asked Jack, again.

"Mr. Andrews's farm, fifteen miles around the mountain. Do you want a ride?"

"Yes, I do," said Jack; and without further remark he jumped into the wagon. They left the main road very soon, and began slowly to wind around the mountain. The drive was charming, but Jack was in no mood to admire scenery. Fortunately for him his companion was not a loquacious individual, and so he was not annoyed by questions. The daylight soon faded away, and the evening crept on. By the time they reached the farm-house the moon was shining in her full glory, so that Jack could see his surroundings very plainly.

"I stop here," said the man.

"All right!" responded Jack, feeling that everything was all wrong for him. "I 'm much obliged."

He jumped out of the wagon and started off very briskly, but he had no intention of going far.

As soon as he saw that the man had left his team and gone to the house, he made a grand run for the great barn, whose interior could be plainly seen in the moonlight.

"Here 's my only chance for the night," thought he to himself. "I must reach that barn before it is locked." (Town boys are sometimes a little ignorant regarding country ways, and Jack did not know that farmers seldom lock their barns.) He had just time to hide himself in the hay before the farmer's man came out of the house and prepared to unharness the horses. How Jack trembled! What if that man should need some of the hay, and drive a pitchfork into him! But he was not molested, and soon the great barn door was closed, and locked, as Jack supposed, and Jack was left to his own reflections. They were not pleasant.

"I am a tramp, that is just what I am," he exclaimed aloud, bitterly. "Here I am spending the night in a barn. Soon I shall be robbing hen-roosts and clothes-lines. What if the barn should take fire while I 'm locked up here? Tramps are always being burned in barns"; and Jack remembered with horror the poor fellow whom he had seen at the hospital. He made up his mind that he would stay awake all night to watch; instead of which, he went to sleep almost immediately and slept till morning. It was very bright when he awoke. At first he was greatly surprised to find himself in such a place, but all the misery of the evening before soon came back to him.

He crept stealthily down from the hay-mow, looking toward the door, which he saw was open. He saw no one in the yard, and made his way as quickly as possible to the open road. He felt weak and faint; scarcely able to walk; and remembered, then, that he had had no supper the night before, and was not likely to have any breakfast this morning, unless he begged for it. He soon decided that he must have something to eat, and turned his steps again toward the farm-house. As he approached the back door he saw a bright young girl, apparently about his own age, standing in the yard, evidently preparing to feed the chickens.

Jack stepped up to her with all the gallantry at his command, took off his hat, and then, I 'm sorry to say, told the first lie he had ever told in his life.

"Good-morning," he said, very politely; "would you be good enough to give me a glass of milk? I have come a long way this morning."

"Yes," she replied, very gravely, "you must be very tired; it 's a long walk from our barn."

Jack grew very red, and turned as if to beat a hasty retreat.

"Don't be angry," she said, smiling at his confusion. "I 'll give you a glass of milk, and some bread and butter, too; for you have not had any breakfast, and I don't believe you know where you are going to find any."

Jack could not deny the truth of her assertion, and the girl looked so pretty and good-natured that he thanked her and stood still. She went to the house and soon returned, bringing a large

bowl of milk, and a plate with two thick slices of bread and butter on it.

"Here," she said; "sit down on the doorstep, and eat this."

Jack did as he was told; and, while he was eating, the girl stood near him surveying him critically. Presently she asked coolly:

"What made you run away?"

"How do you know I 've run away?" retorted Jack, inclined to be provoked.

"Now, don't be so quick," said the girl coaxingly. "You 're no tramp, you 're too well dressed, and you 're a gentleman." (Jack was pleased. Little Dorothy Andrews knew that that remark would be received with satisfaction.) "And young gentlemen are n't found sleeping in barns Sunday morning, unless something has gone wrong at home. I went into the barn myself this morning to see if my bantam hen had hidden her nest in the hay, and I found you instead of the hen."

Jack looked around rather nervously. Now Dorothy had quite a taste for adventure, and very little opportunity to gratify it in her quiet life on the farm. Here was a fully-fledged romance right at her very door. It was more exciting than any story she had ever read. What a handsome, polite boy he was, to be sure, and how pale and tired he looked!

"You need not be afraid," she said, noticing Jack's anxiety. "Father and Mother are still asleep, and Jonas has taken Don and gone for the cows. If you will not tell me why you ran away, perhaps you 'll tell me what you 're going to do. You might get sleepy or hungry again," she concluded mischievously, "and I might be able to help you a little."

"I don't know where I am going," said Jack; "and I wish I were dead!"

Dorothy's heart gave a little skip of delight. This was splendid! A bit of high tragedy, too! Her eyes sparkled with excitement and pleasure, and she prepared to play the part of the guardian angel.

"Oh! don't be so desperate," she exclaimed. "There must be some one who 'd feel very sad if you should harm yourself. Now, I 've a plan. You can't go roaming around the country all Sunday. People will be so surprised, you know. You can't hire out to-day, if that 's what you mean to do; and everybody will ask you questions if you go tramping around."

"Papa wants a boy to do chores," she added, a little maliciously; "but he 's very particular what sort of a boy he hires. He always asks for a recommendation. I 'm afraid you would n't do."

"What is your plan?" inquired Jack, a little gruffly.

"I 'll hide you in the barn until to-morrow morning, and I 'll bring your food to you; but you must be off early to-morrow morning, just as soon as I 've given you your breakfast."

This was too humiliating! To be tucked away in a barn over Sunday, and have his rations brought to him by this saucy young country girl, who was evidently having infinite amusement out of the incident, was rather more than Jack's pride could bear.

"I won't do it," he exclaimed, flushing up. "I 'll starve first and sleep in the street."

"Oh, very well," she replied, tossing her little head; "just as you please. But there 's Jonas coming up the lane with the cows. I hear Mamma coming down the back stairs, and if she catches me here, talking with a strange boy on the doorstep, I shall have an awful scolding. I never ought to have spoken to you at all. It was very wrong. Mamma will be so displeased. Oh, dear!" said Dorothy, clasping her hands in genuine distress. Jack gave a quick look around.

"That kind little girl shall have no scolding on my account," thought he.

His only way of escape was the barn; and into it he dashed about as furiously as he had the night before, running up the stairs two steps at a time, and never stopping until he had reached the tip-top of the hay-mow. There he sat, directly under the roof, in a dripping perspiration, the thistles pricking his legs and hands.

"This is fine!" ejaculated Jack. "What would the fellows say?"

He soon made the interesting discovery that two large spiders were swinging themselves down from their homes in the roof, directly in front of his face; and, seizing a handful of hay, he made a ferocious attack upon all the spiders within his reach.

But this occupation did not last long, and it seemed to him that he had sat there many hours, when he heard some one enter the barn. Jack's heart stood still. But there was no occasion for his terror. It was only Jonas, preparing to harness the horses to the old-fashioned carriage, in which the Andrews family always rode to church. Soon he heard them drive away, and, strangely enough, felt more desolate and unhappy than before.

Here was a chance for escape; but after Jack had again taken up his quarters in the barn, it apparently never once occurred to him that he could do anything but remain there until morning, as Dorothy had bidden. How different this Sunday morning was from all others Jack had ever known! He did not like to think of home and home friends, but he could not help doing it. Had they all gone to church without him? Would they tell that he had run away? Jack's face burned at the thought. It was not a very heroic thing to run away after all. And he began to feel an unexpected sense of shame, which increased as the morning wore away.

The hours were long ones, but two o'clock did come at last, and, soon after, the Andrews family. The next half hour was an anxious one to Jack, and he drew a long breath of relief when Jonas finished his work in the barn and left him with the horses.

Five minutes later he heard a light step on the stairs, and in an instant Dorothy's curly head appeared. She paused a moment when half-way up the stairs, and looked around for Jack.

"I 'm up here," called Jack.

She started at the sound of his voice, and he heard the rattle of dishes. A queer little smile puckered her lips when she saw him, but she made no reply, nor did she advance another step, but raised her arms carefully and set a tray upon the floor. Then she ran away. Jack was not pleased.

"She might have spoken to a fellow anyhow. I have a good mind not to touch it," he said to himself. But he was a growing boy, with a famous appetite, which as yet had not been impaired by his trouble. He thought soon that he would just go and see what she had brought; and so he slipped down to the floor, and stepped softly to the stairway. The sight of eggs, potatoes, bread and butter, and milk made him forget his resolution, and he ate until there was nothing left.

After his dinner, he walked very softly back and forth for a long time in the great barn, for his legs were stiff and cramped from sitting still so long. Long before the walk was ended he had owned to himself that he had been very unfaithful the day before, and he could not wonder that Uncle Hiram was displeased. He remembered, too, how many times he had neglected other light tasks set for him, and how unpleasantly he had often answered his uncle. He saw that he had done a silly and even wicked thing in running away, for he well imagined the distress at home. He was almost ready to return to the kind people who had watched over him ever since he could remember anything. But Uncle Hiram's last mocking words still stung him, and he said to himself that he would not go home until he could prove to his uncle that he could earn a supper, or go without one, if necessary.

Tired out at last, he crept again into the hay and cried himself to sleep. Dorothy came and took away the tray, leaving a bowl of milk and a plate of crackers in its place; but he did not awake. The old barn grew dark, and then bright again with moonlight, but he slept on, forgetting all his troubles in pleasant dreams of home and school.

He awoke with a start, and sat up, rubbing his eyes. Ah! this was not home, and he should not go to school to-day. But Jack did not know that he was, even then, in the very best school he had ever attended, and that he was learning the most valuable lessons of his life. He sat quite still for a few minutes, seemingly undecided just what to do; then, sliding down to the floor, he went toward the stairway which he could see dimly in the gray morning light. There he found the milk and crackers that Dorothy had placed there while he slept. The milk was still sweet, and he drank it all, putting the crackers in his pockets. Then he went down the stairs, and out of the barn. There was no one awake yet. But the dog, which Jack had not seen before, began to bark furiously at sight of the stranger, and started toward him,

obliging that young gentleman to make his way to the open road in a very undignified manner.

Dorothy, who was aroused from sleep by the dog's barking, suspected at once the cause of the disturbance, jumped out of her bed in great fright, and ran to the window.

"Oh, dear!" she thought; "why did not that dreadful boy do as he was told, and wait till after breakfast? Don will bite him now, and it will be all my fault."

The truth was that Dorothy had spent a very uncomfortable Sunday. She had never had a secret before, and she did not know what disagreeable things they are. She was well aware that both her father and mother would be seriously displeased to learn that she had lodged an unknown boy in the barn; and her guilty conscience made her so unhappy that she longed to tell her mother all about it. But she concluded that would be very dishonorable to Jack, as she had promised him safe-keeping and food. She could think of nothing during church and Sunday-school but that dreadful boy in the barn.

"How silly I was," she thought to herself. "I wish he 'd go away before we get home! I 'm sure, I never wish to see him again. I 'll keep my promise, but I 'll not speak another word to him."

Dorothy grew so melancholy and irritable toward evening that her mother was seriously alarmed.

"I believe your liver is all out of order," she said. "Come here to the window, child, and let me look at the whites of your eyes, and see whether they 're yellow." Dorothy obeyed. Mrs. Andrews decided that the whites of Dorothy's eyes were yellow, and that she was very feverish; therefore she began to bustle about and make preparations for Dorothy's immediate relief. She soaked her feet in hot water and mustard; put horse-radish leaves over the spot where she supposed Dorothy's liver to be; gave her a bowlful of steaming boneset to drink; and tucked her up in bed at exactly seven o'clock. "There," she said, as she piled the blankets on poor Dorothy, "I guess you 'll have a good sweat now, and that will do you more good than all the doctor's stuff. I dare say you 'll be all right in the morning."

As soon as her mother had left the room, Dorothy began to cry. "This is just horrid," she sobbed. "I was never so nearly melted in my life. It is n't my liver, at all. It 's just because I deceived Papa and Mamma. I 'll never again care for anything romantic as long as I live."

She did not cry long, however, for her mother's energetic treatment had the effect of making her very sleepy, and soon she was slumbering as quietly as if she had passed the most commonplace day possible, being conscious of nothing until she was startled by Don's furious barking in the yard. By the time she reached the little window, Jack was already running up the road, and she crept back to bed again with a sigh of relief.

After breakfast, Dorothy told her mother all about it. Mrs. Andrews's consternation was great; but Dorothy was so penitent that she could not be very severe with her, and contented herself with bringing to her daughter's mind all sorts of possible and impossible things that might have happened, and admonishing her never to do such a thing again.

We left Jack running away from the dog. This was by no means his only unpleasant experience during the morning. He asked for work at several of the farm-houses, but every one looked at him suspiciously, and told him that no extra help was needed then.

At two o'clock in the afternoon he reached a small, rather shabby house. It was the least inviting of all the houses he had seen, but Jack was so tired and discouraged that he was no longer very particular. Near the house stood the barn, and there he saw a man trying to teach a calf to drink from a pail. He went up to him and asked again for work.

"Why, no," responded the man, pausing in his work and looking him well over; "I don't want any more help, and I don't believe you are used to farm work any way. Do you know how to milk?"

Jack was obliged to confess that he did not.

"I 'll be bound you don't," returned the man.

Jack's heart grew very heavy, but at the same time a strange boldness came over him.

"I must have work," he said desperately. "Do let me do something here. I 'm almost

starved. I have n't any place to sleep, and I 'm miles and miles away from home."

"Well, now," ejaculated the farmer, "that 's too bad! But I don't know as I 'm bound to keep you, for all that. If you were only a girl now, we might let you stay for a while, for my wife 's about sick, and wants some help."

"Do let me stay," pleaded Jack; "I 'll do anything."

"Come along with me then," he said, turning the calf into a little stall and fastening it in.

He led the way to the house, and Jack followed.

On entering the kitchen, Jack saw the farmer's wife hard at work over the wash-tub. In the middle of the room was a cradle with a baby in it.

"I 've brought you a girl," said the man to his wife.

The woman, who had a coarse and rather ill-natured face, stared a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh. Jack's blood boiled; but he had agreed to "do anything." So he said nothing, and he soon found himself installed as maid-of-all-work. He was to have nothing but his lodging and board until he had proved his usefulness.

"Now," said Mrs. Butler, "just take your coat off and wring out those clothes for me."

Jack looked at the wash-tub with horror.

"I don't know how," he answered feebly.

Mrs. Butler proceeded to show him with more energy than could have been expected of a woman in delicate health.

Jack went to work and did his best; but he was a boy, and this was his first washing. He splashed the water in every direction, dropped one end of a sheet on the floor while he was wringing out the other end, and brought upon himself serious trouble by tossing the sheet into the baby's cradle instead of into the large clothes-basket. For a whole hour did Mrs. Butler shout directions and warnings, but in vain. Just as the last garment was wrung out, Jack outdid himself by pushing the tub off from the bench on which it stood. Mrs. Butler caught up the baby, and Jack seized the basket of clothes and ran out into the yard with it, feeling that no more terrible calamity could befall him than to be obliged to wring out all those clothes again. He found a box of clothes-pins in the yard and hung the clothes upon the line.

When he returned to the house he was ordered in no gentle tones to sweep the water out into the yard, and then to take a pail and mop and see what he could do to dry the floor. Jack made up his mind that he would rather wring out clothes again, when he understood that he must wring out that dreadful mop as fast as it soaked up the water. Then he had to blacken the stove, hot as it was, and after that was done, it was time to wash the potatoes and put them on to boil. Of course he put them over in Mrs. Butler's preserving kettle, and let the water boil out, so that the bottom of the kettle was burned as well as the potatoes. Poor Jack! This was new work indeed, and little suited to his taste. Although he had eaten nothing since his early breakfast in the barn, he was too completely tired out to have much appetite for the supper of boiled potatoes and bread and milk. As for Mrs. Butler, she declared that she was never so "wore out" in her life, and that she would rather have no help at all, than such help as that stupid boy, who could not learn anything. Jack was glad when the meal was over, for Mr. Butler and his man made themselves quite merry at his expense, and seemed to enjoy his discomfiture.

However, fresh trials awaited him, for there were dishes to be washed and a great many milk-pails and pans, too; and so Jack's hands were soon in the dish-pan.

"It must be an awful thing to be a girl all the time," said he to himself, shuddering inwardly as he felt the bits of bread and potato floating about in the greasy dish-water. "How glad I am that I was born a boy." He had always supposed that women and girls had an easy time, and had often said rather contemptuously to his cousins, "You don't do much. Men do all the hard work in the world."

So you see it was not a bad thing for Jack to learn something of the homely tasks which fill the lives of many patient women. This experience in housework gave him a wholesome respect for many things and many people, and he was a better man for it all his life.

Well, awkward as he was, the dishes were at last all put away in the pantry, and there was a

row of shining tin pails and pans on the shelf behind the stove, so that he could go to the room over the kitchen, to which Mrs. Butler directed him. It was not an inviting sleeping apartment. The air in Mr. Andrews's barn would have been far purer than in this little hot room filled with the odors from the kitchen. The clean, sweet hay, too, would have made a much softer resting-place for his aching limbs than he was likely to find here.

"Nothing is clean," he said, with disgust, holding up the lamp and looking around him.

However, it is usually considered more respectable to sleep in a house than in a barn, especially when one has honorably earned the right to a night's lodging there. Jack fully appreciated this fact, and being, after all, too much exhausted by the experiences of the day to pay great heed to his surroundings, threw himself on the outside of the bed, and was soon fast asleep.

The sharp voice of Mrs. Butler aroused him at an early hour the next morning, and he hurried down stairs. Before he was fairly in the kitchen, Mrs. Butler spied him and thrust a huge piece of salt pork and a knife into his hands, telling him to cut off a dozen slices and fry them in the spider.

"Please, can't I wash my face and hands somewhere?" inquired Jack, meekly. "And I am very sorry, but I don't know what you mean by a spider."

Mrs. Butler's only answer was to take the pork and knife from his hands, and point toward the shed. Jack knew that he should find there the old basin and soiled towel which had been there yesterday, and it seemed to him that he could never use either one again. But he did not know what else to do; so he went to the shed, and followed the example set him by the farmer's man who was there before him. On his return to the house, work began in earnest, and continued all through the week. He swept, dusted, washed dishes, churned, made beds, even ironed some clothes, and helped make bread,—in fact, did everything but sew. When there was nothing else on hand, he was called upon to take care of the baby. He walked up and down the road, carrying the child in his arms, because Mrs. Butler said he was teething and needed not only fresh air but the exercise which the walk would give him. Little Josiah entertained himself by testing the strength of his hands on Jack's straw hat, and when Jack remonstrated, pulled Jack's hair, and poked his dirty, sticky fingers into Jack's eyes instead. If Jack still ventured to interfere with his amusement, he screamed at the top of his lungs, pummeling Jack with his fists, and kicking and writhing so it was almost impossible to hold him.

"Oh, dear!" moaned Jack, "I don't wonder that women in India throw their babies into the Ganges, if they act like this!"

Fortunately for Jack, Josiah's screams usually brought Mrs. Butler upon the scene. She always surveyed Jack with an air of grave suspicion on these occasions, taking the baby and examining him very carefully. Jack was sure that she expected to discover that he had been sticking pins into the baby or pinching him.

All of these things were disagreeable enough; but as the week drew to its close, and Sunday came, one question fairly haunted Jack. Would Mrs. Butler make him do the washing on Monday? Sunday evening she went about picking up the soiled clothes and throwing them into a large tub of warm suds, and she said not a word about the washing. But at five o'clock the next morning, Mrs. Butler called:

"Come, Jack, it 's Monday morning, you know, and you must get a good start with your washing."

Jack went downstairs very slowly, rolling up his shirt-sleeves as he went. "I declare," he exclaimed aloud, as he stood looking at the tub, "if that water were n't so dirty, I 'd just jump in and drown myself."

Mrs. Butler soon appeared and initiated him into all the horrible mysteries of the wash-board and pounding-barrel. By nine o'clock, Jack had set his first boilerful of clothes on the stove. There he stood, stirring up the clothes with an old broomstick, when he was startled by a familiar voice saying:

"Our harness has given way. Can some one give my husband a little help?" and looking up, he saw his old friend Mrs. Mayhew standing in the doorway. She recognized Jack immediately, and came toward him, saying,

"Good-morning, Jack. I 'm glad to see you." Doubtless, Mrs. Mayhew was both surprised and amused, but her face did not betray it. Turning again to Mrs. Butler she asked if she could spare Jack for a few moments. That lady consented rather ungraciously, and Jack wiped his dripping hands, and followed Mrs. Mayhew out to the road, where Mr. Mayhew stood with his horses and democrat wagon. He stared a minute at Jack, and then broke out into a series of disjointed and incoherent exclamations:

"Why, Jack Roberts! I declare, I did n't know you! Where on earth—! You don't mean that—! What are you fixed up in such extraordinary style for? Don't let my team of colts get a glimpse of you, for they 'll run if they do!"

Jack needed no such remarks to remind him of the deficiencies of his toilet. He hastily pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and they fell over his hands to his very finger-tips. Mr. Mayhew laughed outright. He had not so much tact as had his little wife. In his embarrassment Jack dropped his eyes, and they rested on Mrs. Butler's checked apron and on his bare feet and legs. Poor Jack! The truth was that his shirt and stockings were in the wash. Mrs. Butler had given him her husband's old red flannel shirt to put on, and as Mr. Butler was a large, long-limbed man, it could hardly be called a good fit for him. As a means of protecting his only pair of trousers, he had consented to Mrs. Butler's proposal that he should put on one of her aprons, and, in his haste and confusion, he had forgotten to remove it. His shame was so great that he could not speak. Mrs. Mayhew answered for him.

"Jack is working on this farm, and he is dressed for his work just as one should be when one has dirty work to do."

"I did n't mean to hurt your feelings," said Mr. Mayhew kindly. "I supposed you were up to some fun or other. Never mind your looks, just see if you can't find me a piece of rope."

Jack was sure that there was some in the barn, and started off, glad of any chance of escape. Mrs. Mayhew followed him.

"Jack," she said anxiously, "tell me what all this means. Something must be wrong. Have you had any trouble at home?"

Jack hesitated.

"Do tell me all about it," pleaded Mrs. Mayhew. "I am sure that you need a friend, Jack."

Jack knew well enough that he did, and in a few moments he had told Mrs. Mayhew all about it.

When he had finished his story, the kind-hearted woman came close to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, looking into his face with eyes filled with tears.

"Jack," she began, "I had a boy once; he is not living now. When he was about your age, God took him. For the sake of that boy I must talk to you a little; and for the sake of the mother whom you never knew, and the dear aunt who is breaking her heart over you, you must listen to me."

"Now I 'm going to catch it," thought Jack; "but I won't cry, any way."

"I remember well when your uncle brought you to his house. You were a mere baby, only two years old, and you were of course a great care" (Jack thought of Josiah); "but none of the family ever considered that. When the weather was very hot, Uncle Hiram often sat up half the night to fan you; and when you were ill, he and Aunt Rachel watched over you night and day, unwilling to trust you to any other care. No child was ever more tenderly cherished and cared for than you were. Oh, you don't know! You don't understand! Why, Jack, the devotion of that family to you has been something wonderful! Everybody and everything has revolved around you, and every thought has been for you. You will never know the sacrifices they have made so that you might have the best of everything. Aunt Rachel and the girls have done all the work at home, and have been glad to wear old wraps and old bonnets so that you might be sent to a private school. You have heard your Cousin Maggie talk about teaching next year, but perhaps you don't know that it is because she wishes to earn money for you. And perhaps you never knew why Uncle Hiram decided not to take his trip West last winter. How *is* that, Jack?"

Jack did n't know.

"Then I am going to tell you how it was. I know, because Aunt Rachel told me. You re-

member the delightful drawing-lessons with Professor Herman last winter?"

Yes, Jack remembered them well; for he had never enjoyed anything half as much as those hours with Professor Herman.

"Well, Jack, your uncle could not afford the trip West and the lessons too, so the dear old man gave up his plans without a murmur, and took as much delight in those lessons as you did. How proud he is of every picture you drew! He thinks you will make a great artist some day. Now, dear boy, we are all very human, and I dare say that Uncle Hiram may have made some mistakes with you, but have you made none yourself? Has he ever asked anything unreasonable of you?"

Jack was forced to admit that Uncle Hiram never had.

"And have you always been obedient and helpful to him? — or have you deserved some rebuke sometimes?"

Jack's conscience was at work, and the knowledge of his uncle's sacrifice for him had touched his heart. The tears kept coming to his eyes in spite of all his resolutions, and, as his only handkerchief was in the wash-tub, too, he had to wipe his eyes on the sleeve of the old flannel shirt.

"Mrs. Mayhew," he said at last, "I have not treated Uncle Hiram right, and I am sorry and ashamed."

Mrs. Mayhew's face was radiant.

"I knew you were made of the right material," she said. "And now, Jack, you must go home. Nobody knows that you have run away. Your uncle's family have only said that you were away for a few days, and that they expected you home soon. How they must have looked and watched for you! Oh, Jack! How could you run away from such love, and how could you stay away so long? But you will go back to them to-morrow with us. We drove over to Mr. Andrews's, Saturday, to spend a day or two. Do you know where he lives?"

Jack rather thought he did.

"Well, you must manage to meet us there to-morrow morning by nine o'clock."

"I am not fit to ride with you," said Jack; "my clothes are all used up."

"Never mind your clothes," replied Mrs. Mayhew. "Find that rope for my husband, and hurry back to him."

If Mr. Mayhew had at first exhibited a lack of tact on this occasion, he was certainly making all possible compensation for his shortcomings by the extraordinary patience with which he stood in the dusty road holding his restless horses. He guessed pretty well what was passing between his wife and Jack, and would willingly have waited much longer, if it had been necessary. The rope was found and brought to him at last, and as soon as the harness was securely tied he drove away with his wife.

"Mrs. Mayhew," called Jack, "if you please, I would rather meet you a little beyond Mr. Andrews's house."

"Very well," she said.

Then he returned to the kitchen and to the wash-tub, rubbing and pounding and wringing with such energy that Mrs. Butler was surprised when his work was done. He did not know that it is expected that girls will "give warning" when contemplating a change of residence, and so he said nothing of his plans to Mrs. Butler until he was going to bed. She was very much offended, and talked very volubly on the folly of trying to benefit ungrateful young people.

Jack slept little that night, and arose very early in the morning. He smoothed out his shirt as well as he could with his hands, but he was not proud of his appearance after he was dressed. Josiah had made such a wreck of his hat that little was left of it but the crown.

As he was going through the kitchen Mr. Butler called to him and spoke very kindly, telling him to eat something before starting.

"I knew you had run away," he said, "and I am glad you are going home. I ran away once myself, and by the time I got home I had n't any father there."

Jack felt very sober as he stood in the doorway eating some bread and butter; but he was very thankful that he was going home to no such sorrow. When he had finished his simple meal he shook hands with Mr. Butler and started to meet Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew.

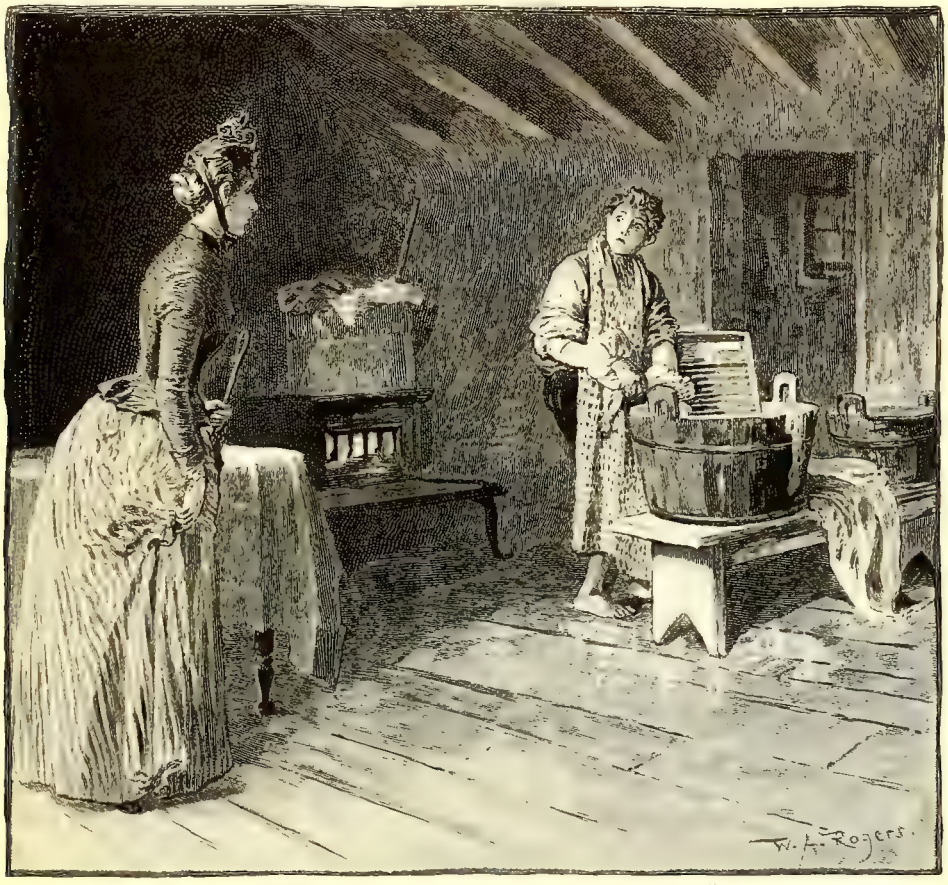
The ten miles of road were the same over which he had passed only a week ago, but how different were his thoughts! He was so completely absorbed with them, that he was sur-

prised when he caught sight of Mr. Andrews's house.

As he was hastening by the familiar place, congratulating himself that there was no one in sight, the stillness was suddenly broken by

"I am sorry to be late," he exclaimed, quite out of breath, as he came running up to them.

"No matter," answered Mr. Mayhew cheerily; "jump in, and then I 'll show you how my colts can trot."



"LOOKING UP, JACK SAW HIS OLD FRIEND MRS. MAYHEW."

a fresh young voice, which sang with great energy and emphasis the refrain:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble,
There 's no place like home,
There 's no-o place like home!"

Looking up, Jack saw Dorothy's mischievous face at the window of her little room. She laughed and disappeared from view at once; but she continued to sing "Home, sweet home," persistently, as long as Jack could be seen.

He soon forgot this annoyance in real dismay at seeing his friends waiting for him, a little farther on, under the shade of a great elm.

Jack obeyed; and off they went, homeward bound. But the boy was not the lively, talkative Jack that Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew had known; for his thoughts were not all happy ones yet. He was going home, but not with flying colors. He felt that he was no hero, and that he had covered himself with anything but glory. As they drew near the town he looked down at his torn, soiled clothes, and wished that he could creep under the seat.

"Cheer up, Jack," said Mrs. Mayhew, seeing his trouble; "no one will notice your clothes."

He began to prepare little speeches which should express in dignified terms his sense of

unworthiness, and desire for his uncle's forgiveness, but found some difficulty in putting his thoughts into words.

When the horses stopped in front of the dear old house his heart beat very fast, and he said "good-bye" to his kind friends with a very husky, uncertain voice. He hurried up the



JACK AMUSES LITTLE JOSIAH. (SEE PAGE 390.)

walk, stepped upon the little porch very softly, and stood for a moment looking through the window into the dining-room. The table was set for dinner, and Jack noted that there was a place there for him. Uncle Hiram lay on the sofa, with a newspaper over his head. He was asleep, for Jack could hear him snore. Just then, a door opposite the window was opened and Aunt Rachel came into the room. She gave a cry of joy; and in another moment Jack was in her arms, crying as if his heart would break. All this commotion awoke Uncle Hiram, and brought Alice and Maggie from the kitchen. Jack forgot all about the fine oration he had intended to deliver on this occasion. He could only hold Uncle Hiram's hand, and sob out in broken words his sorrow over the past, and his purpose to be a better boy in the future.

"Dear boy," said Uncle Hiram tenderly, "we have all made some mistakes, and, with God's help, we are all going to do better."

At that moment the door burst open, and in rushed Nellie and Kate. Some one had told them that Jack had come, and they had run all the way home from school. Then everybody talked and laughed and cried at once for a whole hour. Maggie's pet chickens walked into the kitchen, making themselves very much at home there, and indulging freely in clucks of delight; but the excited family neither saw nor heard them. The potatoes and corn-bread burned up in the oven, and the gravy boiled out of the spider in which the sliced mutton was warming. The doughnuts which Maggie had left in the kettle whirled around faster and faster in the bubbling fat, but no one thought of them, and they were soon as black as the stove.

At last, the burning lard began to assert itself, and Maggie suddenly became conscious that the house was filling with smoke. "Oh, dear! My doughnuts are burning, and I forgot all about the dinner," she cried, running out through the china-closet into the kitchen. There was trouble enough! The chickens flew out of the kitchen with great cackling and flapping of wings, but too late; for Maggie saw, with dismay, that they had eaten off the top-crust from two fresh apple-pies which she had set to cool on the bench under the window. She caught the kettle and spider from the stove and ran with them into the wood-shed. Then she opened the oven door. It was too bad! Just when Jack had come and she would have been glad to have an especially good dinner. "Well, Jack," said Uncle Hiram dryly, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at the blackened remains of the potatoes and johnny-

cake, "you will never have the chance to say that we killed the fatted calf for you. I really don't know as we are going to give you any dinner at all."

They all laughed at this, and every one was so happy that nothing mattered much. They ate a simple lunch with great contentment, and Aunt Rachel said they should celebrate with a fine supper that night.

Now, you must not think that the millennium had come in that house, although there was more of heaven there than formerly. Jack was still very fond of his own way and of his own ease; but he fought perseveringly to overcome his selfish and indolent habits. Uncle Hiram still had rheumatism sometimes, and was not always perfectly reasonable, but he had learned some lessons as well as Jack.

And did Jack ever see Dorothy again?

Yes.

GEORGE AND NELLIE CUSTIS.

By Margaret J. Preston.

NELLIE CUSTIS.

On the library mantelpiece, in the home of General Lee (in Lexington, Virginia), stand two tall and massive silver candlesticks, which have an historic association. They were the gift of Queen Anne to the young lieutenant, Daniel Parke, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, and were presented to him on the occasion of his bringing to her the news of the victory of Blenheim. It was a great honor to be the bearer of that news, and five hundred pounds was usually the gift of the sovereign to such a messenger. Colonel Parke chose, instead, the Queen's miniature, which she gave him set in diamonds. Four pair of these unique candlesticks were also presented to him, and a full service of superb silver, so heavy that, as I tried to lift one of the salvers, it strained my hands.

This Daniel Parke was the ancestor of Nellie Custis, in whose baptismal name we find this one of the Duke of Marlborough's aide. A very fine full-length portrait of Colonel Parke, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, hangs in General Lee's drawing-room at Lexington. It was one of the historic canvases that so long adorned — first, the walls at Mount Vernon, and afterward, those of Arlington. Colonel Parke was a very handsome man, and his physical type has singularly stamped itself upon many of his descendants.

In a package of old papers we find the following letter from Colonel Parke to the young daughter who afterward married Colonel Custis, — the great-grandfather of George and Nellie Custis, — which it may be worth while to introduce here, as originally written:

St. James October ye 20th
1697

My Dear Fanny—

I Rec'd yr first letter, and be shure you be as good as yr word and mind yr writing and everything else you have learnt; and doe not learn to Romp, but behave yrselfe soberly and like A Gentlewoman. Mind Reading; and carry yrself so yt Everyboddy may Respect you. Be Calm and Obligeing to all the servants, and when you speak, doe it mildly Even to the poorest slave; if any of the Servants commit small faults yt are of no consequence, do you hide them. If you understand of any great faults they commit, acquaint yr mother, but doe not aggravate the fault. I am well, and have sent you everything you desired, and, please God I doe well, I shall see you ere long. Love yr sister and yr friends; be dutiful to yr mother. This, with my blessing is from yr lo: father, Dan'el. Parke.

When George Washington, in 1759, married the beautiful widow, Mrs. Custis, who as Martha Dandridge had been the belle of Williamsburg, in the bright days when Governor Gooch maintained there almost a regal court, she had two children, John and Martha, who were adopted by Washington, and carried at once to Mount Vernon. Young Martha was a lovely girl,

and her stepfather doted on her as much as if she had been his own daughter. When she died at the age of sixteen, he flung himself upon her bed in an agony of grief, and for a long time utterly refused to be comforted. Her brother John—"Jacky," as Washington calls him in his letters—grew up at Mount Vernon, where his education was most carefully superintended by Washington himself. The boy was very fond of pleasure, and of all the gentlemanly sports of the day, and he used sometimes to vex his stepfather by his preferring them to his studies. Indeed, occasionally he would slip away from school and go on fox-hunts, much to the disapprobation of Washington. When he was only about eighteen he fell in love with Eleanor Calvert, a near relative of Lord Baltimore. She was little more than fifteen, and Washington very strenuously opposed the marriage. It was settled, however, that if he would remain for two years at King's College (now Columbia College, New York) consent would be given to his marriage. But love was not to be overruled. The young collegian would do nothing but scribble over the pages of his books the name of "Nellie Calvert." Between his mental eye, and the page over which he pretended to pore, ever intervened the lithe figure of Lord Baltimore's lovely ward, whose fresh beauty witched him away from everything like severe study. For a few months he bore the separation as well as he could; but finally confessed the truth, and was allowed to return to Mount Vernon, where he and Miss Calvert were married, in 1774.



JOHN PARKE CUSTIS.
(FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

After his marriage, although he was a minor, young Custis settled down into a valuable and earnest man. During the Revolutionary war he was aide-de-camp to Washington, and rendered, on many occasions, very important service. While the American army lay before Yorktown he was seized with camp-fever, and died, to the intense grief of his foster-father, after a brief illness. So overwhelming, for a time, was the grief of the victor for the death of this stepson, that the general rejoicings that thrilled the land found no echo in his bosom.

Immediately on the death of their father, Washington adopted, in full legal form, the two younger children of his stepson,—Eleanor Parke Custis, and George Washington Parke Custis. "Nellie," as she was always called, was only two years and a half old when she became the child of Mount Vernon, and little George was a baby of six months. The wife of the steward at Mount Vernon was baby George's nurse, and for many a year, according to the custom of Southern children, he called her "Mammy." Nellie used to tell how she remembered running with "Mammy," when she was only three years old, to meet the General and Lady Washington, on their return from camp in a chariot drawn by six horses.

The little Nellie's life at Mount Vernon was a very happy one. She was kept strictly to her lessons, and Washington was very strenuous in having her give prompt attention to all her duties. But at the same time she was indulged with a great variety of pleasures. She had many young companions of her own age, who visited her at Mount Vernon, and she would often relate how considerate the General was in trying to make everything easy and pleasant for her visitors. He delighted in seeing young people happy, and would often remain in the drawing-room with the girls, in order that he might enjoy the sight of their pleasure. But finding that it was not easy for them to conquer their awe of the great man, before whom they could not indulge in gay chatter, he would withdraw, and leave them to their own devices.

There was no neglect of any kind of training, for in those old days children were not allowed the liberties and indulgences that our progressive times accord. The lessons given to the little Nellie were so long that the tender grandmamma would sometimes beg to have them shortened. The child was kept rigidly to

the rules of the school-room. Indeed, the education of the children was much in advance of that of most children of their day. Nellie early learned to write a beautiful hand, and I have now lying before me many of her letters, written with an elegance and freedom very unusual at that period. Our great-grandparents were a little shaky as to their spelling in those old times, but these letters, now dingy and worn with age, scarcely contain a word differing from the orthography of the present day.

Mount Vernon was the resort of all the distinguished men in the country; and no eminent foreigner came from abroad who did not go thither to pay his respects to the man who was even then placed high among the world's heroes. So from her earliest years the child was brought face to face with the most distinguished people in the land. The style of living at Mount Vernon was that of the landed aristocracy of England. General Washington and his wife each had a large fortune, and the hospitality of the mansion was unbounded. The family never sat down to dinner without some brilliant visitors, to whom, according to the English custom, the children were presented when they were brought in with the dessert. Of course all this gave an ease and an elegance to their manners which distinguished them both throughout life.

In one of his letters, Washington says: "I keep a hundred cows upon my estate, and yet still I am obliged to buy my butter." This will give some idea of the amount of company that was entertained at the hospitable home. Many a time when the whole country turned out for a fox-hunt, of which sport Washington was exceedingly fond, the entire company would dine and stay all night at Mount Vernon, which made it gay and delightful for Nellie.

She loved, in after years, to dwell upon the absolute harmony that always existed between her grandparents. She used to tell how she had often seen her grandmamma, when she had something to ask the General, break in upon him when his mind was entirely abstracted, and occupied by grave business; how she would run up to him, seize him by one of his buttons, and shake him to compel his attention; how he always would smile upon her in the most benignant manner, listen to whatever she had to say, and never seem vexed by the intrusion. Nellie many a time tried to correct the impression that at home the General always wore his grave dignity; she would tell how she was accustomed to amuse him often by relating some gay prank of her own, over which he would laugh in the heartiest manner, like any common mortal.

Nellie was very gay-tempered, and possessed remarkable beauty, as her portrait, by Gilbert Stuart, which now hangs in General Lee's drawing-room, testifies. She had an exceeding vivacity of manner, was very witty, and possessed an amiability of character, and a bright cheerfulness which never deserted her to her latest day. This made her the darling of the Mount Vernon household, and her charming personality commended her to all its visitors.

As may be supposed, Nellie had a great many suitors, and among them some of the most brilliant men of the day. It was very natural that Washington should desire to bind the dear child, on whom he doted, by still closer ties. Accordingly, we find that when young Lawrence Lewis, his favorite nephew, the son of his beloved sister Elizabeth, came to reside at Mount Vernon as his private secretary, Washington favored the young man's suit for the hand of his foster-daughter. Nellie was beautiful, gay, had the world before her where to choose, and was, perhaps, like all belles, a little capricious. "Grandmamma" had some other plans for her; but no restraint was brought to bear upon the young girl. There is a long letter, preserved by her brother George, written to her by General Washington when she was only sixteen years of age, on the event of her first ball. It was full of wise and gentle advice to her on the matter of love and marriage, and he gives her a number of hints about avoiding coquetry, to which, perhaps, Nellie was a little inclined. He begs her not to let her impulses run away with her; but to be as reasonable in the matter of love as she was in everything else. He was evidently afraid that some of the gay wits of the day might deprive his dear Lawrence of the wife he intended for him.

Be that as it may, a singular occurrence, related to me by one of Nellie's great-nieces, precipitated the matter. "Nellie," she said, "had a great fancy for enacting the nurse when



NELLIE CUSTIS. (FROM A PAINTING BY GILBERT STUART, OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

there was anything the matter with the health of her friends." She was very fond of giving "powders," prescribing "lotions," and doing all she could, in the exceeding kindness of her heart, to restore them; for it will be remembered that, in those more primitive days, women were better domestic doctors than they are now, when every ache and pain has its professional specialist.

It so happened, one day, that the handsome young Lawrence, to whose persistent addresses she had never given as yet a very earnest attention, fell ill. He was living at Mount Vernon, an inmate, with Nellie, of the family. What was more natural than that she should bring her medical skill to bear upon him? She accordingly prepared a powder, which was duly administered. What was her horror, and that of the family, to find, after it had been taken, that a mistake had been made, and that the drug given was a poison! Of course Nellie's agony was intense, and she probably discovered then, for the first time, how necessary this life had become to hers. In her remorse and grief, she vowed that if Lawrence recovered she would

marry him. Lawrence *did* recover, and in due time she became his wife.

The marriage was a very brilliant one. All the great people of the neighborhood, distinguished officers of the army, celebrities from abroad, and the Government officers of the new capital were present to grace the festivities, which took place on the 22d of February, Washington's birthday, at Mount Vernon. There was not a negro on the plantation that day who did not share in the joy of "Little Missy's wedding."

The young married pair lived, for a while, with the President; but finally took up their abode on an estate, belonging to the Lewis family, called "Woodlawn," which lay between Mount Vernon and Arlington. This was the home where most of Nellie Custis's long and happy life was passed. She devoted herself with noble assiduity, and with all a Virginia matron's



G. W. P. CUSTIS IN BOYHOOD.
(FROM A PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

unselfishness, just as she had seen her grandmother do before her, to the burdensome duties of a plantation peopled with a large number of servants, to whom she was the best of mistresses; to the exercise of a vast hospitality, as well as to the education of her several children.

When she was still a comparatively young woman, she lost a lovely daughter, Agnes, whose death was a sore blow to her. There was put into my hands, very recently, a box containing many precious memorials of the lives of these two Custis children, from which these notes are mainly drawn. The letters are faded with age, and many of them worn almost to indistinctness. Among these papers, I find a copy of verses, written by Nellie Custis on the death of this beloved daughter. She wrote many verses in her young days, but, as she had no literary ambition, and wrote merely for her own pleasure and that of her friends, her poems have not been carefully preserved. This is the only one which I have been able to secure. It is before me in the original graceful handwriting of the bereaved mother:

TO THE MEMORY OF MY AGNES.

"WHY then do you grieve for me, mother?"—she cried,
As I painted the joys of the blest;
"Why then do *you* grieve, dearest child?"—I replied,
"Thou wilt go to a haven of rest."

For thee, my lost Angel, ev'n death had no sting,
And no terrors, the cold, silent grave;
Tho' Thy Maker recalled Thee, in life's early Spring,
He resumed but the blessing He gave.

Thy end was so peaceful,—so pure was thy life,
Could a wish now restore thee again,
'T were a sin to expose thee to perils and strife,—
To a world of temptation and pain.

I can not forget, tho' I do not repine,
That those eyes are now shrouded in death;
Which bent with the fondest affection on mine,
Till my darling resigned her last breath.

To adore Thy Creator in spirit and truth,
Submissive to bow to His will,
To the close of thy life from thy earliest youth,
Thou didst then these duties fulfill!

To thy favorite beech do I often repair,
And I kiss on its bark, thy dear name;
To meet thee in Heaven is ever my prayer,
And my last sigh shall murmur the same.

Here is an extract from a letter she wrote at this time to her brother George:

. . . . I am resigned to the will of the Almighty, and hope that my child is eternally blessed. She was as much of an angel as any human being could be before death. If I could forget her sufferings I would feel more easy; but I always think I might have done more than I did. I wish to see my dearest Mary. My child often spoke of, and wished to see her. May she live to bless you, my dearest Mary, and when she does go hence, may her death be as tranquil as my darling's was at the last.

Nellie Custis was possessed of many accomplishments. She embroidered very beautifully, and was exceedingly fond of the art. I have now before me a bit of her needlework, done for Robert E. Lee, when he was a young man, recently married to her niece, Mary Custis, of Arlington. One of her great-nieces tells me that "Aunt Lewis's" witticisms, and clever sayings, and brilliant talk, and beautiful cheerfulness, and unbounded generosity have always been traditions in the family. She remembers being taken frequently, when a little child of four or five, with her sisters, to her home at "Woodlawn"—visits which were considered the greatest treat of their lives. "Aunt Lewis was so loving," she said, "so gentle and bright, she made everything beautiful for us. She always had a store of little presents ready; and one of my earliest memories is being taken into one of her treasure-closets and treated to sweeties."

Some time before her death, she removed to "Audley," another family seat, which is now the home of one of her great-nephews. Here she died in 1851, aged seventy-four. Among the MSS., to which I have already referred, is a letter written by Mrs. G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, to her daughter, Mrs. Robert E. Lee. I quote a sentence or two:

What an affectionate, inexpressibly kind sister and aunt we have lost, my daughter! I do not think in all our long intercourse she ever uttered a word to me that was not in the most perfect kindness; and a thousand kind acts evince still more.

Before me lie two pictures taken from miniatures of Nellie Custis, sent to me by one of her grandsons. One represents her as a young girl, just entering her teens, full of the sweet shyness and tender beauty characteristic of her in those early years, when the sparkle was in her eye, and the rose upon her cheek. The other pictures her as she appeared in the matronly dignity of old age, when the winter snows of life had hidden the violets, and withered the rose-leaves of youth; but, even in this last presentment, one still discerns traces of that vivacity and gentleness and suavity that made her in her young years the pride and darling of Mount Vernon.

GEORGE CUSTIS.

THE "little George," of whom "Tutor Snow" speaks so affectionately in some of his brief reminiscences of the Mount Vernon life which have come down to us, was only six months old when adopted by Washington. His whole life, consequently, was passed at Mount Vernon (except the years he was at college), until, in his early manhood, he married, and established a home for himself at Arlington. "Tutor Snow" was interested in everything that affected the little grandson. We find him writing to a friend, and describing his young pupil's "fine black cloth coat, and his overalls"; and again he writes to know where a Latin grammar can be procured; for it is time, he thinks, "to set the boy down to his Gradus." It seems very odd to us in these days, when old Latin grammars go back to the paper-mills by the dray-load,



G. W. P. CUSTIS AS A BOY AT MOUNT VERNON.
(FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF GENERAL G. W. C. LEE.)

in order to be reduced to pulp again, to find the tutor of the grandson of the President of the United States making inquiries here and there, among his learned friends, for one by means of which to set his little pupil to work. Now the son of any poor laborer throughout the land can command any text-book he may want, for nothing, or for the merest nominal price.

Some time ago, a friend of mine, who had picked up a little half-starved, half-dressed negro boy, and had fed him for six months, until he became sleek and shiny, conceived the idea of making a little butler of him. She decked him out as a waiter, and he answered her purposes admirably, until one day he announced that he wished to go to school. She consented, on condition that he should always be in his place at her six o'clock dinner. After a brief time, however, the boy grew careless, and one day, at the time when plates were to be handed, he was not on call.

"How is this, John?" she asked; "I surely give you plenty of time for your lessons."

"No 'm," was the reply, "I has n't time; for you see I has botany, and geography, and mathematics, and I has to make up so much on my Latin grammar."

"You learning Latin!" exclaimed his mistress. "Why, that 's more than ever *I* did!"

"La!" answered John superciliously. "You was nothin' but a girl, and girls cyan't learn Latin nohow!"

The barefooted negro of to-day was better off for books than was this little heir of Mount Vernon, a hundred years ago!

"Master Washington," as he was always called, had, however, no great fondness for books in his early years, for there was everything around him to distract his attention, and fill his outdoor life with delight. The Mount Vernon house was always filled with company, in the midst of which Master Washington had his part to play. The retinue of servants was immense, and the little boy had his train of black followers and playmates. The estate consisted of fifteen thousand acres; it had splendid fisheries on the Potomac, was thoroughly stocked with deer, abounded in partridges, pheasants, and hare; and every fortnight there was a regular hunt, in which, as soon as he was old enough, the boy took part.

Mr. Custis gives an account, in his recollections of Washington at Mount Vernon, of a certain morning, when he was summoned by Washington to go out with the drivers and kill an old buck. He says: "I was charmed with the permission (as any boy would be), so long coveted, and I determined to follow as closely as possible my grandfather's orders: 'Recollect, sir, you are to fire with ball — to use no hounds — and on no account to kill any but an old buck.' We went to the haunt of one known as the patriarch of the herd, rousing him from his lair, while the woods echoed with the shouts of the huntsmen and the cries of the dogs; the old buck, crashing through the undergrowth, made for the waters of the Potomac — the huntsmen lustily laying about them to prevent the dogs from breaking up the wounded stag, who, after a gallant struggle, yielded up his life and was carried in triumph to the mansion house, there to await the master's inspection.

"Punctual as the hand of the clock the General arrived from his morning ride. I announced that a fine buck had been shot. 'Ah, well,' he replied, 'let 's see.' He examined the deer, and, observing his frosted front, he became convinced that his orders had been obeyed to the letter. The next day, guests having assembled, the haunch was served up in the dining-room at Mount Vernon. I have killed many a brave deer since those days, but none that have left an impression on my memory like that of the Washington stag, killed by Washington's special order, and served at his board at Mount Vernon. The antlers of this stag graced the great hall at Arlington for many a long year."

But it must not be supposed that Master Washington Custis was allowed to spend many days thus. When a mere boy he was sent to Princeton College, where, from all accounts, he acquitted himself in a gentlemanly manner, though at no time distinguished for great devotion to study. He preserved the correspondence which passed between him and his grandfather; and it is very interesting, on Washington's part being full of good fatherly advice, and on the part of young Custis, deferential, affectionate, and proper. The formal character of it some-

what amuses us now; but there is no boy in the land who might not be improved by reading the advice Washington gives to the young collegian. He strictly guards him against unnecessary expense, constantly bids him take good care of his health, and urges him to let nothing make him neglect his studies. Here is a sentence, which, for the benefit of some sophomore, I quote from one of the letters:

> Another thing I would recommend to you,—not because *I* want to know how *you* spend your money,—and that is, to keep an account book, and enter therein every farthing of your receipts and expenditures. The doing of this will initiate you into a habit from which considerable advantages will result. From an early attention to a matter like this important and lasting benefits may follow.

Young Washington in one of his letters says:

> The Fourth of July will be celebrated here with all possible magnificence; the college will be illuminated, and cannon fired; a ball will be held in the evening at the Tavern, which I shall not attend, as I do not consider it consistent with propriety.

Our young student was rather more of a stickler for "propriety," than the sophomores and juniors of the present day! Washington, in replying to him, says:

> If it has been usual for the students of Nassau Hall to go to the balls on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, I see no reason why you should have avoided it, as no innocent amusement or reasonable expenditure will ever be withheld from you.

Young Custis afterward went to Annapolis to perfect himself in science and mathematics, and from the satisfaction expressed in Washington's letter, he seems to have made good use of his time while there.

After his return to Mount Vernon, he became a favorite visitor among all the families in the neighborhood. He was handsome in person, elegant in manner, well-read, and cultivated, the heir to a large fortune (especially the Arlington estate, opposite Washington, which came to him through his father, John Custis), and the pride and pet of the Mount Vernon home. It was not strange, therefore, he should make havoc among the hearts of the young belles around him. We accordingly soon find him, though not much more than a boy still, making love to a certain beautiful and accomplished girl residing on one of the neighboring estates—Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Ravensworth. Lying before me is the original of a letter addressed to this young lady. The paper is yellow with age, for it must have been written about the close of the century, and the ink so faded that it is scarcely legible. It looks as if it had been worn next the heart of the pretty maiden, so dim and dilapidated is it. We append some passages from the original love-letter, to show what sort of things these missives were almost a hundred years ago.

Saturday.

MY DEAR LOVE:

. . . I congratulate you, my Love, on the return of your much respected Parent to the embraces of his Darling Child, and hope his presence will dispel the gloom which the late melancholy event has occasioned. How pleasant must be your fireside at this moment. How I long to be a partaker of its pleasures,—of the delights of rational converse, and social Harmony,—of being considered a Member of a family whose regard I shall always be proud to attain, and whose esteem I should always be happy to preserve. Say, my Mary, how would such an addition to the Circle appear? . . . .

I have rode twenty miles to-day, and walked ten! You said you believed I was industrious. Yes, Girl, as stirring a fellow as you will find! One who takes about one hour's rest in the twelve, and who feels as much of the open air, winter and summer, as anybody. We won't starve, Molly, if I can help it, believe me! . . . .

The fishing season is fast approaching; an awful time; I shall be able to tell you whether it was fair or foul at any time of the night you may wish to know. While your pretty peepers are fast closed, I shall be pacing the shore, with a lantern in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other, gazing upon the element which is to afford my profit. It is a turbulent life, and yet has its pleasures. We all sing, and are gay, tho' wet and sleepy. It agrees vastly with me. The only time I ever weighed 140 was immediately after a spell of this sort, when I had slept but three hours a night for some time, and occasionally not at all for several. Don't fear my Health; my carcass is proof against all weathers, and if my heart is light, and mind contented, I fear nothing. . . I am making great preparations, it is my last recourse; my other crops have all failed from the badness of the last season; this is the last card I have to play, and I'll take care to use it to the best advantage. Sitting, last night, and reflecting a little, I have arranged a plan for proceeding this summer. In a few days after the 15th of May, I shall set off for the White House, from thence to the Eastern Shore, a journey of 300 miles, and return about the last of July, make my speech on the 16th, and after that, while you are perambulating "over the Hill and far away," I can be finishing our House, and raising Chickens against your return. What think you of that for a plan, Molly? Then, when you return, *I'll* officiate as master of Ceremonies!

. . . Why did you not write to-day, Love? Last night I received your letter, and hasted from the extremity of my Estate to have the pleasure of answering it, altho' it required none. Oh, you Molly, if you knew what pleasure one word written by your sweet pretty hand (for, flattery aside, it is the handsomest I ever saw, and I have traveled and seen many), I say did you know what delight it gave me, you would send me one poor line more. I have written till my old pen will bear mending no longer; and I forgot to send for quills, so that I must stop in my own defense.

. . My Mary, In the world you live in, you are deserving of esteem. In the world to come, May Beneficent Heaven acknowledge Your worth, and reward your merits.

Adieu,

GEORGE W. P. CUSTIS.

MISS FITZHUGH.

Young Custis was married about 1803 to this charming person, when he was barely twenty-three years of age. On his beautiful estate of a thousand acres, opposite Washington City, on the Potomac, he built a very handsome residence, to which he carried his young wife in the early years of their marriage; and here he settled down to the life of a planter, to which he gave himself with much assiduity. He became a man of many elegant accomplishments, and a valuable member of society. He had a great talent for oratory, and was widely popular as a public speaker. Hardly anything in the new city could go on without his aid and presence.

After the death of Mrs. Washington, the treasures of Mount Vernon were transferred to Arlington, as the inheritance of her only grandson. This still kept up in the nation at large the interest in the Custis family. Here were gathered many pictures of Washington, and all the valuables belonging to him. Arlington thenceforth became the center of attraction to all who visited the national Capital, and Mr. Custis proved himself the most hospitable of hosts. No foreigner of any note visited him without carrying away some little memento that had belonged to his grandfather. That he should give away autographs, and such trifles, was not surprising; but one of his granddaughters tells me that few distinguished people went away without carrying with them a plate, or a cup, or something of value that had belonged to the Washington sets of glass or china. He allowed picnics and outdoor amusements of all kinds to take place on his fine grounds. On his estate, about half a mile from the house, there was a very fine spring, surrounded by a beautiful meadow. He had this kept shorn for the pleasure-seekers of Washington; and he had a summer-house and spring-house erected there, for the convenience of their outdoor entertainment; for nothing delighted him more than to add to the enjoyment of young people. Arlington thus became a historic spot; its hospitality embraced all comers, and there was scarcely a day in which parties did not go over from Washington to visit it. The gentle hostess was as generous as her husband, and lavished her kind attentions, through a long series of years, upon thousands of strangers.

Mr. Custis was very fond of art, and cultivated it after a fashion of his own. He had really no knowledge of its technique; but he had much skill in drawing and grouping; and the walls of Arlington were hung with great canvases, portraying many of the battles of the Revolution. He had a favorite old servant, who, his friends used laughingly to say, handled the brush like his master, and did the drudgery work of filling in his backgrounds. To the press of the day the master of Arlington was a frequent contributor; and he was in demand everywhere for patriotic orations, in which he distinguished himself. He had four children; all died in infancy, save the youngest, Mary, who became the wife of Robert E. Lee.

As the years went on, grandchildren gathered about his knees. His devotion to them was extreme, and their adoration of "Grandpapa Custis" was no less so. Lying beside me is a pretty letter, addressed to his little granddaughter Agnes when her father was superintendent at West Point, full of sweet counsel, and complimenting her on the good handwriting and spelling of the letter which he had just received. He was exceedingly indulgent to his grandchildren, who spent much of their earlier life at Arlington during Colonel Lee's absence on frontier duty. I was told by one of them an amusing instance of the way in which he coddled and spoiled them.

This little granddaughter, of seven or eight, had been mainly brought up at Arlington, and was the especial darling of her grandparents. She was a most loving child, if perhaps a little spoiled

by them, and she took it into her mischievous head, one day, to give them what she thought would be a little scare, not really intending anything serious by it. She thought it would be so droll to have the whole establishment turned out to hunt for her; so she determined to make them believe that she was lost. Toward dusk, one summer evening, she strolled away, down into a grove bordering on the Potomac, having taken care to steal forth without being seen by any one. She sauntered about in the grove till dusk, then, watching her opportunity when no one was about, she glided back to the house, entered it by one of the distant wings, which was only used as a suite of rooms for visitors, went softly upstairs, and choosing one apartment, the farthest removed, let herself in, locked the door, and climbed up into the high-post bed, where she soon fell fast asleep.

As dark came on, inquiries began to be made about the little absentee; search was instituted in all the rooms of the house,—in the gardens, over the lawn, everywhere it was thought possible the child could have strayed. All the household of servants were questioned. Not one of them had seen her. The dear grandmamma's anxiety became extreme, and at last amounted to a species of anguish, for she thought of the long sloping to the river, and of the possibility that her child might have wandered thither and fallen in. At length whispers began to be circulated that the Potomac must be dragged, when one of the servants suggested that they had not yet gone over the distant wing of the house. A band of them, carrying lights, and headed by Mr. Custis, went to visit these apartments. Door after door was opened, but the rooms were empty. But all this noise and clatter at length aroused the little culprit from her sleep. She heard them approaching the room in which she lay, and, sitting up in bed, she saw a streak of light under the door. In an instant more the door was tried, but, as it was locked, they could not, of course, open it.

"My darling, my darling!" cried the trembling grandfather, "are you there?"

This was the little mischief's moment of exultation, for which she had arranged the whole dramatic proceeding! To have all Arlington searching for her was something very stirring. She kept as still as a mouse; again came the petition, "My darling, speak, if you are within!" But there was not a sound. At length she heard a groan from her grandpapa: "She is n't there — she can't be there!"

One of the old servants bent his ear to the crack of the door.

"Mastah," he whispered, "I think she be; I dun hear de bed creak!"

Another pounding at the door and another pleading petition to be let in; but the determined little "darling" still held them at bay, until she heard her grandfather say, "Jim, go and bring an axe and hew down the door!"

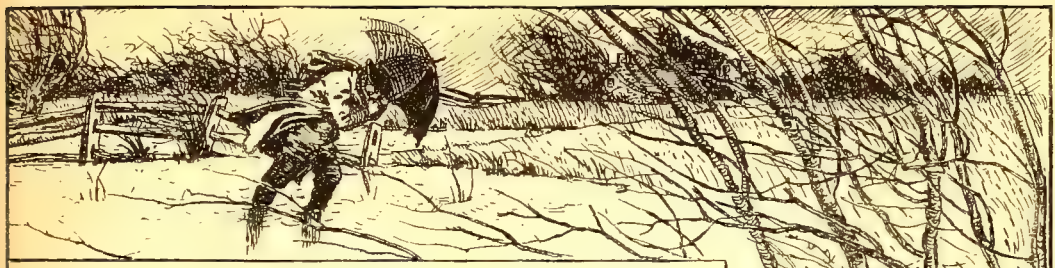
Then her courage failed her; she climbed down from the bed, and, putting her lips to the keyhole, called out:

"Grandpapa, if you promise nothing shall be done to me for scaring you, I 'll open the door!"

The grandpapa, only too much overjoyed to have his lost pet safe again, solemnly promised her that she should not be punished. She accordingly opened the door, and was carried off in triumph to her agonized grandmother, who, tearfully waiting to hear the result of the river-dragging, which she supposed had taken place, received her, as may be imagined, with nothing but expressions of thanksgiving and joy, with which not one word of reproach was mingled.

As long as he lived Mr. Custis was an object of great interest to the Washington people in general, but more especially to the diplomatic circles and foreigners of note who visited the Capital; for he was the last link that bound up the interest of the country with Washington's family. He stood out in clear relief as a historic character; and was, himself, so full of anecdote and reminiscence relating to his grandfather, that he was continually surrounded by a circle of charmed listeners. He might well have wearied of the demands made upon him as a host; but he was very genial and easy-tempered, and always ready to exert himself for the entertainment of all comers, and did not grudge that tourists were continually breaking in upon the privacy of the family life.

He died in October, 1857, leaving the large and beautiful estate of Arlington to his only child, Mrs. Mary Custis Lee.



March.

It was raining hard when I went to bed ;
The creek was over its banks, they said ,

And in the morning far and wide
The meadows were flooded on every side ;

There was water over the yard below,
And it looked like a place I did not know :

The wind swept by with a rushing sound ,
And the dog-house floated around and round.

When father went out to the barn that day
I thought he'd surely be swept away .

In long gum boots he stepped from the door,
And the water was up to his knees and more.

I thought, if the flood should never go down,
We'd build a boat and row to town,

For there we would buy our bread and meat
And pies and all things good to eat ,

And living here for all our days
We would almost be like castaways.

K.P.

SEVEN LITTLE INDIAN STARS.

(An Iroquois Legend of the Pleiades.)

By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

Seven little Indian boys were they,
  Dancing with the moonbeams on a mound.
In the wind they all were whirled away,
  And the fireflies searched the dews around.

Through the woods there went the mother-cry.
  Every oak-leaf shook upon its stem,
Every eagle started up the sky
  And — their shadows went to look for them.

Seven little Indian stars are they,
  Seven, and only one, my child, is dim.
That 's the Singer, their sad stories say;
  That 's the Singer — let us pity him.

Oh, the little Singer! How the bee
  Missed him till her heart was fit to break;
How she hid wild honey murmurously,
  Summer after summer, for his sake.

How the young deer with a wistful look,
  Grieving for her dark boy, without rest
Wandered till of her own will she took
  The lone chieftain's arrow in her breast.

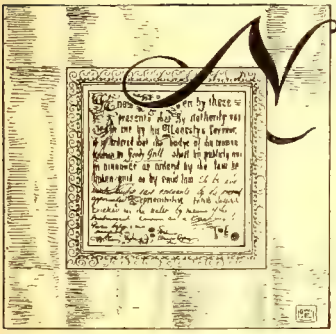
Oh, the little Singer! (You can see
  He 's not shining as the others are.)
Once, when all the stars made wishes, he
  Wished he did n't have to be a star!

Oh, the little Singer! When the rest
  Of those little Indian stars — ah, me! —
Sang together, sang to God, their best,
  He would mock a bluebird in a tree.

The Ducking of Good Grill

Told in the Year of Grace: 1693.

By Alice Maude Ewell.



NOW, there be some will have it for true how that same law was the best law was ever passed by Assembly in all Virginia, from the very first Christian white 'stablishment thereof till this present. 'T was fairly needful, I reckon. Mayhap 't was by reason of our forbears being holden o'er still-tongued so long i' the old country, 'way off yonder, that the out-speaking here did fetch to such a pass. Speak but a word amiss ('t is said) o'er yon in Merry England, 'gainst whichsoever side is uppermost, king or rebels, pope or parson, and off goes your head, if you be gentleman born; up you swing, gallows high, if you be t' other way. Aye, so my grandfather hath a many a time told me they did in his young days. That 's the way on 't there, forsooth; an' such ones as know too much to-day will know naught at all to-morrow. Well, as for the scandal-mongering here in Virginia, 't was clean past law an' gospel 'fore that measure was carried. I was a youngster then, when we did first hear of the new statute set a-working, i' the year of grace an' knowledge, sixteen hund'ed an' sixty-three, or nigh thereabouts; yet good thirty year agone tho' it be, I remember well the clack-clackety-clack o' gossiping, week in and out, there 'd be a-going on, enow to make one mad. So 't was time for a stop-short, as all sensible bodies said; but for the law itself, why it did ever seem unto me (to tell truth) a right one-sided business, in the manner of being a mere man's judgment and o'er hard on women. Now, this was the long an' short on 't, for all I do forget the wording, to wit: That in a judgment after trial of any woman, for slander,—to the hurting of anybody's living, welfare or honorable repute,— the woman's husband or next natural man kindred (it being proven for sure) should pay in fine therefor, five hund'ed pound o' tobacco, if that he did choose; but if he did not so choose, why then the woman must be ducked, o'er head and ears, three times, for that her aforesaid offense. So, mark ye well that word *choose*, neighbors. Therein runneth the root of my fair objection. What an easy come-off was it, to be sure, for him that might be more stingily saving of his tobacco than of 's lawful, wedded wife; or, may happen, might bear some little secret grudge in 's heart 'gainst the same. Truly no man o' proper genteel pride will choose his womankind to suffer such disgracement; yet thus was the profit in fines oft lost, belike, to the State, by will of a sorry churl. Now a man must needs hold tight rein at home, as we all do know, for peace an' comfort's sake, an' the man's born ruling-right — yet 't was ever 'gainst the natural grain o' me to see a woman rough-handled in public. Nay, for all I be myself a man, an' looking from mine own lawful side, I could ne'er abear that sight. To be sure, they are too oft but misbehaving

creatures — an' that 's truth; but them the good Lord did make as well as us, belike, with all their misbehavingness inside, an' (so the blessed Psalmist saith) we must suffer fools gladly whilst the world standeth, for here they 'll always be.

Now Goody Grill was the only one woman ever ducked under that law in our town — or in all those parts nigh surrounding. 'T was a notable business, that, and a mighty talk an' clamor, both then and afterwhile, concerning the same. "Let 's hear it now," say ye? Well, well, 't is a longish tale, forsooth — yet of such right comical turn as saveth from dullness. I 'll not grudge the telling o' 't to them that will duly listen. In faith your true-born story-teller can no more abear interruption (nor neither should) than your singer with instruments, or a lover bewhispering his sweetheart. There be some folks quick enow at asking for a tale, yet when 't is fairly begun, with head an' tongue a-warming to the business — how then? Why, lo! one will be rolling his eye this way — another whispering some outside foolery, that; whilst here is somebody maybe, on t' other hand, with eyes shut an' mouth unmannerly open, a-snoring, fast in sleep. Howsoever, I have told this one to your betters afore now — when the red wine was going round to boot — an' they scarcely durst swallow or fetch breath for listening. So, since ye 're finely pressing, I 'll e'en begin; but hark ye, this in warning; for all I be good-humored as the most, let me but catch aught like these wandering signs amongst you — mum is my word!

Well, as for Goody Grill she was for certain (as everybody said) one o' them that law was pointedly made for. Whomsoever the cap befits may wear it, as the old saying goeth, an' never mob-cap nor Sunday gauze an' lacery did so well suit her mischief-brewing head, I trow, as that same. Feast or fast, marrying or burying, young ones' frolic or old ones' falling out — her finger must needs be in everybody's pie, her long tongue in everybody's matters. Not that she was o'er much of a gadder abroad; nay, to give Satan his due (as the word runneth), not so — she being the rather contrariwise, an' closer housekeeper than ordinary. Yet for the house itself that she inhabited, 't was in the very middle o' the town, well windowed on all sides. North, south, east, an' west was her outlook — rain or shine. So there was she, like any great o'er fat spider in its web, a-waiting fool-flies for her catching; only them did she suck not bodily bone-dry o' flesh an' blood but the rather in a mindful sense of all the news i' their heads. 'T was a wonderful thing, in sooth (as many spoke), and a thing to shake head o'er, — nay, none short of a dark true mystery in nature, no less, — how much she did make shift to hear an' tell again. An' yet 't is plain enow, come to reason on 't an' considering well the nature o' female creatures. She 'd a way with women as 't were a drawing spell. No matter how oft they 'd be a-falling out with her; no matter how many tales, scandals, an' strange, injurious hintings of their misbehavior might be tracked home to her door — there would they be, next whipstitch (the silly ones!), hob-gossiping by her fire again, a-telling all their secrets, an' next neighbors' besides, o'er a glass o' her currant wine. To be sure her wine was of the best home-made, an' scarce to be refused, as also all her brewing an' cookery; for nobody could say true that she did neglect aught of housewife's business, for all her wagging tongue. Her husband was but a timorsome, pottering soul; a mighty little small body, an' looking mayhap like she 'd stepped o 'er his head in 's younger days an' stopped short his natural growth; as old folks say such overstepping will, sure enough. Notwithstanding, for all his undersize an' his meekness in ordinary, he 'd a sharpish glint in 's little pale eyes, and a sharpish tang i' the turn o' his tongue that I 've seen her taken aback by more times than one. He 'd a natural-born turn for double meanings in speech (had old Tommy Grill), and a humor sense o' the comical sort that she could ne'er catch up with — an' that 's truth. She was the glibber tongued, to be sure, but he was the quicker thoughted. Many 's the time I 've heard him point a sly word 'gainst her that would set all a-smiling but herself — who, notwithstanding she did feel the sharpness o' 't, was neither quick enow to tell straight wherein it lay or have back answer ready. Howsoever, 't was not oft he troubled her, being belike half-lazy, half-afeard to try such game o'er much.

Now, she 'd neither chick nor child; an' being of a shrewish, managing turn 't was hard lines

an' little peace for poor old Tom — as ye may guess, neighbors. Truly, as I told you afore, nobody might ever say that she neglected her housewife's duties. So! He 'd ha' been glad enow of a bit neglecting, would old Tommy, I do reck'. Whether she let him wash his own face himself, or did that business for him (as well as combing of his wig, no less), I never rightly did know for certain. Faith! 't was no lawful wonder that he looked half washen away an' scarce bigger than a ball o' soap after hard day's scrubbery therewith. Ne'er such a scrubber an' polisher as she was there in all our town, as was commonly allowed by even the notablest women-folk. For mine own part, I would never choose floor too white-sanded to step 'cross it in peace or my chair too slippery shining for aught but a looking-glass. Less of cleaning, more of easeful living comfort, better suiteth my notion, who am (to be sure) but a mere man in habitudes; yet your housewife will have it that such painstaking is a saving virtue. Praise to whom praise is due, but 't is pity her speech matched not her fair house an' furnishings. Zounds! she was a caution to bachelors seeking wives; yet every human hath a soft spot somewhere or t' other. There was one body i' this world 'gainst whom she ne'er spake word — an' that was Peggy Joy.

In sooth, 't was no wonder her favor set that way, so far as concerned the maid herself, for she was the takingest little wench in all Virginia, to my mind an' thinking, whosoever might speak contrariwise. Aye, aye; for once in my life I did set horses with Goody Grill i' that affection; an' however much the towns-folk might talk of her airs an' her graces, her high-flighting looks an' lady-fine ways in general, her rings on fingers an' silken ribbands a-flying; how despitefully soever they might cry Lady Peacock! or Mistress Mincing! what time she walked abroad,— why, this I'll say for the lass, she was pretty-behaved as any to me. "Give you good day, Master Muffet!" would she say when we did meet. In sooth, I do 'most see her now, the pretty slim creature; an' for all her saucy brown head ('t would be mayhap a bit too far to one side), her smile was fairly enow, faith! to make old hearts turn back young again. Nevertheless 't was but common nature for a young, gay thing like that to be set up in mind as she 'd been properly born to in station. Now there were few gentle-born folk in our town, they being mostly the common sort who there inhabited; but e'en 'mongst such gentlefolk as were, I promise you that Master Fanfare Joy (the father o' Mistress Peg) was mightily looked up to. Ye see he was own third-cousin, or some such kin, to my Lord Babble, in Chopshire County, England; him whose title and estate our town was named for. Then there was his house, forsooth, past matching in the country; builded on the main middle street and all of blood-red brick fetched 'cross water on shipboard from Manchester town; an' seeing that all other dwellings thereabout were but of wood, as well as right make-a-shift building besides (for there be no stones to speak of in that part o' Virginia), an' seeing how that she was sole heiress to such grand place and station — 't is no wonder, say I, that the lass showed a bit uplifted, now and again. 'T will be always your would-be gentlefolk that mislike the real quality. Aye, howsoever much they do pay court to their company there 's ever a thorn o' comparison a-rankling deep in heart; but I was always well content (thank the good Lord!) with my plain, decent station. I was ne'er one o'er forward to shake hands with my betters an' then to fleer at 'em afterward for having the softer palm; an' whether 't was this same backwardness in nature that pleased her I know not, but one thing I know for certain, as I spoke afore, the maid did always carry it mannerly enow with me.

Now, it did appear a right strange, curious turn that Goody Grill, who had in common been first one to pick flaws an' cast blame,— 't was strange that Goody should be so fondly-hearted toward the child; an' no less uncommon it was that Mistress Peggy (considering o' the difference in age an' quality) should set such store by Goody Grill; but so did their favor continue, from Missy's toddling baby-times clean on till the main happening o' this tale came to pass, when she was counting a-most fifteen year old. Scarce a day went by but she 'd be lifting the latch of Goody's door, on tip-toes (may happen), i' the early days, when she was no more 'an knee-high to a lame duck, yet 't was n't long 'fore she shot high enow for that or aught else a-going. So then 't would be not

alone currant wine, I promise you, but cakes an' conserves, tarts an' sweetings, to boot—as 't were the very heart o' the innermost cupboard turned fairly inside out. Not that the maid was anywise greedy. Nay, nay; she was lady-fine an' dainty as the queen herself, but the dame would press all o' the best upon her. She was a rare one for flower-growing, too, was Goody Grill, tho' ne'er given to pluck 'em overmuch. It seemeth to me that 's what they bloom for, an' would be their own selves asking you to do, if so 't were they might speak. Now she was commonly for saving o' the seed; yet let Mistress Peggy but look longingly at one among 'em—London Pride or Johnny-jump-up, cockscomb or marigold, red rose or white—'t was hers for the plucking, an' double welcome. Nobody durst say word 'gainst the child when Goody was by, how sharp soever their tongues might be at it—cut an' thrust—with all other folk in Babbletown; nor, for mine own part, do I think (as some said) that 't was court to the lassie's station, this rare kindness o' hers, but the rather true natural heart's affection—the which was after proven.

So, well, as concerning the other folk that do figure i' this tale, there be but only two more to tell of in particular; namely, Sukey Steptoe an' her boy Will.

Now as for Sukey Steptoe; she was but a widow woman, for her husband having gone with a hunting company to the mountains one time (when Will was but very little an' small) was by the red Indians most barbarously killed an' scalpen. So that was the last o' him, as of several others in that party likewise; an' Sukey, his wife, lived on, in a doleful widowing way, and i' the same house that he had builded, on a smallish clearing, situate 'mongst the pines just outside Babbletown. 'T was a poor place for a living, and a poor, scant manner o' life; yet, had she set in together with the lad, shoulder to shoulder, when he 'd fetched to a sizable age—had she so allowed—they might ha' done fairly well enow, by mouth an' back. He was a likely lad as any, an' nimble-ready as the best; but women be too oft simple-witted no less than soft in heart where their young ones are concerned, an' Suke must needs make him a gentleman, forsooth. How she did get wherewithal for his rigging-out, goodness knoweth! Linsey-woolsey, and one frock o' that, to her back, was good enow for her own self, an' nobody could say that she ever complained on 't; but Master Will must have his ruffled shirt o' fair linen, his fine laced coat, an' hat with feathers a-flying; his kerchief in 's hand, his feet drest out with sewn shoes, an' clock-wrought stockings. A pretty



TOMMY GRILL.

orphan was he! as all the house-mothers said; an' their sons with fathers 'live an' warm scarce fit to hold a candle to his fineness. Ne'er would they (as they stoutly vowed) give to him or his foolish mother so much as a finger's wrapping; yet for the matter o' that, I do vastly misdoubt if either Sukey or the lad would ha' been meekly thankful for such gift. Howsoever, let but a boy be comely an' hold up his head with a knowing air, an' 't is little the younger women (or may happen some old ones, either) will be caring how much he worketh for the clothes on 's back. Now, Will was a pretty fellow, to be sure, with 's hair gold-yellow an' curly, as 't were done on curling tongs (which maybe 't was, in sooth), and eyes that shamed the sky's blueness. When he did use to come, gay whistling, in all his deckery so fiddle-fine into the town each day for this, that, an' t' other thing,—as to Tib Tucker's shop for a ha'pennyworth o' green ginger, or some such vast business matter,—why, 't was little the giddy maids, a-smiling back answers to his saucy looks, took thought of 's mother left moiling behind. Day in and out she did slave i' the corn-plant or tobacco, or did 'tend her pigs an' hens, or else weave at the loom, maybe, with spinning or knitting betwixt whiles, an' such woman's work as by in-taking she did eke out their living withal; an' this that a strapping lad past twelve year old should be taking it leisurely abroad. Aye, there 's no telling the nature o' mothers—or mothers' sons, neither; but I 'm thinking she that so bred an' sent him forth was more to blame than the lad.

'T was in late summer o' the year sixteen hund'ed an' sixty-four, nigh about six months or so after the ducking law was made, an' likewise nigh about the time when Mistress Peggy Joy went off a-visiting her grand kinfolks in York County, when the slander 'gainst Will Steptoe was first set going round. I mind well my meeting the maid one sunshiny morn i' the street, a bit outside Goody Grill, her door. "Good-bye to you, Master Muffet," saith she, with the takingest sweet smile in nature, an' such as shamed in brightness e'en the very sky's blue, or her fine new rig-up o' feathers an' fal-lals for the journey. "'T will be many a day 'fore I see you again, or anybody in Babbletown. Good-bye an' good luck to you," quoth she, an' she put out her little lily-white hand as to a gentleman born. Then off she goeth her way adown street like any trippiting fairy; an' 't was later on o' that very same mortal day that I did first catch the bruit concerning Will Steptoe.

Now, truly, your slander is the only rolling stone that 's bound to gather moss. 'T is the bruisingest stone i' this round world; aye, worse than cobble or flint, an' the one that sinketh deepest; and no matter how little 't is at starting, the longer it rolleth the bigger 't will get. Now, nobody troubled to ask who started that stone a-rolling, smashing down atop of Will Steptoe, his character; but one and all they were ready enough, forsooth, to stick on a bit o' moss. 'T would be, may happen, but a black look and a head-shake, when that lad passed by, or else one a-saying to t' other (secret like), "Look keen to thy belongings, neighbor, for folks do say he 's not to be trusted." Or else here would come another, with winks an' blinks for all the world like any owl i' the sun, saying, "Aye, aye! For my part, I did never think so much finery on a widow's orphan was like to be honestly come by." Then would they sigh an' groan dolefully, yet — as one might shrewdly see withal —not wanting inside satisfaction. So it did pass; an' for all those o'erplain words rogue an' thief were not unmannerly spoken, why, the meaning on 't was plain enow, to wit: That Will was a thief an' his mother no better than partaker in profit o' his naughtiness.

Well, so did this rumor spread from day to day. Nobody said to a certainty what 't was he had stole. Perchance one would be saying now how somebody had him told 't was one thing; then another vowing that he 'd heard tell 't was somewhat else; an' so matters went, that-a-way, till at last one time Will did hear it with 's own ears, and after this manner that happed.

Now, 't was in Tib Tucker's shop, where he did come for a ball of sewing-thread, an' he 'd come with a new silken kerchief tied smartly round his neck. So there were all eyes a-glancing sidewise at the kerchief (which same, as did afterward come out, was given new to Sukey by one of our town gentlewomen not long afore), an' there was Master Will, the fool fellow! mightily pleased with his setting-off; when all on a sudden who doth cry out but one o' Tib

Tucker's young ones, mighty loud an' shrill, with the shop full of townsfolk hearing, saying, "Billy Steptoe! Billy Steptoe! where did you steal yon kerchief?"

So the lad looked around, laughing at that, yet when he saw the people's faces, forsooth, an' how they did look strangely from him unto each other,—as 't were in dark meaning way,—why, then he turned as white as his shirt (which was, to be sure, of a fair fine linen, an' clean beyond his lawful quality), an' he speaketh out loud, with voice a-tremble for rage, "If anybody saith I steal," quoth he, "the devil hath stole his wits."

With that he walketh out o' the shop, a-slamming the door behind him. Straight home he goeth to tell his tale; an' pretty soon cometh Sukey Steptoe into the town, a very figure o' passion, poor soul, with her head 'way up yonder, an' her face 'twixt death-white one second, an' fire-red the next.

Zounds! what a clamor and a-going on was there, to be sure! with her 'fending an' her proving, her scolding an' her weeping, her crying out 'gainst such cruel slander—up an' down the town. 'T was no wonder, i' faith, that every man jack of 'em that had put tongue's end in the business was so make-a-shift an' ready to lay it on 's next neighbor's back. Nay, they did know naught concerning it, the innocent, meek lambs! An' 't was all "Such an one 's say so," or else, "As I did hear tell," with but poor memories to fall back on. Howsoever, the governor's lady herself had been scarce more roused up by that word "steal," I reckon, than Dame Sukey that time. From house to house did she go, till folks must, for very peace's sake, needs give authority; so the long an' short on 't was that all did trace back to starting with Goody Grill. That much did she find out for certain (as nobody might deny or did take great pains to hide); an' Sukey was a knowing woman, for a widow, in some matters, notwithstanding a fool-creature in others. She 'd heard o' the new law, according to which same it was that she had Goody arrested an' brought unto trial in court—which did chance to be then sitting—the very next day after.

Now, as to the ins and outs o' that trial, 't would make a tale over long to tell; but 't was a right notable one an' well remembered in Babbletown a-many a day. The proving an' the 'fending on it, the calling to witness of this one, that, or t' other, the judging an' the jurying, I did see with mine own eyes an' hear with mine own ears—being myself one amongst them that filled the court-house nigh to bursting that day. Few on 'em were truly sorry for her, the prisoner, I do reck', seeing how scarce a one was there but had some time or other felt the malice o' her tongue. Some were a bit scared to think how nigh their own selves had come (as partakers) to the same pass as she, an' most were right glad in heart belike to have so well escapen. As to Goody herself, she durst not deny the fact, nor neither could, of saying so an' so; only she stoutly affirmed one thing, namely, that somebody had her told, afore she ever spoke or thought on 't, that Will was a rogue. This would she take her Bible-oath on, said she, yet did she flatly refuse, forsooth, to tell this person's name. So that made the rather against her; for all said, "Tush! 't is a cunning come-off for her own naughtiness, an' nobody did tell her any such a word"; an' moreover, no dishonesty at all being proven on Will Steptoe nor Sukey neither, why, then, the lawful sentence was passed upon Goody Grill of either a fine or a ducking.

Now, she 'd never a notion to be ducked, I warrant, for all the bigness o' the fine. 'T was a pretty price to buy off with, but she was a proud one—was Goody Grill. 'T was told she was so struck amaze with rage, when old Tommy did refuse to pay, that she spake not a single word for two minutes space; yet I reckon she made up for 't when that she 'd once fetched breath. 'T is like, if she 'd been out o' guard, with her ten talons once upon him, there 'd pretty soon ha' been end on 't all—one way or t' other. Howsoever, there was she, in lawful durance held; an' there was he (with all Virginia law on his side) who said nay, an' stuck to 't. Now, he was ne'er counted a stingy man, old Tommy, an' five hund'ed pound o' tobacco, or the money value o' that same, would neither ha' maked him or breaked him, for he 'd a goodish fifty acres of land a mile outside the town that fetched tobacco fine an' plenty as any in those parts. Tobacco was money all o'er Virginia, the same

then as now, an' dwelled folks in country or dwelled they in town 't was tobacco kept 'em a-going. 'T was tobacco they did eat, an' tobacco they drank, an' tobacco they wore on their backs; 't was tobacco that married 'em in



WILL STEPTOE.

church an' buried 'em in church-yard. Now, five hund'ed pound was a pretty sum; aye, aye, a goodish sum; but I 'm thinking that was n't the only one reason that set old Tom so fast 'gainst payment thereof.

I mind that time o' the ducking well, an' liker 't were yesterday than some thirty year agone. 'T was a sharpish morn o' frost in November month, with a little skim of ice on the horse-pond, but mighty clear an' sunshiny — an' 't was the second day after trial. Folks mince law matters finer these days, an' be longer about 'em, but 't was touch an' go then. Most all the town was up an' stirring, grave an' gay, young an' old, out to see that sight; for 't was no such a thing as did come off commonly, being not only the first ducking under that new law, in our parts (and Goody Grill herself a notable character), but the first public punishment for misbehavior in long while; nay, none other since Sam Crook was stood in pillory with 's ears marked for hog-stealing. There be some fine feeling ones in these days that will have it to say how even solemn, orderly hanging is no sight for decent folks to see, let alone duckings, whippings, settings-up in pillory, an' the like spectacles. Yet others ask how can one profit by the lawful sample, forsooth, if he seeth it not?

So went I with t' others to the open space round the pond, where stood the post an' beam ducking-stool a-ready, over 'gainst the water's edge. 'T was e'en nine o' the clock when I did fetch there, being nigh the very last to come, an' there were all a-looking gaol-way every minute for the prisoner.

Faith! but what a-crooking o' necks and a-goggling of eyes was there! — an' when Master Fanfare Joy spake up mockingly, saying, "Nay, be not so eager, good people, for I warrant she 'll let ye know when she cometh," why, everybody laughed at his wit. There was that gentleman, grandly drest, a-standing like the commoners, yet to be sure as one most too proud to look; but as to his daughter, Mistress Peggy, she had not come back to the town. Two or three times had Goody, since the trial, asked concerning her, if so 't were she had yet come, and all did think how she was right well pleased that the maid should thus know an' see naught of her public disgrace. There was Tib Tucker with her 'leven young ones all a-row, having shut up shop that morn an' fetched all, big an' little, to learn a lesson 'gainst telling tales on neighbors. There was Sukey Steptoe, in her best frock, with her face the face of a woman that winneth upper hand o'er her enemy; yet Master Will himself was not to be seen, an' some folk whispered 'round how that he did appear the rather holpen than hurt by this business, being not nigh so much abroad and a deal busier at home.

But of all them there a-waiting the foremost one, an' the earliest, an' the one most in holiday fashion bedecked, was old Tommy Grill.

Truly it maketh me laugh, even this day, to think o' that old sinner an' the way he did look that time. A' mighty long face he did pull, now and again, with a solemn, melancholic shake o' the head belike, for looks' sake; and all the while there stood he in 's best holiday clothes (silk hosen, an' buckles, and all) that she 'd scarce give him touch of in ordinary; there was he rigged out, fairly chuckling in 's throat to see her publicly discomfited.

Well, well! a right long time we waited, but I know not how long by the clock, 'fore somebody nigh on gaol-side raised a shout saying, "There come they! There come they!" An' presently we did see Goody coming, sure enow, with the sheriff and others of 's company.

Now, she looked taller than common, as did seem to me, 'stead o' the contrariwise smaller — like would ha' been more in keeping. Her head she did hold high as the best, a-looking all boldly i' the eye, an' she was carefuller drest than common in her second-best stuff gown. 'T is told to be ever the way on 't with women that did publicly suffer for anything. Be it hanging or burning or ducking with 'em; stripes laid on or heads cut off; be they queens or be they subjects; from the Lady Bullen, that was Queen Elizabeth's own mother, to Goody Grill in Babbletown — they 'll ne'er forget well dressing up for the same. There she did come —



PEGGY JOY.

and all the other folks a-making way, with whispering an' staring. Steady she looked out o' the eyes, for all her chin 't was a bit quaking, till on a sudden, having come near the ducking place, whom doth she set eyes on but Tommy Grill! Zounds! how red her face did turn at

that sight! 'T was redder than old Tom's waistcoat, i' faith, which same showed, may happen, of a brightness scarce befitting his age. I did think one minute that she was like for a stroke o' the vertigo, by the way she puffed an' blew; but the next she found her strength — aye, an' her speech too — quick enow.

So then she crieth, a-tremble from head to foot for very passion, "What, sir! What! Is 't thou! thou poor creature! thou whey-face! thou hop-o'er-my-thumb! thou stingy no-man! — a-standing by to see thy wife mistreated!"

Then quoth old Tommy right meekly, in 's little, small voice (for all his eyes they did twinkle 'way deep down), "'T is oft told" (saith he) "a husband should stand by his wife."

Now, in sooth, that did make her madder than before; an' no wonder, neither. Whereupon she crieth out still louder, "A pretty husband thou — so decked out in thy best for my disgracement as 't were Christmas or Easter or some such uncommon day! How darest thou, sirrah, put on those clothes?" Then saith old Tom (an' his voice 't was a bit softer than afore), "'T is the most uncommonest day, this day, that ever I did see; an' for the sadness on 't or the gladness on 't" (quo' he), "why, that is as one looketh — this way or t' other."

Then she made a dash at him as 't were to tear the coat off his back; — or maybe him limb from limb; howsoever, he made shift to dodge her cunningly, whilst Mark Toucham, the sheriff, an' two of his company, advancing, led her toward the big ducking-stool that was creaking there hard by. So next they did read out the sentence on her, in due form an' loudly, that all might hear an' know 't was fairly done in accordance; but yet when everything seemed a-ready, lo! 't was found that the beam o' the ducking-stool was not o'er-strong and must needs have something done to help its working. Truly it did creak, an' the chair, too, no less, as fairly like to break with Goody's weight; and everybody roundabout was a-listening for dear life what should come next.

So then she (being fast i' the ducking-stool) did cast up her eyes to skyward an' say in a loud voice, dolefully, "Oh! to think,— to think how many fine matches I did refuse,— to think how many a brave fellow, tall an' rich an' comely, did come in my young days a-courting me, who am now tied to such a husband! Fool, fool, that I was!" (crieth she) "to choose the like o' such a creature! Was never such another ne'er-do-well! Would I had married Peter Still — for all he was deaf an' dumb!"

Whereupon saith old Tommy, with a twinkling eye,

"Aye, aye, my lass; he 'd ha' made thee the fittingest husband, belike, of any in this world."

Now, them that stood near by must needs smile at that, an' she, screeching out in very passion, crieth, "Oh! oh! oh! thou misbehaving! I will splash thee top an' toe!"

To which speech did her loving husband make answer, saying,

"Aye, aye; 't will be good for Sunday clothes. Mar your own making, wife, if so 't will ease your mind. 'T is all one to me" (quoth he), "being, thank Heaven, never o'ermuch set on the looks o' things."

Then lo! she 'gan to weep, forsooth, with the tears a-rolling down, crying, "Oh! the fine stitchery that I did waste upon that coat! Would that I had sewn it with pack-thread and a skewer! Oh! oh! alack-a-day, alack-a-day! 't will be the death o' me. I shall be wetted to the skin."

In sooth, I was sorry for the poor soul then — but as for heartless old Tommy Grill he was smiling from one ear to t' other.

"'T is a right cold case to be in," quoth he, "an' that 's truth. Wet to the skin was *I* with the rain t' other day — thou mindest? — when I might ne'er come anigh the fire, thou saidst, because o' thy floor new sanded. Aye; 't is a right shivering business" (quo' he), "an', dear wife, prythee do not catch cold."

Well, such a look as she gave him! but by that time all was a-ready 'fore she might open her mouth. Out she swung over the water — and down came the ducking-stool with such a screak as never did I hear. All the womenfolks went "Oh-h-h!" "Ee-e-e!" for all the world like they did feel the cold water each one adown her own back. Even Sukey Steptoe crieth, "Lord ha' mercy on her!" an' shut her eyes up tight. Yet, truth to tell, the water i' the pond (as did appear) had scarce touched the hem o' Goody's gown; an' that very time it was,



"AS FOR THE MAID, A-LAUGHING WITH ONE EYE AN' CRYING WITH T' OTHER, WHAT DOTH SHE, FORSOOTH, BUT FLING HER TWO ARMS 'ROUND GOODY'S NECK."

whilst everybody did catch breath, just 'fore the real dip, when we heard another screak 'way off yonder at the outermost edge o' the crowd.

Then Mark Toucham an' t' others helping him stopped short at that, and all the people turned round vastly wondering, whilst as for Goody Grill, there she sat, ready for the ducking, all her teeth a-chatter. Somebody was coming an' calling out — "Wait! wait! stop! stop!" I thought I knew that voice by the sweetness on 't, to be sure,— as I reck' did also Goody Grill her own self,— and I knew the little lily-white hand a-waving of a kerchief. All the folks made way for her, right an' left, a-staring, open-mouthed, to see who 't was — an' there she came, fast as her best speed would fetch her, who but Mistress Peggy Joy!

Well, well! There was she, bareheaded, all of a tremble for running, with her pretty frock all awry with haste o' coming thro' the crowd, an' her pretty ribbands all untied disorderly. Her face 't was red as any red rose, an' her pretty eyes a-blazing, for all she did look ready to cry next word. Twice or thrice did she fetch breath (when that she stopped and stood) with both hands on her heart, an' then, a-wringing 'em, she cried out loud, "Oh, Goody! Goody! Goody!" in that pitiful-sweet a way as shamed us all, there looking, clean to naught. I 'll warrant the old woman would ha' wrung her hands too, only (ye see) her hands they were tied fast with a long silken kerchief,— so there she sat shamedly, with her head down far as 't would be hid on her breast, saying ne'er a word.

Then crieth Mistress Peg:

"Let her go! I pray you let her go. 'T is me you must be ducking, if 't is anybody" (quo' she), "for I 'm the one to blame. 'T was I, 't was I that said he was a rogue, an' she would not t'll upon me. Oh, prythee let her go!"

Then Goody did give a kind o' groan, and all the people stood amazed. Whereupon went on the maid, saying:

"Nay, but I meant no harm. In sooth," crieth she, right distressfully, "I meant no harm in this world, nor ever did think of her taking it so in earnest an' telling that same again. I never said he stole aught. I did but say he was a sad rogue, as one may speak, mayhap, about one's naughty little brother."

An' so, as did appear, was the beginning o' that slanderous rumor, thus so curiously a-turning on the turn of one single word, an' the end on 't was that Goody Grill came off with one dip under and a vast deal less o' blame than anybody 'd looked for. Mark Toucham was a straitly law-abiding man, fair-sticking by the letter, an' none too well pleased in 's mind to let her go, for all the people's clamor and beseeching. Yet when Master Fanfare Joy did speak out, taking to himself, 'fore everybody, all risk of that business, why then he made no more ado contrariwise, but let mercy have her way, despite of law an' justice. As for that sweet maid, Mistress Peggy, a-laughing with one eye an' crying with t' other, what doth she, forsooth, but fling her two arms 'round Goody's neck, when that she stepped all dripping from the stool, and kiss her i' the mouth! And what doth Goody Grill her own self at that embracement but burst right out a-crying! And all the folks they 'gan to whisper thereupon, saying one to t' other: "Who 'd ha' thought o' the old scandal-mongering soul having so much forbearance inside of her heart toward any human creature!"

Aye; 't was lucky chance for Goody Grill, I 'm thinking, that little Mistress Peggy did come back so, on a sudden, all unlooked for, on that day.

Now, 't would have fared hard with old Tom, I do reck', when that she did get free, but for this turn of matters. Homeway he 'd slily beta'en himself when he saw the tide so set, an' homeway went Goody when all was said an' done. Folks said, a-laughing, as how 't would be "pull Dick, pull Devil," 'twixt them twain that day. The manner o' that I know not, since nobody saw 'em nor neither heard, but one thing I know for certain, namely: that Goody did come to church on Sunday sennight in a frock that must ha' cost some goodish part out o' the five hund'ed pounds o' tobacco. I 'm thinking 't is like he was glad enough to buy his peace so cheap.

Howbeit, after that Goody was carefuller of her speech, having, mayhap, no mind to be ducked again, notwithstanding she had so well escapen; and all other women in Babbletown

did likewise profit by this example. Aye, there was more looking into matters and less idle speaking out, from that day amongst 'em. In sooth, as did appear, that business had done the rather good than harm, seeing 't was not alone the gossips that found the warning o' 't profitable. There was Will Steptoe, who did leave off his false finery an' take kindly to work, to say naught of old Tommy Grill, the more respected at home and abroad all the rest of his days.

'T was a right curious turn-about, that last, an' to my mind scarce deserved, yet true, sure enow, no less. Concerning Mistress Peggy Joy, 't is said she was ever friends with Goody, yet none too oft a visitor, from that time, she having well proven, maybe, the danger o' such company-keeping. Faith! she was a maid to bear in mind, was Mistress Peggy. 'T was after I 'd left those parts that she took up with an' married Will Steptoe. For mine own part I did never admire her choice. I reckon that Master Fanfare Joy was as much cast down by that match as Sukey Steptoe, on t' other hand, upliften; yet Will was a fine young man, to be sure, as everybody would be telling. Aye, aye; a fine knowledgeable man; but how much is nature and how much is chance nobody knoweth in this mortal world, or ever can tell; and oft I 've fell a-wondering (to think on 't) how much Will Steptoe, in 's proper turning out, did owe to Goody Grill her tongue.



OFF FOR SLUMBERLAND.

By Caroline Evans.

Purple waves of evening play
Upon the western shores of day,
While babies sail, so safe and free,
Over the mystic Slumber Sea.

Their little boats are cradles light;
The sails are curtains pure and white;
The rudders are sweet lullabies;
The anchors, soft and sleepy sighs.

They 're outward-bound for Slumberland,
Where shining dreams lie on the sand,
Like whisp'ring shells that murmur low
The pretty fancies babies know.

And there, among the dream-shells bright,
The little ones will play all night,
Until the sleepy tide turns;—then
They 'll all come sailing home again!

COMEDIES FOR CHILDREN.

FRIENDS OR FOES?

By Elbridge S. Brooks.

(This comedy is designed for representation by the higher classes in schools, and aims to interpose a plea in behalf of wholesome historical myths as against much of the sensational juvenile literature of the day. Set the stage for the court scene, covering the tables and chairs with dark stuff to answer for the wood scene, or rocky pass, in which the comedy opens. The progress of the piece indicates the stage properties needed. They may be elaborated or restricted as circumstances permit. Music should be introduced for interludes, or choruses, whenever practicable, in order to accompany or diversify the representation. Any one with a ready ear can "adapt" familiar tunes to suit any selected song or chorus. Let the parts be given to good performers, and spoken with animation and force. The court scene should be made as solemn and "judicial" as possible.)

Characters:

Clio, Muse of History (girl of 18).
The Lord Chief Justice (boy of 17).
The State's Attorney (boy of 16).
Portia Pleadwell, Counsel for the Defense (girl of 16).
The Detective, The Policeman, The Electrician — From the Central Office, "Historical Police." (boys of 15.)
The Crier of the Court (boy of 13).
Fleur de Lys, Herald of Clio (boy of 12).

Dido, Queen of Carthage,
Nero, Emperor of Rome,
Whittington, Lord Mayor of London,
Joan of Arc,
William Tell,
Pocahontas,
Evangeline,
Young George Washington,
— The Myths of History (boys and girls of from 12 to 15).

The Boy of Modern Story (boy of 12).

Policemen, Guards, Pages, Standard-bearer, Court Officers, and others.

[Suit the costumes to the characters — with the following suggestions: Washington should be represented as a boy with his hatchet, not as a military hero; make the Boy of Modern Story the impersonation of a sensational boy-hero, with slouch hat, red shirt, with as much of "blood-and-thunder" style as possible — in short, let him be a typical, modern young desperado. The ages stated are meant only as a guide in selecting the actors.]

Friends or Foes?

[A forest scene, or rocky pass. Loud piano, or flourish of trumpets. Enter Fleur de Lys, the herald, preceded by standard-bearer, and followed by pages and guards. He advances front and unrolls a large proclamation. Attendants stand right and left.]

Fleur de Lys *(slowly, and in a loud, official voice).*

Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! Thus Clio, Muse of History,
Doth proclamation make to circumvent a mystery.

(Reads Proclamation.)

Whereas: We hear with pain that certain base pretenders,
For many years have vexed our leal and true defenders,
And in a measure spoiled the reading of the masses,
Corrupting thus our schools and all our History classes,—
Therefore: We do withdraw the mercy of the State,
And do proclaim them all — outlaws and reprobate.
And, furthermore, do place a price upon the head
Of each rebellious myth, captured — alive or dead.
Thus Fleur de Lys, the Herald of Clio, Muse of History,
Posts these suspicious characters as Partisans of Mystery.
Item: One William Tell, who claims, without a show of reason,
He shot an apple off his son and dabbled some in treason;
Item: One Pocahontas, who claims, 't is proved quite wrongly,
She saved the life of one John Smith by interceding strongly;
Item: One Emperor Nero, who claims, the records spurning,

He fiddled on the walls of Rome while all
the town was burning;
Item: One maid — Joan of Arc — who claims
she 'll undertake
To prove she whipped the English hosts and
perished at the stake;
Item: One young George Washington, who
claims (and won't he catch it!)
A strange conglomeration of a cherry-tree
and hatchet;
Item: One named Evangeline, a maid peripa-
tetic,
Who claims a vanished Lover and a Story
most pathetic;
Item: One Richard Whittington, who claims
a doubtful story
Of how a cat and London Bells brought him
both wealth and glory;
Item: One Dido, royal dame, who claims a
Lover and Fire;
The Lover fled, while she ('t is said) burned
on her funeral-pyre.
These all are myths! Let none escape! So
end all tools of mystery.
Long live the State! Long live the
Truth!
Signed: Clio, Muse of History.

[Fleur de Lys fixes this proclamation in some prominent place — central — and retires with attendants. Spirited march. Then enter, from opposite side, the eight Myths. Joining hands, they dance gleefully in a circle, and then moving forward say (or sing, if practicable) in chorus]:

Gay and free,
Fair to see,
Roving myths we seem to be.
Myths in fact,
Still we act,
Just as if with truths we 're packed.
Oh, what fun,
When we 're done,
Just to see opinions run.
This day, so! —
(swaying to right)
Next day, no! —
(swaying to left)
Through the histories still we go.
All endeavor,
Fruitless ever,
Fact from Fiction to dissever.

[Dido spies the proclamation and starts in dismay. Each myth solemnly draws his neighbor by the hand to the paper. They all read, silently, with uplifted hands, to slow music, and then, turning, come slowly forward and say (or sing) in chorus]:

I — de - clare,
What — a — scare,
All our names are posted there!

(Repeating slowly and solemnly, head on hand.)

All — our — names — are — post - ed — there!

(Then follows, line by line, this lament.)

WASHINGTON.
From pillar to post,
JOAN OF ARC.
And pillar to post,
WHITTINGTON.
We 're hustled and hurried so,—
EVANGELINE.
Badgered and worried so,—
NERO.
Flustered and flurried so,—
POCAHONTAS.
That at the most,
Little remains for us,—
WILLIAM TELL.
Life has but pains for us,—
DIDO.
Pleasure fast wanes for us,—
ALL *(in chorus)*.
All joy is lost.
WASHINGTON.
No one believes in us; —
JOAN OF ARC.
All see but thieves in us; —
WHITTINGTON.
History grieves in us; —
EVANGELINE.
Vain is our boast.
NERO.
For we are flurried so,—
POCAHONTAS.
Badgered and worried so,—
WILLIAM TELL.
Hustled and hurried so
DIDO.
From pillar to post.
ALL *(in chorus)*.
Hustled and hurried from pillar to post.

[They scatter as if about to run away. Then Joan of Arc, standing central, waves her sword and says]:

JOAN OF ARC *(imperiously)*.
Here let us stand!
On every hand,
We 're only scorned and flouted.
Let each proclaim
His acts and name
Shall never more be doubted.
(They all flock round her.)

WASHINGTON *(solemnly)*.
Year after year,
Our deeds have stood,—
For good or ill — for ill or good.
Why should we now be cast aside?
Why should the world our claims deride,
Year after year,
Year after year?

EVANGELINE *(tearfully)*.
Ah, woe is me!
A home destroyed;
A lover lost;
The world a void!
I wander and search all the universe through
For Gabriel —

NERO *(interrupting contemptuously)*.
There, my young friend, that will do!
You know you are only a fiction poetic
Manufactured to work up a *rôle* sympathetic.
But think how I,
On the walls of Rome,
Saw my minions fly,
And the hot flames come;
While caring naught, in royal glee,
I fiddled away —

POCAHONTAS *(interrupting hastily)*.
—— Oh, fiddle-de-dee!
My ancestors roamed the Virginia woods,
Savage and free in their haughtiest moods,
Long ere you fiddled down
Your stuffy Roman town.
But I *(proudly)* gave Captain Smith his life —

DIDO *(interrupting plaintively)*.
And I was great Æneas's wife!
Æneas wise, Æneas brave,
Who to the world an empire gave.
But I, alas, who saw him come —

WHITTINGTON *(interrupting flippantly)*.
Oh, yes — you soon were Dido dumb!
But we 've heard that once,
And we 've heard it twice —
In fact, I think we 've heard it thrice.
But pshaw! what was that
To my trusty cat,
Who killed the Turkish Sultan's mice?
He cleared the palace —

WILLIAM TELL *(interrupting)*.
Yes — that 's so!
But then we 've heard *that*, too, you know.
What good does it do?
I might tell, too,
How my arrow I drew
And Gesler I slew —
But what is the use?
It 's just a misuse
Of our mythical powers
To waste so the hours.
To the world let us make all our boasts and our glories,
But don't — pray don't — force on each other our stories!

[A noise outside. The Myths, with hand to ear, listen intently, and then say, or sing]:

ALL *(in chorus)*.
Hark, hark, hark! We had better go
To some cavern dark — sorrowfully — slow.
Footsteps now we hear,
If we 're found, we fear
We shall all be hounded,
Badgered, pestered, pounded,
By the stern Prætorians,—
Clio's strict historians.
(Exeunt hastily, right.)

[Enter, cautiously, left, Detective, Policeman, Electrician. They search, carefully, with dark lanterns and say to each other]:

S-st! S-st! S-st!

DETECTIVE.
I surely heard a noise.

ALL *(as before)*.
S-st! S-st! S-st!

POLICEMAN.
It may have been the boys.

DETECTIVE *(sees Proclamation)*.
Why, what is this?

(The others hurry toward it.)

Policeman *(scanning it).*
'T is Clio's Proclamation.
Electrician.
Is it a big reward?
Detective.
Let 's get some information.
Policeman.
She 'd pay us well, if we
Could clear them from the nation.

[Low music while the three put their heads together in consultation. Let the music grow more triumphant as they shake hands as if agreed upon a plan and then locking arms, they walk forward, central.]

Detective *(exhibiting his badge).*
I 'm the Detective shrewd!
Wherever I intrude
I ferret out all mystery
For Clio, Muse of History.
Policeman *(brandishing his club).*
I 'm the Policeman stout!
I seize and hustle out
Each vague and vagrant mystery
For Clio, Muse of History.
Electrician *(displaying his square box, which he holds gingerly in his hand, and on which should be painted* "Dynamite!").
I am the Electrician!
And solemn is my mission;—
For I explode each mystery
For Clio, Muse of History.
Detective.
Come, let us search the spot, we 've lots to do
Before we find these tramps.
(They search cautiously.)
Not here?
Nero *(sneezing, behind the scenes).*
Ker — choo!

[Detective, Policeman, Electrician start in astonishment, and then say all together]:

Ha-ha; ha-ha; ha-ha!
We think — we heard — a sneeze!
Detective *(pointing, right).*
The villains are in there.
Policeman *(brandishing his club, but not going in, calls loudly).*
Down, traitors, on your knees!
Detective.
Now the reward is ours!
Policeman *(to Electrician).*
Get out your dynamite.
Electrician.
Guard all the paths and passes;
Let none escape by flight.

[Exit the Electrician, right. The Detective and Policeman watch his motions hopefully — but cautiously.]

Detective *(enthusiastically).*
See, now he sets his batteries.
What science! What simplicity!
Don't ask him what the matter is —
Just wait and hear him scatter his
Dynamic electricity.
Policeman *(excitedly).*
Now close your ears, good people — tight! —
The poles are *not* corroded.
That current starts the dynamite.
Bang! Bang!! — *(Explosion heard.)*
Detective *(waving his hat).*
Ho, victory!
Policeman *(lifting his hands).*
What a sight!
Policeman and Detective *(link arms and swagger front).*
The Myths — are all — exploded!
(Exeunt right — loud music.)

[While the Myths are behind the scenes let them throw tattered cloaks over their suits, so that when they now appear they may look very dilapidated — some with hats off, some with arms in sling, some with bandaged eye or head, as if just from an explosion or accident].

Myths *(entering hurriedly to quick music, followed by Detective, Policeman, and Electrician driving them in. They speak in chorus).*
Our time has come!
Alas, alas!
Now, is not this
A sorry pass?
Toll, toll the bells,
Romance is dead;
Toll, toll the bells,
Our joy has fled.
Weep o'er our fate —
All kins — all kiths,
For we are now
Exploded Myths!

POLICEMAN *(authoritatively)*.

Now to the palace where in solemn court,
The mighty Clio waits our full report.
Close up the ranks, there! March, and cease your prating,
For lo, the prison-cart outside the door is waiting.

(Exeunt all to slow music.)

[Here let the change to the court-room be made by simply removing the coverings from the furniture. There should be a raised platform with two large chairs, — one for Clio and one for Chief Justice, — and before the platform a long table, with chairs for the lawyers; now enter in procession, Herald, Standard-bearer, Clio and her pages, Lord Chief Justice, Crier of the Court, Guards, the State's Attorney, Portia Pleadwell, and clerks with law-books, etc. Clio and Chief Justice seat themselves. Crier stands central. Pages, guards, etc. group themselves appropriately. Standard rests behind Clio's chair. Opposing counsel and their clerks sit at either end of the table and arrange their law-books, papers, etc., with legal importance. Appropriate music during the assembling.]

CRIER.

Hats off in court!
Keep silence all!
Oyez; oyez; oyez!
Heed now the Crier's call!
All persons having business in this High Court of Truth,
Are herewith now directed, on pain of fine or ruth,
To state their business plainly, devoid of legal mystery,
Before the Lord Chief Justice and Clio, Muse of History.

THE STATE'S ATTORNEY *(rising)*.

May it please the Court, and you, Serene and Sovereign Lady:
The State hath apprehended some characters called "shady,"
To place before the bar, that you may justice measure,
The criminals who long have braved your dread displeasure.
Therefore I now demand, and look for no denial,
That they be brought forthwith to stand upon their trial.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Bring in the prisoners! Who aids them in their stress?

PORTIA *(rising)*.

I do, your Lordship.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

And are you ready?

PORTIA. Yes.

[Enter, guarded by police, the Myths all tattered and torn; with them, the Detective, Policeman, and Electrician.]

CLIO *(looking at Myths in great surprise)*.

How now! how now! who are these tatterdemalions?

POLICEMAN *(bowing)*.

Why these, so please your Grace, are just those same rapscallions.

CLIO.

Well, but why come they here in such a sad condition?

DETECTIVE *(bowing)*.

All due, so please your Grace, to your Grace's Electrician.

ELECTRICIAN *(bowing)*.

I placed a charge of Dynamite, —
You know what that foreboded, —
And with a storage battery
These vagrant Myths exploded.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *(who meanwhile has been glancing over the papers containing the charges against the prisoners)*.

These papers seem correct. The court will need
To hear the arguments. Counsel may proceed.

[The prisoners stand at right securely guarded. The State's Attorney rises to address the Court.]

THE STATE'S ATTORNEY.

May it please the Court, and likewise you, Serene and Gracious Madam:
These vagrants have been roaming round — say, since the days of Adam.
They 're counterfeiters; thieves, who 'd give us spurious coin for golden;
They 've built their claims for countenance on certain legends olden;
And, on a base of history that has a grain of warrant in it,
Have spread corruption through your realm and told their tales abhorrent in it.
There 's not a boy, there 's not a girl, in all your History Classes,

But firmly, now, accepts as Fact each Fiction as it passes.
Because they 've heard of Washington they must believe the hatchet;
Because they 've heard of William Tell the apple too must match it.
They still hold on to Whittington and what the bells were calling,
They find the Pocahontas Myth entrancing and enthralling.
And Dido and Evangeline, Joan of Arc and Nero
Have kept their pulses changing oft, from boiling-point to zero.
Not all the facts of late research, not all the proofs we 've cited,
Not all the controversial tests your scholars have invited;
Not all the light that science brings to bear on ancient story,
Can break the hold these Myths have gained on childhood's love of glory.
So, for the State which they have braved; for you, most gracious Madam,
Whose wise behests they 've oft defied, just when you thought you had 'em;
For this grave Court; for guileless youth; and for the truth of History,
I press for justice, quick and sharp, to break the sway of Mystery.

[He sits down. The Myths appear down-hearted. Clio looks at them severely and says, enthusiastically, addressing the State's attorney]:

Clio.

Well put, my trusty counsellor, best of our State's defenders.
What now can Portia Pleadwell say to help these base pretenders?

Lord Chief Justice.

The Court will weigh the State's appeal with calmest independence,
But waits to hear the counsel's plea who speaks for these defendants.

Portia *(rising)*.

May it please the Court, and also you, O Clio, Muse most glorious,
Who see these suppliants at your feet, as here you reign victorious,
I ask for clemency — no more. I stand here interceding
For these poor outcasts of your realm — here, now, for mercy pleading.
I ask for these my clients, then, but mercy,— pure and simple,—
That mercy that adorns your Grace, as does each dainty dimple.
Who are these Myths, so-called, I ask, but tutors come to teach us
(However rosy-colored all) true lessons that should reach us.
How truth may triumph, justice live, and valor grow more glorious;
How love may weep, and wisdom sleep, and virtue shine victorious;
How truths excel, and worth will tell, and good and evil wrangle;
How life's weak thread may snap in dread, or snarl and twist and tangle;
All this, 't is thought, these myths have taught, each thus with wisdom shining,
And each may still, set forth with skill, help to the world's refining.
I rest my case. But first, I beg that I may be permitted
(Before I ask that by the Court my clients be acquitted)
To introduce in evidence one fact that has a bearing
Upon my case —

The State's Attorney *(rises and interrupts)*.

Oh, I object! I know your Lordship 's sharing,
Alike with me, and with her Grace, the deepest detestation
For these convicted criminals —

Portia *(interrupting spiritedly)*.

Hold! hear my protestation
Against your language —

The State's Attorney *(interrupting)*.

Why?

Portia.

Because these myths are *not* convicted!

Lord Chief Justice *(rapping for order)*.

Counsel *must* cease these hasty words to which they seem addicted.

Portia *(to Lord Chief Justice)*.

Am I sustained?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

The Court decides that you may now employ
New evidence to prove your case.

PORTIA.

Crier, bring in the Boy!
(Exit CRIER.)

[Enter Crier with the BOY OF MODERN STORY guarded by two policemen.]

PORTIA *(pointing to Boy, as she addresses the Court).*

This bold brigand, may it please the Court, and you, most noble Clio,
Infests our broad and glorious land from Eastport to Ohio.
Where'er a school-house lifts its head, wher-e'er a postman hurries,
This Boy, here put in evidence, comes with his woes and worries;
Comes with his spurious bravery and his feats of doubtful daring;
In papers cheap his poisons steep, nor youth nor maiden sparing.
He reeks with strings of "Injun" scalps; he 's crammed with stolen dollars,
He boasts and prates of youthful crimes, and counts his hosts of scholars.
The "Bandit Boy of Gory Gulch," the "Ter-ror of the Prairie,"
The "Avenger of the Midnight Clan,"— 't is thus his titles vary.
The boys he lures with stories wild, the girls with "raven tresses"—
This ghoul of children's literature, this imp of sordid presses;
Beside *this* scamp, these harmless Myths stand out in radiant glory,
Arrayed in Truth's own panoply, enriched with song and story.
"Look on this picture — and on this!" For childhood's sake, I pray you,
Shall Romance stay, with gentle sway, or Vice remain to slay you?
(Bows to the Court and sits down.)

CLIO *(rising, much moved).*

Let Romance live! O Myths, go free; shine out in full resplendence!

[The Myths tear off their tattered cloaks, bandages, etc., and disclose their suits as first worn, in good order and condition.]

CLIO *(to* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *appealingly).*

I beg your Lordship's pardon, but —

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *(rising, and with dignity).*

I find for the defendants.
(To the MYTHS.)
You are acquitted!

(The Myths shake hands with each other joyfully.)

CLIO.

Myths, come here!

PORTIA.

Her grace desires to meet you.

CLIO *(imperiously, to court officers).*

Remove that boy. Load him with chains!

[The boy is led off by police. Clio descends from her station and comes toward the Myths with extended hands.]

With love and hope I greet you!
Once more shine out in radiant robes; Once more roam gay and lightly
Through History's pages — oft too dull — and make them glow more brightly.
In roughest guise the diamond lies, and Truth's sublimest teaching
Was told in simple parables, that savored naught of preaching.
And as each life its romance has, and every life its sorrow,
So History sage may deck its page with gems which Truth must borrow.
Let wise men show, as on we go, how tricks from truths to sever,
But we 'll stay all in Fancy's thrall; O Myths, live on forever!

DETECTIVE, POLICEMAN, ELECTRICIAN *(coming forward, insinuatingly).*

And — our — reward?

CLIO.

If 't was withheld, 't would surely be a pity.
What shall it be? I have it! Yes,— The Freedom of the City.
I ask no thanks. It shall be yours, most zealous of officials,
Presented in a plush-lined box, and stamped with my initials,
For by your aid these friends I made — though not as you intended.
Your batteries, correctly charged, would soon my Myths have ended.

[Characters form half-circle. Clio in center. All sing with spirit this chorus (to tune in "Moore's Melodies"):

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Error's dark sea,
For Romance has triumphed and Fiction is free.
Sing, for the pride of the Gradgrinds is broken —
Their facts without sweetness, their dry-as-dust phrase.
How vain was their boast that the lessons we've spoken,
Should find no defenders and merit no praise.

Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

Sing for great Clio, our patron adored,
Her scroll is our buckler, her pen is our sword;
Now shall we live to tell children our story,
Now shall new hope from our messages spring!
For without us is History shorn of her glory;
We are saved! and the world with our praises shall ring!

Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

[Clio advances toward audience; extends her hands and says]:

CLIO.

And now will you, O friends most true, who've watched the whole proceeding,
Give but *your* sanction to the case as shown in Portia's pleading?
Let children know, as children grow, myths, stories, wholesome fancies —
That, based on Fact, are Romance-packed, and bright with dreamy glances.
Let children know how friend or foe may tell of shame or glory,
With watchful eye all error spy, but keep the MYTHS OF STORY.

All begin again the first stanza of the "timbrel" song of triumph as curtain falls.

(Curtain.)

AN OLD DOLL.

BY MARGARET W. BISLAND.

THIS summer, for the first time in her life, Hepzibah sat for her photograph. We went to the studio of a friend of mine, who is a very clever amateur photographer, and had asked me to let her sit for a picture. We set her up in a big arm-chair, told her please to wear a pleasant expression, and now you see Hepzibah just as she is, for the photograph is a striking likeness. Of course you will not think her pretty; but don't laugh at her faded, wrinkled cheeks, hollow eyes, and bald head, for Hepzibah is no longer young. Why, she was seventy years old last Christmas, and is entitled to respect by reason of her age if of nothing else; and I think she would feel sensitive to ridicule, though she is only a doll.

She became a doll one Christmas in a little shop in the old town of Portland, Maine. Seventy years ago, dolls with wax heads were expensive and not nearly so pretty as the ones we have now. Their bodies were long and stiff, without joints. Their shoes and clothes were sewed on, and they had no accomplishments, such as turning their heads on a spring and saying "Mamma" and "Papa" when a machine was wound up inside. The little girls, in those days, played mostly with home-made dolls called rag-babies, and I think perhaps they loved these cloth children quite as hard and found as much comfort in them as the little girls nowadays find in the wonderful toys brought from Europe.

The same Christmas that Hepzibah was made into a doll, a little girl called Polly, who also lived in Portland, told her mother she wanted Santa Claus (she was only five years old then, and believed in Santa Claus) to bring her a doll; not a rag baby,—she had three of those,—but a beautiful wax one with real yellow hair, blue eyes, and a dress just like the one Polly herself wore. The mother smiled a bit at this request, but promised to speak to Santa Claus about it, and then went the next day and bought the handsomest doll in the city. It cost more than any of the others, for, by pushing and pulling a wire on the left side of the body, its eyes

would close and open, a rare talent for a doll then. She was taken to a dressmaker, and Polly's mother ordered the woman to make the gown on the most fashionable pattern and not to spare expense. So the dressmaker did it. She sewed the clothes by hand, and cut the petticoat from a piece of fine homespun linen. She made little red silk shoes and laced them up with red thread; whipped thread lace on the edge of the queer-looking pantalettes, and stitched two rows of red wool braid on the full brown linen skirt. A bit of brightly colored ribbon held by a small silver buckle clasped the neat waist, tiny feather pillows tucked under the leg-o'-mutton sleeves made them puff out in a most stylish manner, and, as a last touch of elegance, a narrow pink ribbon was run through the yellow curls and tied in a bow on top of the head.

So she looked the Christmas morning Polly found her, in the top of a long stocking; the loveliest doll in Portland, with such rosy cheeks, red lips, and smiling blue eyes that Polly took her at once to her tender, motherly little heart and named her Hepzibah.

After Hepzibah came, the rag babies, "Sarah," "Jane," and "Nancy," were entirely neglected, and very soon found their way to the garret, for Hepzibah had taken their place in their little mother's affections. Polly never went to bed at night that her beloved dolly was not also tucked snugly into her cradle and sung gently to sleep. The two always went a-visiting together, to doll tea-parties, picnics, and the like. Here Hepzibah was admired by the other small mothers, and Polly always said, with an affectionate kiss, that hers was "the most perfect child in the world!" In the summer they went blackberrying, for rides on the hay, and to play mud-cakes by the brook; until at last Polly grew to be a big girl, and then to a young lady with her skirts to the floor, and her yellow curls pinned on top of her pretty head. She was too old to play dolls any more; but she did not forget poor Hepzibah, who began to feel very lonely. Finally, one day Polly said she was to be married; and Hepzibah went to the wedding, and saw the ceremony, if she did not hear it; for Polly insisted on having her brought to the parlor and put conspicuously on the mantel.

After that Hepzibah never saw nor heard anything for a great many years, for she was put into a trunk and went traveling, she never knew where, till, at last, the trunk was stored in a garret and was not opened for such a long time that she went to sleep, like the princess in the fairy tale, and did n't wake up for twenty years.

When I was a little girl I went to live at my grandfather's place, in the State of Missis-



HEPZIBAH.

sippi. It was a very old-fashioned house in a very old-fashioned neighborhood, and among the neighbors were two widow ladies. They lived all alone in an old plantation-house, with only a big dog for companion, and sometimes I went with my mother to see them and spend the day. I usually took my rag-doll "Matilda" with me, for although she was an ugly person,

having cloth hair and a face marked out in ink, I was fond of her, and we had very good times together. One day when I was at this house I sat on the front steps, playing "flower ladies," and the oldest of the sisters, whose name was Mrs. Powers, called me to go up to the garret with her. Now, I had always wished to see what was in that garret, so Matilda and I, full of curiosity, followed Mrs. Powers up the narrow steps. We opened a little window to let in some light, and saw two big spinning-wheels that had come all the way from Portland many years before; and in one corner were some queer leather trunks that had not been opened for years. Mrs. Powers unlocked one, took out some funny muslin gowns, all yellow with age, and, finally, a box which she said was for me.

When I opened it, what do you suppose I found? Why, Hepzibah, of course! Just as you see her here. The belt and buckle at her waist had been lost long ago, her poor pretty eyes had fallen back in her head, the beautiful hair had nearly all fallen off, and the color was gone from her cheeks, except two little spots of pink that made her wrinkled face look like a dried little winter apple. When I took her in my arms Mrs. Powers cried a bit, and as we sat on the trunk she told me of the time when she was little Polly and lived with her dear Hepzibah in Portland, how happy she was then, and how she had known Miss Sophie May, who wrote the Prudy and Dotty books, and even "Prudy" and "Dotty" themselves, till it grew quite dark and time for me to go home.

I took Hepzibah with me, but she had grown too old to play and could only lie patiently in a box, and was sometimes shown to visitors. By and by, I grew up, too, and went away from the old place, carrying Hepzibah with me to the city of New Orleans, and last summer she went to a fancy-dress ball given to a number of little children. Prizes had been offered the girls for the largest doll, the smallest doll, the oldest doll, and the ugliest doll. There are no small children in our family, but our next-door neighbor has a charming little daughter who was going to the ball dressed as a fisher-girl. Little Edna's mother asked me to lend Hepzibah to try for the prize for the oldest doll. So I took her from the box where she had lain so long, shook out her faded skirts, gave her a little advice about company manners, and a kiss, and sent her off in the arms of the fisher-girl to dance on the lawn to the sweet music of a hand-organ.

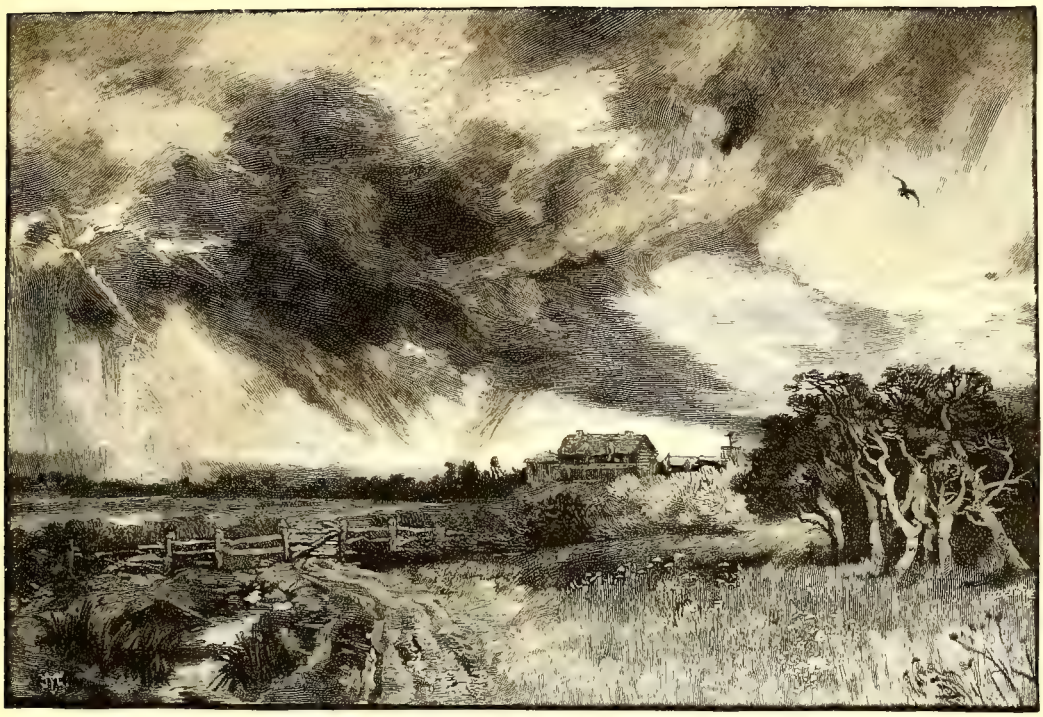
There were hundreds of dolls present, from the great Paris bisque baby who was wound up with a key and wore a silk gown and lace cap, to the tiny china doll with gilt shoes and queer blue eyes. There were big wax dolls with lots of curly hair, wearing baby-clothes, black dolls with woolly heads, and a few boy dolls. They drank lemonade and ate bonbons,— at least their jolly little mothers did for them, as sweets don't agree with such young children, you know,—and when the party was nearly over, the dolls went bashfully up for exhibition before several gentlemen, the chosen judges. Poor Hepzibah, I dare say, wished she had stayed at home in her box. It was so long since she had been into society, and dolls of to-day have very different manners from the dolls she had known. She felt that her gown was so faded and unfashionable, and every one laughed at the leg-o'-mutton sleeves and her empty eyes, and she almost trembled when one kindly faced judge picked her up. He examined the little ticket pinned to the hem of her shabby skirt, and read,

"Hepzibah,
Seventy years old,
Born in Portland, Maine."

"Poor old dolly," he murmured, and handled her with respectful fingers, honoring her years and lack of hair.

She did n't take the prize; a wooden Egyptian doll got it, but the judge held Hepzibah up before the crowd of children and made a little speech, saying that she was the oldest American doll, and told some of her history, and when she came back to me she was greatly excited, but happy to find herself once more in her box. If she could speak, I think she would say she was glad she lost the prize, for not even a doll likes to be older and uglier than every one else.

Last year she took another long journey. I put her box in my trunk, and we two came by steamer all the way from New Orleans to New York. And now she hopes that her journeys are over, for she is too old to travel and wishes to retire into quiet and peace for the rest of her days.



FIFTEEN MINUTES WITH A CYCLONE.

(A True Story.)*

By M. Louise Ford.

"Speaking of cyclones," remarked Mr. Wilson to the company about the library-fire, one cold November evening, "I think I can equal any story you have told with my own experience in a genuine 'twister.'"

As we had already heard some surprising stories, a general exclamation from young and old demanded the story, and, after a little urging, Mr. Wilson began:

"We were living then, my wife and the eight children (of whom the youngest was but four months old), in Malcom, a pretty little village about five miles from the city of Grinnell, Iowa.

"The farm was as attractive as it could well be — acre after acre of rolling prairie land, a fine garden, and a young and thriving orchard. My cousin had lived on the place for several years, but when his business made it necessary for him to go farther West, he had persuaded me to come out and take the farm. I had hoped to go West for several years, and I thought this an excellent opportunity, so we moved out, and had been living there about four years when this big blow came.

"It was in 1882, on the 27th of June; you will see why I have no trouble in remembering the date.

"It had been an exceedingly hot day, not a cloud to be seen, with the sun beating fiercely down, and not a breath of air stirring. We sat out on the porch after supper, trying to find a cool place. The clouds were beginning to gather, and it looked as if there might be a shower. The three little ones went early to bed, and in spite of the oppressive heat were soon fast asleep.

"It could n't have been far from eight o'clock when I heard a sound which I at first thought was thunder. The others noticed it, too, and,

* See author's letter, p. 452.

as it grew louder, a terrible rushing sound came with it, and we looked at one another in silence for a minute, and then ran to where we could look out westward.

"My heart almost stopped beating, when I saw coming toward us with terrific speed a black, funnel-shaped cloud, the rush and roar accompanying it growing louder every minute.

"'Run for the cellar!' I cried. My wife ran and seized the baby, and I caught up the two



other children from the bed. There was no time to lose.

"The one who first reached the cellar door—it was one of the older children—had just time to seize the knob, nothing more, when—crash! such a terrific noise! I felt myself lifted in the air and thought my time had come. The next thing I knew, I felt the splash of cold water in my face. I must have lost consciousness, but the water revived me, and in a moment I knew where I was.

"*I had come down head first into the well!*

"The water was some ten feet deep. I was thoroughly at home in the water, though I was n't used to diving in that fashion, and I managed to right myself and come up head first.

"The well was not more than three feet across, and the pump had been broken short off and carried away, leaving a two-inch iron pipe standing straight up in the middle.

"I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. My hands touched something floating on the surface. I thought it was the cat; imagine my surprise when I found it was Charlie, our five-year-old boy!

"He was terribly frightened, and as amazed as I was, to find himself not alone in the well. The wonder was that we were not both of us impaled on that iron pipe; how we escaped it I can not understand.

"The cyclone had passed on, and a terrific, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads; and by the flashes of lightning I could see that rain fell in torrents. We were both so wet we did n't mind the little extra water that splashed down on us, and as soon as possible I raised Charlie to my shoulders, and by aid of the pipe managed to work my way up to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the wind and rain had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unhurt.

"But such a scene as I looked upon I hope never to see again! And I dreaded to look about me for fear of worse things. Evidently the house had been lifted bodily from its foundations and dashed down, and everything that had not been carried away by the wind lay about the yard; many of the great timbers were found rods away driven into the earth, as if they had been but tent-pegs.

"Soon I heard my wife's voice calling, and I was a happy man when I found her and two of our little ones, terribly wet and frightened, but unhurt.

"But where was the baby?

"I called the names of the other children, as we ran frantically here and there to find some trace of them. Nellie, the eldest, came running from the orchard with the baby in her arms. She said she had picked him up from the wet ground where he was lying, and he had not even cried. She had found herself there, but that was all she knew about it; indeed, none of us could give an account of our wanderings after we left the cellar door.

"Soon we heard the boys' voices, and found that they were in the cellar; the cyclone in lift-

ing the body of the house had taken up a part of the foundation (which was of large stones laid in cement), and then dropped it. The floor came down a little askew, and a stove, organ, and a heavy desk had slidden off into the cellar.

"In some way or other the boys reached the cellar, too, probably before the floor fell, for the flooring made a protection over their heads. They came out safe and sound, though it was difficult to set them free.

"It seems that my wife had found herself on the ground, and by the flashes of lightning had seen Charlie standing not far from her. As the wind was blowing a gale, she called to him to lie down flat on the ground; but the next time the lightning came she could not see him, and supposed the wind must have swept him off his feet into the well. Providentially, I was there to rescue him.

"Well, we found ourselves all safe and unhurt,—except a few slight bruises not worth mentioning, after what we had been through,—and you can understand that we were not only a very happy family but that we were a very thankful family, too.

"Our home was scattered along on the prairie for a mile or more; there was n't enough left of it to make a large hen-house. The barn was gone, also; but, to our surprise, there stood the thirty head of cattle tied to the stanchions (only one of them so injured that it had to be killed), and my two horses were unharmed.

"The big wagon was in the yard, and had in some way escaped destruction, so we hitched up the horses and started to find shelter.

"Our clothing was rather the worse for wear, but we did not stop to think about trifles. We could see the terrible work of the cyclone as we rode along; trees twisted off or torn up by the roots, and buildings demolished. The rain had come down in such torrents that next day the trees and fences looked as if there had been a high tide, the leaves and straw which clung to them a foot or more above the ground showing at what height the water had stood.

"You remember how much damage the cyclone did in Grinnell, and if you could have seen the sight we looked upon as we rode into the city, you would realize as never before what an appalling thing a cyclone is.

"We were well taken care of, and after a while I even ventured to build again; but my garden was gone, my orchard was ruined, and there was constant dread whenever there was a cloud in the sky, and at length my wife and I concluded we could n't bear to stay any longer. We came East again, and here we mean to remain.

"Such having been our experience, no one can blame us for not wishing to repeat it. Certainly we could not hope to be as fortunate another time."
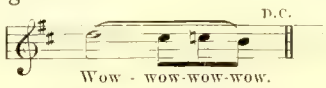


THE SCREECH-OWL.

By Ernest E. Thompson.



Often in the evening, an hour or so after sunset, the outdoor naturalist may hear from the shade of a thick hemlock, or from a grove in some ravine, a prolonged, quavering note something like this:



Though tinged with melancholy, it is soft and musical, and it is indeed, as Lowell says, one of the sweetest sounds in nature. And yet, this is the characteristic note of the bird which has gained, for reasons unknown to me, the unpleasant name of "screech-owl."

This pretty little owl, perhaps the prettiest of the family, is but slightly longer than a robin, but looks much larger on account of the fluffy feathers and large head. It is found in temperate North America and is quite common in most of the Eastern States. Generally it lives in the woods, but it is fond also of frequenting barns, old orchards, and groves near the water.

It is very courageous and can kill other birds as large as itself; but usually it preys on mice and grasshoppers. Its mousing abilities are so wonderful that it has been aptly named "the feathered cat"; and its great yellow eyes, ear-like tufts, and night-prowling habits all unite to make the name suitable.



Many persons are so fond of this little owl that they take pains to encourage it about their houses. The readiest way is to place in the trees, at different parts of the farm, nesting-boxes like small pigeon-houses. One might be put in the orchard, another in the woods near the water, if there is any, and another in the gable of the barn. Unless there is some unusual cause to keep away these musical mousers, not

very many seasons will pass before they avail themselves of the comfortable quarters provided.

The soft call already described is really the love-note of this owl. It is its song just as much as the prolonged chantings of any of our common birds are their songs; and it will be heard oftenest in the early spring, although it is not unusual for this owl to sing nearly the whole year round.

Here, then, we have in this little owl an example of bravery, industry, and cheerfulness; and these qualities are shown by the very bird of all others that is least credited with them; for, if names and reputations are to count for anything, surely the very last bird to which we would look for an example of courage and merriment would be an owl, and above all, a screech-owl.

NORAY AND THE ARK.

By Harry Stillwell Edwards.



UNCLE DICK sat out in the pine thicket near his cabin, busy with his basket-making, for the cotton was in the boll, and something to put the soft, white lint in must be ready when the hands picked it. Within thirty days each picker would be traveling along a row in the field filling the bag hung about his neck, and if the baskets were not on hand to empty in, there would be trouble. The old man had had his strips in soak all night to soften them and render them pliable, and as he worked away, lacing them together firmly, he sang an old plantation hymn that started the echoes far and near. The sun outside was hot upon the fields, but about him was a dense shade, and a little breeze had crept in to keep him cool and set the pines murmuring.

He was a nervous little old man, with a face full of smiles. Somehow he seemed always to think that things were getting on fairly well about him, and that life was not made for regrets and discontent. And so, come what might, the children were always reasonably sure of finding Uncle Dick in a good humor and accommodating, however much he protested against interference.

This morning he suddenly paused in his labors and lifted his head. A knowing look shone in his face:

"Deir hit is ergin, deir hit is ergin; dem chillun gwine ter mek more trouble!" His sharp ears had not deceived him, for presently there burst in upon him a noisy bevy of youngsters who had come down from the "big house" to gather wild flowers and pay Dick a visit. It was "trouble," sure enough; one wanted a strip for a jumping-hoop, one for a bow, another stuff for a popgun stick; and so on.

"Ain' no use talkin'," said the old man, pushing the youngsters right and left, and gathering up his possessions as rapidly as possible. "'F I gi' yer dat timber, dese hyah baskets ain' gwine ter git done;—*don't* tek dat, Marse Tom; don't yer do hit;—'bliged ter have dat ve'y strip!—Miss Ma'y, *don't*, honey; dat piece b'long right hyah 'twixt dese two what I 'm er-holdin' open. Git erway fum hyah de las' one er yer! Don't,—I 'm gwine straight up yonner to de big house an' tell ole Miss!"

"Tell us about Noray, then, Uncle Dick." The demand was at once re-enforced by a chorus of voices.

"Now, des lissen at dat! How many times I done tell yer already? How 'm I gwine ter work, ef I fool erlong wid er whole passell er chillun at de same time!"

"But, Uncle Dick, we 're not going to bother

you; we will all sit down here on the ground, and you can work and talk, too, just as you always do."

The air was full of "Please, Uncle Dick," uttered in pleading tones, and Dick, apparently restored to good-nature again, was shaking all over.

"What I gwinter tell yer 'bout?"

"Noray! Noray! Noray!"

"Cousin Nellie has never heard it," volunteered a little boy.

"Whar she?" Dick stopped short, despite the alleged pressing nature of his work, and looked quickly around. The youngster pushed a little girl to the front.

"Here she is! Nellie Wimberley, why did n't you say 'howdy' to Uncle Dick?"

The old man appeared to be deeply interested. "Hush!" he said. "Dis ain' Marse Tom Wimb'ley's gal?"

"Yes, she is." It was a chorus again. Dick drew her up to him.

"Lor' bless my soul! But deir hit is, deir hit is! Same eye, same nose, same mouf! It 's de troof! Yo' pa an' me was mighty close, honey, mighty close!—Course, I gwine ter tell yer erbout Noray," he said impatiently, turning in response to the renewed call; "gwine ter tell hit des like I used ter tell 'er pa, 'fo' y' all was born'd. Y' all drop right down deir on the pine straw; I 'm gwine ter set Miss Nellie right up hyah top er dis new basket, des like 'er pa used ter set, an' I bet she ain't gwine ter say nothin' fum de time I start tell I git done. Dem Wimb'leys es quality, and quality es born wid manners." His broad hint to the assembly was not without its effect; but the effect was fleeting. Nellie, with her hand full of wild violets, sat very still, and kept her eyes upon the old man. His face grew soft and full of smiles again.

"Some folks," he said, picking up his strips again, "tells dis story one way, an' some tell hit ernuther. I 'm gwine ter tell hit des like it come ter me straight fum de nigger dat was deir—"

One of the boys laughed.

"Whar yo' manners, chile? Ef deir want no nigger deir, how come niggers heah? Nigger was deir, an' es name was Ham. I heah tell es how es wife named M'randy, but I dunno 'bout dat. Dey was both pow'ful skeered fum de time dey got out er sight er lan' till lan' come ergin; ev'ybody know dat, cause niggers was only 'tended ter move 'bout on de water in er *bateau*, an' keep in close ter de willers."

Presently he began, in a peculiar sing-song intonation:

"Noray buil' de ark, an' he buil' 'er strong, he buil' 'er wide, an' he buil' 'er long, an' he put 'er roof on top. Atter he got de work all done, a voice say, 'Let er rain come'; an' er rain hit come. Glory ter de Man! An' hit rain, an' hit rain, an' hit rain! 'T warnt no littl' ha'f-way rain, but er good ole po'-down rain; yes, littl' chillun! Yes! Hit rain forty days and hit rain forty nights! De creeks all riz, an' de ribbers riz, an' de low groun's soon got wet. Den de fiel's went out er sight, an' de hills 'gin ter shake, an' folks cry out fer he'p; but no he'p come. Glory ter de Man!

"Bimeby de lan' all gone, but Noray fix fer dat. He had er pair er evvy kin' o' all de animals an' de reptiles too, an' er ev'yt'ing dat wear fedders. But de fish outside tek kyar deyselves. An' de ark ride on de waters den, fer he buil' 'er high, an' he buil' 'er strong, an' he buil' 'er wide, an' he buil' 'er long, wid room inside fer all, an' plenty, too, ter eat. Bimeby long cum er dry spell, an' ole Noray he op'n de window an' put es head outside. Nuthin' deir 'cept pu' water far as he could see. Den Noray tek ole Buzzard an' say ter him—"

"Grandma says it *was* a raven; I went and asked her."

Dick looked hard at the bold interrupter.

"Yo' gran'ma es er mighty good 'ooman, honey, but I 'm er-telling de story straight. Mebby raven nuther name fer buzzard. He tek him an' he say: 'G' 'long out er hyah an' fine dat lan'.' An' buzzard flop 'es wing an' fly erway, roun' an' roun', tell bimeby he plumb gone. Den Noray go back en de sittin'-room an' tell es wife:

"Keep er-knittin', honey,
Brer Buzzard gone.
Keep er-knittin', honey,
An' de lan' come erlong.

"But buzzard gone for good an' er-flyin' yit, 'cep'n' when he fine sumpin dead. Ef yer go

out deir an' look up en de sky, spec' yer see 'im still er-searchin' wid 'es eye fer de lan'."

"But Uncle Dick, I 've seen him sitting on a dead pine."

The old man smiled and shook his head. He was prepared.

"No, yer ain't, honey. Hit 'll fool mos' anybody; but dat ole *Missis* Buzzard. An' ef yer look mighty close, yer gwine ter see sumpin dead close by. She know dat de ole man be 'long atter while, an' she gwine ter wait deir fer 'im. An' ain' nobody gwine ter tech dat dead till he come, nuther.—Whar'bouts dat story broke?"

"The buzzard was gone." Several voices supplied the information.

"Atter while Noray git tired er waitin' an' he tek Sist' Dove ter de winder an' he ses: 'Sist' Dove, g' long out er hyah an' fine dat lan'.' An' Sist' Dove flop er wing an' sh' fly, an' sh' fly, but no lan'. An' bimeby she come and circle 'round de ark t'ree time, an' dey hyah 'er sing: 'Coo! Coo! Noray–ay–ay–ay, ay–ay–ay–Noray–ay–ay–ay. No lan' kin be foun'.' An' Noray put de meal back en de saucer, an' hit de winder-sill wid es fist, an' ses en er loud voice, ses he, 'Sist' Dove, I 's wantin' yer ter g'long erway fum hyah 'bout yo' business an' fine dat glitterin' lan'; an' don't yer come back hyah no mo' tell yer fine hit, sho' An' ole Sist' Dove sh' g'long ergin, an' sh' fly, an' sh' fly, an' sh' fly, she do. Sh' fly t'ree days an' sh' fly t'ree nights, an' one mornin' she come back, sh' did, an' light right en de winder an' er green leaf was en 'er mouf. An' sh' sing out: 'Coo! Coo! Coo! Noray–ay–ay–ay–ay–ay, Noray–ay–ay! I 'se foun' de lan'! I 'se foun' de lan'!' Den Noray spill little meal deir fer 'er, an' he say, 'Glory ter de Man!'
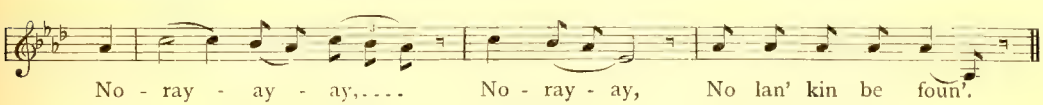
"'Bout dis time de word went 'roun', an' de big dog down en de cellar say, 'Boo! woo! woo!' an' de little dog upstairs say, 'Bow! wow! wow!' an' de cow she low, an' de sheep she bleet, an' de ole goat fairly scream fer joy, 'Baa–a–a–ah! An' de birds 'gin ter sing: but no lan' yit, an' de rooster 'fuse ter crow."

As old Uncle Dick imitated the various animals, Nellie laughed until she almost fell from the basket.

"Den 'long come sumpin floatin' by away out yonder, an' bimeby Noray see hit was de buzzard ridin' on er dead mule all by 'essef, an' he holler out:

"'Whar dat lan'? Oh whar dat lan-n-n'?' But Buzzard can't talk, an' Jim Crow, his fust-cousin, up an' say, 'Dat 's all de lan' *he* want. Dat 's why he ain' come back ter de Ark–Ark–Ark!'

"But long erbout light nex' day, Noray was er-combin' es hair' 'fo' de glass, when he staggered, an' all de bottles cum er-tumblin' down fum de she'f. An' des den he hyah de rooster way out on top de pilot-house sing out: 'Ook–kook–kook–kook–koo! Noray–ay–ay–ay–ay–ay, Noray–ay–ay, ole Ark done run ergroun'.' An' Noray drop 'es brush an' say, 'Dah!!! Glory ter de Man!'



"Dat as far as my story goes," said Dick when the children were done laughing, and he was fitting another strip in his basket. "But I once hear er ole man named Black Bill, what used ter live ov'r ter de Bell place, tell hit a little diffunt. He ses dat when Noray run out er de room, de fus' t'ing he seed was dat boy Ham grab both de chickens and break fer de woods; and Black Bill up an' say dat fum dat day ter dis, niggers own all de chickens en de lan'."

CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter IV.

Mr. Murdoch had stood on the main street corner, taking notes for the *Eagle*, but now he came back to say the fire was out and it was nearly time for Sunday-school.

It seemed strange to have Sunday-school just after a fire, but the Ogden family and its visitors at once made ready.

It was a quarterly meeting, with general exercises and singing, and a review of the quarter's lessons. The church was full by the hour for opening, and the school had a very prosperous look. Elder Holloway and Mr. Murdoch and two other important men sat in the pulpit, and Joab Spokes, the superintendent, stood in front of them to conduct the exercises. The elder seemed to be glancing benevolently around the room, through his spectacles, but there were some things there which could be seen without glasses, and he must have seen those also.

Miss Glidden looked particularly well and very stately, as she sat in the pew in front of her class (if it were hers), with Mary Ogden. Her first words, on coming in to take command, had been!

"Mary dear, don't go. I really wish you to stay. You may be of assistance."

Mary flushed a little, but she said nothing in reply. She remained, and she certainly did assist, for the girls looked at her almost all the while, and Miss Glidden had no trouble whatever, and nothing to do but to look pleased and beaming and dignified. The elder, it was noticed, seemed to feel special interest in the part taken in the exercises by the class with two teachers, one for show and one for work. He even seemed to see something comical in the situation, and there was positive admiration in a remark he made to Mr. Murdoch:

"She 's a true teacher. There 's really only one teacher to that class. She must have been born with a knack for it!"

Elder Holloway, with all his years and experience, had not understood the case of Miss Glidden's class more perfectly than had one young observer at the other end of the church. Jack Ogden could not see so well as those great men in the pulpit, but then he could hear much and surmise the rest.

"All those girls will stand by Molly!" he said to himself. "I hope it won't be long before school 's dismissed," he added.

He had reasons for this hope. He was a little late through lingering to take a curious look at what was left of the fire. The street had a littered look. The barns and stables were wide open, and deserted, for the horses had been led to places of safety. There seemed to be an impression that the hotel was half destroyed; but the damage had not been very great.

A faint, thin film of blue was eddying along the ridge-pole of the kitchen addition. Jack noticed it, but did not know what it meant. A more practiced observer would have known that, hidden from sight, buried in the punk of the dry-rotted timber, was a vicious spark of fire, stealthily eating its way through the punk to the resinous pine.

Jack paid little attention to the tiny smoke-wreath, but he was compelled to pay some attention to the weather. It had been hot from sunrise until noon, and the air had grown heavier since.

"I know what that haze means," said Jack to himself, as he looked toward the Cocahutchie. "There 's a thunder-storm coming by and by, and nobody knows just when. I 'll be on the look out for it."

For this reason he was glad that he was compelled to find a seat not far from the door of the church. Twice he went out to look at the sky, and the second time he saw banks of

lead-colored clouds forming on the northwestern horizon. Returning he said to several of the boys near the vestibule:

"You 've just time to get home, if you don't want a ducking."

Each boy passed along the warning; and when the school stood up to sing the last hymn, even the girls and the older people knew of the coming storm. There was a brief silence before the first note of the organ, and through that silence nearly everybody could catch the shrill squeak in which little Joe Hawkins tried to speak very low and secretly.

"Deakin Cobb, we want to git aout! We 've just time to git home if we don't want a duckin'."

The hymn started raggedly and in a wrong pitch; and just then the great room grew suddenly darker, and there was a low rumble of thunder.

"Mary Ogden!" exclaimed Miss Glidden, "what *are* you doing? They can't go yet!"

Mary was singing as loudly and correctly as usual, but she was out in the aisle, and the girls of that class were promptly obeying the motion of hand and head with which she summoned them to walk out of the church.

Elder Holloway may have been only keeping time when he nodded his head, but he was looking at Miss Glidden's class.

So was Miss Glidden, in a bewildered way, as if she, like little Bo-peep, were losing her sheep. Mary was following a strong and sudden impulse. Nevertheless, by the time that class was out of its pews the next caught the idea, and believed it a prudent thing to do. They followed in good order, singing as they went.

"The girls out first,—then the boys," said Elder Holloway, between two stanzas. "One class at a time. No hurry."

Darker grew the air. Jack, out in front of the church, was watching the blackest cloud he had ever seen, as it came sweeping across the sky.

The people walked out calmly enough, but all stopped singing at the door and ran their best.

"Run, Molly! Run for home!" shouted Jack, seeing Mary coming. "It 's going to be an awful storm."

Inside the church there was much hesitation, for a moment; but Miss Glidden followed her class without delay, and all the rest followed as fast as they could, and were out in half the usual time. Joe Hawkins heard Jack's words to Molly.

"Run, boys," he echoed. "Cut for home! There 's a fearful storm coming!"

He was right. Great drops were already falling now and then, and there was promise of a torrent to follow.

"I don't want to spoil these clothes," said Jack, uneasily. "I need these to wear in the city. The storm is n't here yet, though. I 'll wait a minute." He was holding his hat on and looking up at the steeple when he said that. It was a very old, wooden steeple, tall, slender, and somewhat rheumatic, and he knew there must be more wind up so high than there was nearer the ground. "It 's swinging!" he said suddenly. "I can see it bend! Glad they 're all getting out. There come Elder Holloway and Mr. Murdoch. See the elder run! I hope he won't try to get to Hawkins's. He 'd better run for our house."

That was precisely the counsel given the good man by the editor, and the elder said:

"I 'd like to go there. I 'd like to see that clever girl again. Come, Murdoch; no time to lose!"

The blast was now coming lower, and the gloom was deepening.

Flash—rattle—boom—crash! came a glitter of lightning and a great peal of thunder.

"Here it is!" cried Jack. "If it is n't a dry blast!"

It was something like the first hot breath of a hurricane. To and fro swung the tottering old steeple for a moment, and then there was another crash—a loud, grinding, splintering, roaring crash—as the spire reeled heavily down, lengthwise, through the shattered roof of the meeting-house! Except for Mary Ogden's cleverness, the ruins might have fallen upon the crowded Sunday-school. Jack turned and ran for home. He was a good runner, but he only just escaped the deluge following that thunderbolt.

Jack turned upon reaching the house, and as he looked back he uttered a loud exclamation,

and out from the house rushed all the people who were gathered there.

"Jingo!" Jack shouted. "The old hotel 's gone, sure, this time!"

The burrowing spark had smoldered slowly along, until it felt the first fanning of the rising gale. In another minute it flared as if under a blowpipe, and soon a fierce sheet of flame came bursting through the roof.

Down poured the rain; but the hottest of that blaze was roofed over, and the fire had its own way with the empty addition.

"We could n't help if we should try," exclaimed Mr. Ogden.

"I 'll put on my old clothes, anyway," said Jack. "Nobody knows what 's coming."

"I will, too," said his father.

Jack paused a moment, and said, from the foot of the stairs:

"The steeple 's down,—right through the meeting-house. It has smashed the whole church!"

The sight of the fire had made him withhold that news for a minute; but now, for another minute, the fire was almost forgotten.

Elder Holloway began to say something in praise of Mary Ogden about her leading out the class, but she darted away.

"Let me get by, Jack," she said. "Let me pass, please. They all would have been killed if they had waited! But I was thinking only of my class and the rain."

She ran upstairs and Jack followed. Then the elder made a number of improving remarks about discipline and presence of mind, and the natural fitness of some people for doing the right thing in an emergency. He might have said more, but all were drawn to the windows to watch the strife between the fire and the rain.

The fierce wind drove the smoke through the building, compelling the landlord and his wife to escape as best they could, and, for the time being, the victory seemed to be with the fire.

"Seems to me," said the blacksmith somberly, "as if Crofield was going to pieces. This is the worst storm we ever had. The meeting-house is gone, and the hotel 's going!"

Mary, at her window, was looking out in silence, but her face was bright rather than gloomy. Even if she was "only a girl," she had found an opportunity for once, and she had not proved unequal to it.

CHAPTER V.

JACK needed only a few minutes to put on the suit he had worn when fishing.

"There, now!" he said; "if there 's going to be a big flood in the creek I 'm going down to see it, rain or no rain. There 's no telling how high it 'll rise if this pour keeps on long enough. It rattles on the roof like buck-shot!"

"That 's the end of the old tavern," said Jack to Mary, as he stood in the front room looking out.

He was barefooted, and had come so silently that she was startled.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, turning around, "they might have all been killed when the steeple came down. I heard what Joe Hawkins said, and I led out the class."

"Good for Joe!" said Jack. "We need a new meeting-house, anyway. I heard the elder say so. Less steeple, next time, and more church!"

"I 'd like to see a real big church," said Mary,—"a city church."

"You 'd like to go to the city as much as I would," said Jack.

"Yes, I would," she replied emphatically. "Just you get there and I 'll come afterward, if I can. I 've been studying twice as hard since I left the academy, but I don't know why."

"I know it," said Jack; "but I 've had no time for books."

"Jack! Molly!" the voice of Aunt Melinda came up the stairway. "Are you ever coming downstairs?"

"What will the elder say to my coming down barefoot?" said Jack; "but I don't want shoes if I 'm going out into the mud."

"He won't care at such a time as this," said Mary. "Let 's go."

It was not yet supper-time, but it was almost dark enough to light the lamps. Jack felt better satisfied about his appearance when he found how dark and shadowy the parlor was; and he felt still better when he saw his father dressed as if he were going over to work at the forge, all but the leather apron.

The elder did not seem disturbed. He and

Mr. Murdoch were talking about all sorts of great disasters, and Mary did not know just when she was drawn into the talk, or how she came to acknowledge having read about so many different things all over the world.

"Jack," whispered his mother, at last, "you 'll have to go to the barn and gather eggs, or we shan't have enough for supper."

"I 'll bring the eggs if I don't get drowned before I get back," said Jack; and he found a basket and an umbrella and set out.

He took advantage of a little lull in the rain, and ran to the barn-yard gate.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed. "Now I 'll have to wade. Why it 's nearly a foot deep! There 'll be the biggest kind of a freshet in the Cocahutchie. Is n't this jolly!"

The rain pattered on the roof as if it had been the head of a drum. If the house was gloomy, the old barn was darker and gloomier. Jack turned over a half-bushel measure and sat down on it.

"I want to think," he said. "I want to get out of this. Seems to me I never felt it so before. I 'd as lief live in this barn as stay in Crofield."

He suddenly sprang up and shook off his blues, exclaiming:

"I 'll go and see the freshet, anyhow!"

He carried the eggs into the house.

All the time he had been gone, Elder Holloway had been asking Mary very particularly about the Crofield Academy.

"I don't wonder she says what she does about the trustees," remarked Aunt Melinda. "She took the primary room twice, for 'most a month each time, when the teacher was sick, and all the thanks she had was that they did n't like it when they found it out."

The gutter in front of the house had now become a small torrent.

"All the other gutters are just like that," said Jack. "So are the brooks all over the country, and it all runs into the Cocahutchie!"

"Father," said Jack, after supper, "I 'm going down to the creek."

"I wish you would," said his father. "Come back and tell us how it 's looking."

"Could a freshet here do any damage?" asked Mr. Murdoch.

"There 's a big dam up at Four Corners," said the blacksmith. "If anything should happen there, we 'd have trouble here, and you'd have it in Mertonville, too."

Jack heard that as he was going out of the door. He carried an umbrella; but the first thing he noticed was that the force of the rain seemed to have slackened as soon as he was out of doors. It was now more like mist or a warm sleet, as if Crofield were drifting through a cloud.

"The Washington House needs all the rain it can get," said Jack, as he went along; "but half the roof is caved in. I 'm glad Livermore 's insured."

When Jack reached the creek he felt his heart fairly jump with excitement. The Cocahutchie was no longer a thin ribbon rippling along in a wide stretch of sand and gravel. It was a turbid, swollen, roaring flood, already filling all the space under its bridge; and the clump of old trees was in the water instead of on dry land.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack. "As high as that already, and the worst is to come!"

He could not see the dam at first, but the gusts of wind were making openings in the mist, and he soon caught glimpses of a great sheet of foaming brown water.

"I 'll go and take a look at the dam," he said; and he ran to the mill.

"It 's just level with the dam," he said, after one swift glance. "I never thought of that. I must go and tell old Hammond what 's coming."

The miller's house was not far away, and he and his family were at supper when there came a bang at the door. Then it opened and Mrs. Hammond exclaimed:

"Why, John Ogden!"

"I 'm out o' breath," said Jack excitedly. "You tell him that the water 's 'most up to the lower floor of the mill. If he 's got anything there that 'd be hurt by getting wet—"

"Goodness, yes!" shouted the miller, getting up from the table, "enough to ruin me. There are sacks of flour, meal, grain,—all sorts of stuff. It must all go up to the second floor. I 'll call all the hands."

"But," said his wife, "it 's Sunday!"

"Can't help it!" he exclaimed; "the Cocahutchie 's coming right up into the mill. Jack, tell every man you see that I want him!"

Off went Jack homeward, but he spoke to half

a dozen men on the way. He did not run, but he went quickly enough; and when he reached the house there was something waiting for him.

It was a horse with a blanket strapped on instead of a saddle; and by it stood his father, and near him stood his mother and Aunt Melinda and Mary, bareheaded, for it was not raining, now.

"Mount, Jack," said the blacksmith quietly. "I 've seen the creek. It 's only four and a half miles to the Four Corners. Ride fast. See how that dam looks and come back and tell me. Mr. Murdoch will have his buggy ready to start when you get back. See how many logs there are in the saw-mill boom."

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Mary, in a low, suppressed voice. "I wish that I were you! It 's a great day for you!"

He had sprung to the saddle while his father was speaking, and he felt it was out of his power to utter a word in reply. He did not need to speak to the horse, for the moment Mr. Ogden released the bit there was a quick bound forward.

"This horse is ready to go," said Jack to himself, as he felt that motion. "I 've seen her before. I wonder what 's made her so excited?"

There was no need for wonder. The trim, light-limbed sorrel mare he was riding had been kept in the hotel stables until that day. She had been taken out to a neighboring stable, at the morning alarm of fire, and when the blacksmith went to borrow her he found her laboring under a strong impression that things in Crofield were going wrong. She was therefore inclined to go fast, and all that Jack had to do was to hold her in. The blacksmith's son was at home in the saddle. It was not yet dark, and he knew the road to the Four Corners. It was a muddy road, and there was a little stream of water along each side of it. Spattered and splashed from head to foot were rider and horse, but the miles vanished rapidly and the Four Corners was reached.

A smaller village than Crofield, further up among the hills, it had a higher dam, a three times larger pond, a bigger grist-mill, and a large saw-mill. That was because there were forests of timber among the yet higher hills beyond, and Mr. Ogden had been thinking seriously about the logs from those forests.

"I know what Father means," said Jack aloud, as he galloped into the village.

There were hardly any people stirring about its one long street; but there was a reason for that and Jack found out what it was when he pulled up near the mill.

"Everybody has come to watch the dam," he exclaimed. "No use asking about the logs, though; there they are."

The crowd was evidently excited, and the air was filled with shouts and answers.

"The boom got unhitched and swung round 'cross the dam," said one eager speaker; "and there 's all the logs, now,— hundreds on 'em,— just a-pilin' up and a-heapin' up on the dam; and when that breaks, the dam 'll go, mill and all, bridge and all, and the valley below 'll be flooded!"

The moon was up, and the clouds which had hidden it were breaking away as Jack looked at the threatening spectacle before him.

The sorrel mare was tugging hard at the rein and pawing the mud under her feet, while Jack listened to the talk.

"Stand it? No!" he heard a man say. "That dam was n't built to stand any such crowdin' as that. Hark!"

A groaning, straining, cracking sound came from the barrier behind which the foaming flood was widening and deepening the pond.

"There it goes! It 's breaking!"

Jack wheeled the sorrel, as a dull, thunderous report was answered by a great cry from the crowd; and then he dashed away down the homeward road.

"I must get to Crofield before the water does," he said. "Glad the creek 's so crooked; it has twice as far to travel as I have."

Not quite, considering how a flood will sweep over a bend instead of following it. Still, Jack and the sorrel had the start, and nearly all the way it was a downhill road.

The Crofield people gathered fast, after the sky cleared, for a rumor went around that there was something wrong with the dam, and that a man had gone to the Four Corners to warn the people there.

All the men that could crowd into the mill had helped Mr. Hammond get his grain up into the second story, but the water was a hand-breadth deep on the lower floor by the time it was done.

There came a moment when all was silent except the roar of the water, and through that silence the thud of hoofs was heard coming down from Main street. Then a shrill, excited voice shouted:

"All of you get off that bridge! The Four Corners dam 's gone. The boom 's broken, and the logs are coming!"

There was a tumult of questioning, as men was very muddy but none the worse for the service she had rendered.

The crowd stood waiting for what was sure to come. Miller Hammond was anxiously watching his threatened and already damaged property. Jack came and stood beside him.

"Mr. Hammond," he said, "all the gravel that you were going to sell to Father is lying under water."



"'RUN, MOLLY! RUN FOR HOME' SHOUTED JACK. 'IT 'S GOING TO BE AN AWFUL STORM.'" (SEE PAGE 437.)

gathered around the sorrel, and there was a swift clearing of people from the bridge.

"Why, it 's shaking now!" said the blacksmith to Mr. Murdoch. "It 'll go down with the first log that strikes it. You drive your best home to Mertonville and warn them. You may be just in time."

Away went the editor, carrying with him an extraordinary treasure of news for the next number of his journal. Jack dismounted, and her owner took the sorrel to her stable; she

"More than two acres of it," said the miller. "The water 'll run off, though. I 'll tell you what I 'll do, Jack. I 'll sell it for two hundred dollars, considering the flood."

"If Father 'll take it, will you count in the fifty you said you owed me?" inquired Jack.

The miller made a wry face for a moment, but then responded, smiling:

"Well! After what you 've done to-night, too: saved all there was on the first floor,—yes, I will. Tell him I 'll do it."

They all turned suddenly toward the dam. A high ridge of water was sweeping down across the pond. It carried a crest of foam, logs, planks, and rubbish, shining white in the moonlight, and it rolled on toward the mill and the dam as if it had an errand.

Crash — roar — crash — and a plunging sound,—and it seemed as if the Crofield dam had vanished. But it had not. Only a section of its top work, in the middle, had been knocked away by the rushing stroke of those logs.

A frightened shout went up from the spectators, and it had hardly died away before there followed another splintering crash.

"The bridge!" shouted Jack.

The frail supports of the bridge, brittle with age and weather, already straining hard against the furious water, needed only the battering of the first heavy logs from the boom, and down they went.

"Gone!" exclaimed Mr. Ogden. "The hotel 's gone, and the meeting-house, and the dam, and the bridge. There won't be anything left of Crofield, at this rate."

"I 'm going to get out of it," said Jack.

"I 'll never refuse you again," replied his father, with energy. "You may get out any way you can, and take your chances anywhere you please. I won't stand in your way."

The roar of the surging Cocahutchie was the only sound heard for a full minute, and then the miller spoke.

"The mill 's safe," he said, with a very long breath of relief; "the breaking of that hole in the dam let the water and logs through, and the pond is n't rising. Hurrah!"

There was a very faint and scattering cheer, and Jack Ogden did not join in it. He had turned suddenly and walked away homeward, along the narrow strip of land that remained between the wide, swollen Cocahutchie and the fence.

At the end of the fence, where he came into his own street, away above where the head of the bridge had been, there was a large gathering. That around the mill had been nearly all of men and boys. Here were women and girls, and the smaller boys, whose mothers and aunts held them and kept them from going nearer the water. Jack found it of no use to say, "Oh, mother, I 'm too muddy!" She did n't care how muddy he was, and Aunt Melinda cared even less, apparently. Bessie and Sue had evidently been crying; but Mary had not; and it was her hand on Jack's arm that led him away, up the street, toward their gate.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, "I 'm so proud! Did you ride fast? I 'm glad I can ride! I could have done it, too. It was splendid!"

"Molly," said Jack, "I don't mind telling you. The sorrel mare galloped all the way, going and coming, up hill and down; and Molly, I kept wishing and thinking every jump she gave,—wishing I was galloping to New York, instead of to the Four Corners!

"Molly," he added quickly, "Father gives it up and says I may go!"

CHAPTER VI.

MONDAY morning came, bright and sunshiny; and it hardly reached Crofield before the people began to get up and look about them.

Jack went down to the river and did not come back very soon. His mind was full of something besides the flood, and he did not linger long at the mill.

But he looked long and hard at all the pieces of land below the mill, down to Deacon Hawkins's line. He knew where that was, although the fence was gone.

"The freshet did n't wash away a foot of it," he said. "I 'll tell Father what Mr. Hammond said about selling it."

A pair of well-dressed men drove down from Main street in a buggy and halted near him.

"Brady," said one of these men, "the engineer is right. We can't change the railroad line. We can say to the Crofield people that if they 'll give us the right of way through the village we 'll build them a new bridge. They 'll do it. Right here 's the spot for the station."

"Exactly," said the other man, "and the less we say about it the better. Keep mum."

"That 's just what I 'll do, too," said Jack to himself, as they drove away. "I don't know what they mean, but it 'll come out some day."

Jack went home at once, and found the family

at breakfast. After breakfast his father went to the shop, and Jack followed him to speak about the land purchase.

When Jack explained the miller's offer, Mr. Ogden went with him to see Mr. Hammond. After a short interview, Mr. Ogden and Jack secured the land in settlement of the amount

"Station?—right of way?" exclaimed Mr. Ogden. "That 's the new railroad through Mertonville. They 'll use up that land, and we won't get a cent. Well, it did n't cost anything. I 'd about given up collecting that bill."

Later that day, Jack came in to dinner with a smile on his face. It was the old smile, too;



"THE SORREL MARE WAS TUGGING HARD AT THE REIN AND PAWING THE MUD UNDER HER FEET." (SEE PAGE 440.)

already promised Jack, and of an old debt owed by the miller to the blacksmith, and also in consideration of their consenting to a previous sale of the trees for cash to the Bannermans, who had made their offer that morning. Mr. Hammond seemed very glad to make the sale upon these terms, as he was in need of ready money.

When Jack returned to his father's shop, he remembered the men he had seen at the river, and he told his father what they had said.

a smile of good-humored self-confidence, which flickered over his lips from side to side, and twisted them, and shut his mouth tight. Just as he was about to speak, his father took a long, neatly folded paper out of his coat pocket and laid it on the table.

"Look at that, Jack," he said; "and show it to your mother."

"Warranty deed!" exclaimed Jack, reading the print on the outside. "Father! you did n't

turn it over to me, did you? Mother, it 's to John Ogden, Jr.!"

"Oh, John —" she began, and stopped.

"Why, my dear," laughed the blacksmith, cheerfully, "it 's his gravel, not mine. I 'll hold it for him, for a while, but it is Jack's whenever I choose to record that deed."

"I 'm afraid I could n't farm it there," said Jack; and then the smile on his face flickered fast. "But I knew Father wanted that land."

"It is n't worth much, but it 's a beginning," said Mary. "I 'd like to own something or other, or to go somewhere."

"Well, Molly," answered Jack, smiling, "you can go to Mertonville. Livermore says there 's a team here, horses and open carriage. It came over on Friday. The driver has cleared out, and somebody must take them home, and he wants me to drive over. Can't I take Molly, Mother?"

"You 'd have to walk back," said his father, "but that 's nothing much. It 's less than nine miles —"

"Father," said Jack, "you said, last night, I need n't come back to Crofield, right away. And Mertonville 's nine miles nearer the city —"

"And a good many times nine miles yet to go," exclaimed the blacksmith; but then he added, smiling, "Go ahead, Jack. I do believe that if any boy can get there, you can."

"I 'll do it somehow," said Jack, with a determined nod.

"Of course you will," said Mary.

Jack felt as if circumstances were changing pretty fast, so far as he was concerned; and so did Mary, for she had about given up all hope of seeing her friends in Mertonville.

"We 'll get you ready, right away," said Aunt Melinda. "You can give Jack your traveling-bag,— he won't mind the key's being lost,— and I 'll let you take my trunk, and we 'll fit you out so you can enjoy it."

"Jack," said his father, "tell Livermore you can go, and then I want to see you at the shop."

Jack was so glad he could hardly speak; for he felt it was the first step. But a part of his feeling was that he had never before loved Crofield and all the people in it, especially his own family, so much as at that minute.

He went over to the ruined hotel, where he found the landlord at work saving all sorts of things and seeming to feel reasonably cheerful over his misfortunes.

"Jack," he said, as soon as he was told that Jack was ready to go, "you and Molly will have company. Miss Glidden sent to know how she could best get over to Mertonville, and I said she could go with you. There 's a visitor, too, who must go back with her."

"I 'll take 'em," said Jack.

Upon going to the shop he found his father shoeing a horse. The blacksmith beckoned his son to the further end of the shop. He heard about Miss Glidden, and listened in silence to several hopeful things Jack had to say about what he meant to do sooner or later.

"Well," he said, at last, "I was right not to let you go before, and I 've doubts about it now, but something must be done. I 'm making less and less, and not much of it 's cash, and it costs more to live, and they 're all growing up. I don't want you to make me any promises. They are broken too easily. You need n't form good resolutions. They won't hold water. There 's one thing I want you to do, though. Your mother and I have brought you up as straight as a string, and you know what 's right and what 's wrong."

"That 's true," said Jack.

"Well, then, don't you promise nor form any resolutions, but if you 're tempted to do wrong, or to be a fool in any kind of way, just don't do it, that 's all."

"I won't, Father," said Jack earnestly.

"There," said his father, "I feel better satisfied than I should feel if you 'd promised a hundred things. It 's a great deal better not to do anything that you know to be wrong or foolish."

"I think so," said Jack, "and I won't."

"Go home now and get ready," said his father; "and I 'll see you off."

"This is very sudden, Jack," said his mother, with much feeling, when he made his appearance.

"Why, Mother," said Jack, "Molly 'll be back soon, and the city is n't so far away after all."

Jack felt as if he had only about enough head left to change his clothes and drive the team.

"It 's just as Mother says," he thought; "I 've

been wishing and hoping for it, but it 's come very suddenly."

His black traveling-bag was quickly ready. He had closed it and was walking to the door when his mother came in.

"Jack," she said, "you 'll send me a postal card every day or two?"

"Of course I will," said he bravely.

"And I know you 'll be back in a few weeks, at most," she went on; "but I feel as sad as if you were really going away from home. Why, you 're almost a child! You can't really be going away!"

That was where the talk stopped for a while, except some last words that Jack could never forget. Then she dried her eyes and he dried his, and they went downstairs together. It was hard to say good-bye to all the family, and he was glad his father was not there. He got away from them as soon as he could, and went over to the stables after his team. It was a bay team, with a fine harness, and the open carriage was almost new.

"Stylish!" said Jack. "I 'll take Molly on the front seat with me,—no, the trunk,—and Miss Glidden's trunk,—well, I 'll get 'em all in somehow!"

When he drove up in front of the house his father was there to put the baggage in and to help Mary into the carriage and to shake hands with Jack.

The blacksmith's grimy face looked less gloomy for a moment.

"Jack," he said, "good-bye. Maybe you 'll really get to the city after all."

"I think I shall," said Jack, with an effort to speak calmly.

"Well," said the blacksmith, slowly, "I hope you will, somehow; but don't you forget that there 's another city."

Jack knew what he meant. They shook hands, and in another moment the bays were trotting briskly on their way to Miss Glidden's. Her house was one of the finest in Crofield, with lawn and shrubbery. Mary Ogden had never been inside of it, but she had heard that it was beautifully furnished. There were Miss Glidden and her friend on the piazza, and out at the sidewalk, by the gate, was a pile of baggage, at the sight of which Jack exclaimed:

"Trunks! They 're young houses! How 'll I get 'em all in? I can strap and rope one on the back of the carriage, but then—!"

Miss Glidden frowned at first, when the carriage pulled up, but she came out to the gate, smiling, and so did the other lady.



"HE LISTENED IN SILENCE TO SEVERAL HOPEFUL THINGS JACK HAD TO SAY." (SEE PAGE 444.)

"Why, Mary Ogden, my dear," she said, "Mrs. Potter and I did not know you were going with us. It 's quite a surprise."

"So it is to Jack and me," replied Mary quietly. "We were very glad to have you come, though, if we can find room for your trunks."

"I can manage 'em," said Jack. "Miss Glidden, you and Mrs. Potter get in, and Pat and I 'll pack the trunks on somehow."

Pat was the man who had brought out the luggage, and he was waiting to help. He was needed. It was a very full carriage when he and Jack finished their work. There was room made for the passengers by putting Mary's small trunk down in front, so that Jack's feet sprawled over it from the nook where he sat.

"I can manage the team," Jack said to himself. "They won't run away with this load."

Mary sat behind him, the other two on the back seat, and all the rest of the carriage was trunks; not to speak of what Jack called a "young house," moored behind.

It all helped Jack to recover his usual composure, nevertheless, and he drove out of Crofield, on the Mertonville road, confidently.

"We shall discern traces of the devastation occasioned by the recent inundation, as we progress," remarked Mrs. Potter.

Jack replied: "Oh, no! The creek takes a great swoop, below Crofield, and the road 's a short cut. There 'll be some mud, though."

He was right and wrong. There was mud that forced the heavily laden carriage to travel slowly, here and there, but there was nothing seen of the Cocahutchie for several miles.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Jack suddenly. "It looks like a kind of lake. It does n't come up over the road, though. I wonder what dam has given out now!"

There was the road, safe enough, but all the country to the right of it seemed to have been turned into water. On rolled the carriage, the horses now and then showing signs of fear and distrust, and the two older passengers expressing ten times as much.

"Now, Molly," said Jack, at last, "there 's a bridge across the creek, a little ahead of this. I 'd forgotten about that. Hope it 's there yet."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Miss Glidden.

"Don't prognosticate disaster," said Mrs. Potter earnestly; and it occurred to Jack that he had heard more long words during that drive than any one boy could hope to remember.

"Hurrah!" he shouted, a few minutes later. "Link's bridge is there! There 's water on both sides of the road, though."

It was an old bridge, like that at Crofield, and it was narrow, and it trembled and shook while the snorting bays pranced and shied their frightened way across it. They went down the slope on the other side with a dash that would have been a bolt, if Jack had not been ready for them. Jack was holding them with a hard pull upon the reins, but he was also looking up the Cocahutchie.

"I see what 's the matter," he said. "The logs got stuck in a narrow place, and made a dam of their own, and set the water back over the flat. The freshet has n't reached Mertonville yet. Jingo!"

Bang, crack, crash!—came a sharp sound behind him.

"The bridge is down!" he shouted. "We were only just in time. Some of the logs have been carried down, and one of them knocked it endways."

That was precisely the truth of the matter; and away went the bays, as if they meant to race with the freshet to see which would first arrive in Mertonville.

"I 'm on my way to the city, anyhow," thought Jack, with deep satisfaction.

(To be continued.)

WINTER COSTUMES.

By Rose Mueller Sprague.

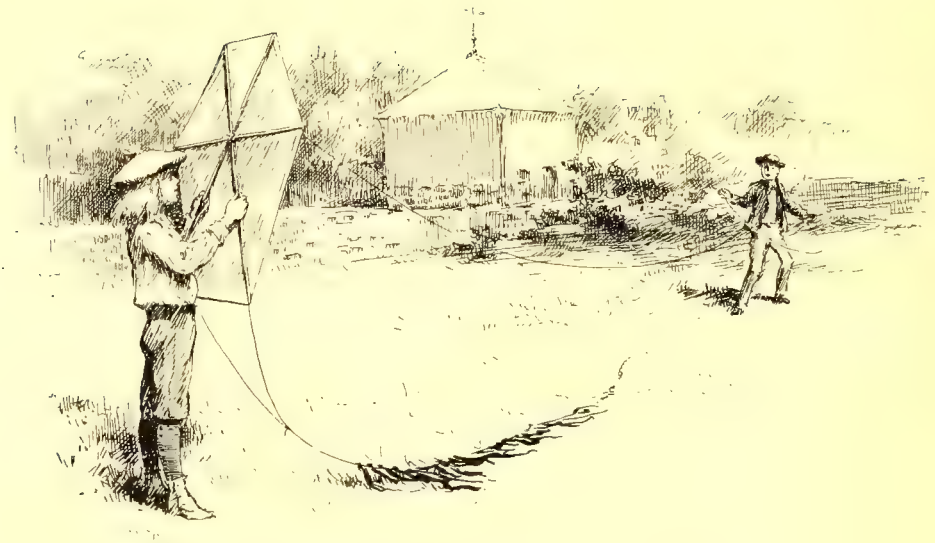
THE sketch, on page 447, of three costumes for winter wear, shows one for a young girl of sixteen years of age, one for a girl of twelve, and one for a child of three. We suggest for them a scheme of color which may be of assistance to those who may care to utilize these hints for picturesque costuming.

For the girl of sixteen, it is suggested that "mode brown" serge might be used for jacket and gown. The jacket might be trimmed with narrow silk braid of the same color as the cloth. The buttons can be of light tan-colored horn. The crown of the hat is of felt, of a color to match the costume, and the brim is to be faced with dark brown (the color called "tobacco") velvet. The feather trimming is a light tuft of brown feathers.

For the girl of twelve, "copper red" cloth might be used for the long garment, which completely conceals the gown underneath. The lapels, collar, and the sleeves should be made of velvet, of the same shade as the cloth. Let the buttons be "tailor-made," and covered with the same cloth as that used for the garment. At the back is a "jaunty" *capote* of copper velvet, trimmed with black ostrich pompons and with an *aigrette*.

The costume for the little child might be made from light "coach cloth." The capes and collars may be prettily lined with surah of the same color as the coat. One of the capes should be trimmed (as indicated in the sketch) with plain-edge gros-grain ribbon, half an inch wide. The buttons for this dress can be covered with gros-grain silk of the same shade as the ribbon. The little *capote* of light "coach" velvet should be trimmed with a knot of ribbon at the point of the cape and should have ribbons to tie in a bow under the chin.





"THEREBY HANGS A TAIL."

By Harper Pennington.

Much has been written, early and late, concerning kites and how to make them; but no one seems to have paid proper attention to one very important part of this great subject—that is, the making of the kite's *tail*. Now, the tail of a kite does for the kite precisely what ballast does for a ship. No vessel will sail well and steadily unless her ballast is properly adjusted; and the same principle applies to kites.

A bad kite with a good tail will fly better than a good kite with a bad tail.

I will explain the way in which a tail should be made.

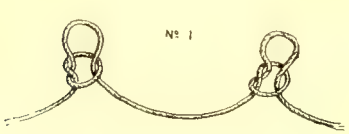
Generally speaking, the tail should be four times the length of the kite.

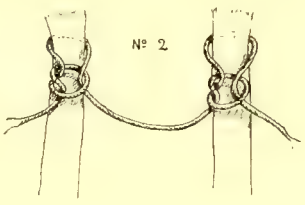
Tie one end of a ball of twine to some object that is firm (I always use a door-knob), and proceed to make an ordinary slip-knot (No. 1), three or four feet from where the twine is fastened. Two knots are shown in the diagram.

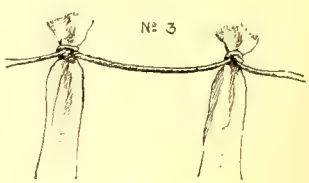
Into this slip-knot insert one end of a strip of flannel, cloth, or calico, half an inch in width and half the length of the kite (No. 2), and pull the knot tight (No. 3). Then make another loop two and a half inches from the first, and proceed as in the first case, continuing in like manner until you have a sufficient quantity. The next thing is to trim the strips, graduating them like those in the illustration (No. 4).

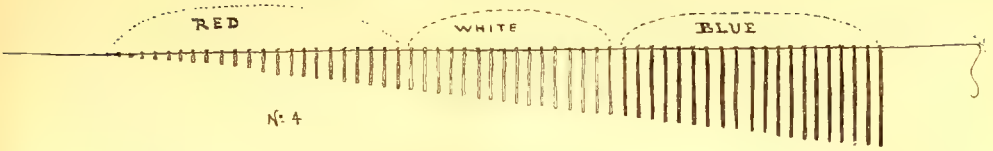
My own plan is to use one yard of blue and one yard of red flannel, and one yard of common muslin. Three yards will be more than enough material for the tail of a kite six feet long. Tearing each into strips half an inch wide, I arrange them as already explained and shown in No. 4.

The result is a very handsome kite-tail.





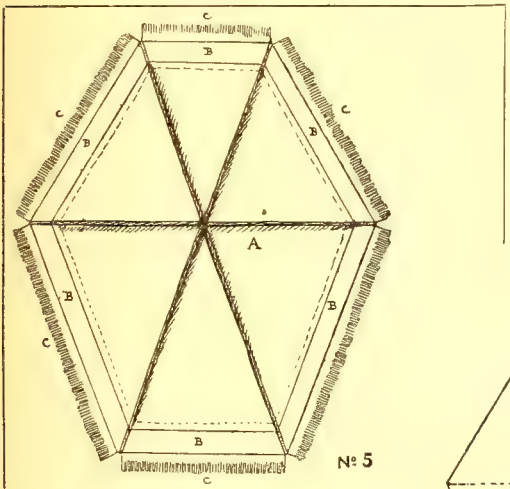




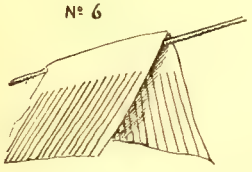
№ 4

I do not propose to say very much about the making of kites themselves, because that subject has been exhaustively treated by others.* There is one specimen, however, worthy of mention, which has not been put on record, I believe. You will see a sketch of it in cut No. 5.

The sticks are prolonged beyond the actual size of the covering; from their tips is stretched a string around the kite's edge on which are pasted strips of fringed tissue paper, doubled across it (No. 6).



№ 5


№ 6

If the colors of the kite cover and of the fringe are tastefully chosen, this makes a very handsome, though somewhat heavy, kite.

Uniform colors are generally better in effect than are bits of red, green, blue, and yellow; because with paper of one color the "lines" of your kite are plainly visible. Fancy a yacht painted in red, white, and blue sections! What would we see of her symmetry?

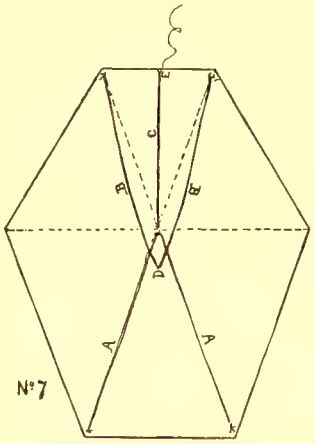
In diagrams 7 and 8 you see the correct proportion of the tail and belly-band of a kite.

The strings (AA) which sustain the kite's tail are fastened to the sticks at their lower ends, and when drawn taut, their center should be just long enough to reach the crossing of the sticks. To these strings the tail is tied firmly at the center, and care should be taken that the knot comes exactly in the middle.

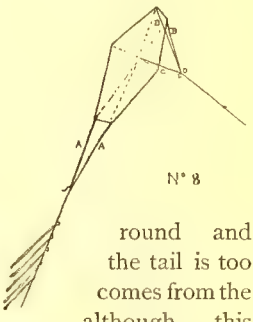
The "belly-band" (BB,C) is also drawn in correct proportion. Tie E and BB at D, leaving a few feet of twine from E beyond the knot, so that you will have something on which to fasten your flying-string.

The picture No. 9, and also the head-piece, show the proper way to "raise" a kite.

Have a young friend to hold it, facing the wind, and be careful to place the tail straight out in front; make sure that the tail is not tangled, nor in danger of catching upon anything. *Then* — give the word, run back a few paces, and your kite will sail steadily and gracefully from the earth, as shown in the cut, and soon take the position of the one at the top of the drawing (No. 10).



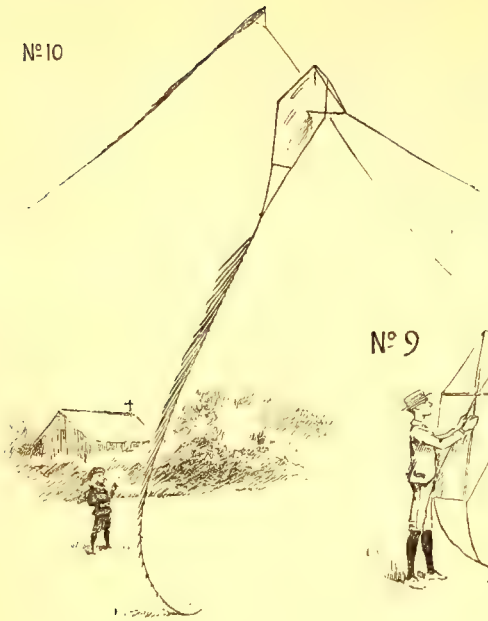
№ 7



№ 8

When a kite twirls round and round, it is because the tail is too light. "Darting" comes from the same cause, as a rule; although this *may* come from a badly balanced tail, or an ill-adjusted belly-band. "Wobbling" is caused by putting the cross-stick too high, usually, or by

 * See "Kite-time," in ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1880.



shown in No. 11. Only three tiny, hook-shaped, steel blades, as sharp as knives, set in a swivel. This engine of destruction being tied securely to the tail of his kite, he went out to fly it amongst those of the other boys.

Of course you know what happened! My ingenious friend would haul in his line, and getting behind some unsuspecting youth, would "drop" his own kite until its tail caught and dragged across the other fellow's string, which, very naturally, was neatly hooked and severed by one of the little knives.

To be sure he *did* get a sound thrashing for it



making the belly-band at BB too long for the string C.

Kite-flying can be made an exciting game, as well as a pleasant pastime.

A certain ingenious companion of my childhood saved his pocket-money, and had made for him by an obliging cutler, the little instrument in the end; but out of his invention grew a game of "pirates," which did more to teach us how to manage kites than any other thing.

Just try it!

But, for good sport's sake, do give your kites the proper sort of tails; and let paper-wads, and other similar horrors, be abolished forever.

MOTHER NATURE'S BABES IN THE WOOD.

By E. M. Harding.

On the trees, the bushes, and under the ground at this season are flowers and leaves asleep, and almost ready to awaken. Dame Nature is nurse to them all, and while they slept she has kept them dry and warm.

If you pick a short branch from a tree or shrub, you will see upon it, at regular distances apart, little knobs or humps. These are the buds of leaves and blossoms which will soon awaken, and unfold, and fill the earth with perfume and beauty.

If Jack Frost had got at them, or if the cold rains had beaten on them, they would have been blighted. So the buds have been carefully protected all winter from the cold, the damp, and the fierce winds.

Each bud is wrapped up in a number of little stiff scales. Often these scales are coated with a sort of varnish which keeps out the wet.

The buds of the horse-chestnut are "pitched without with pitch," like the floating cradle of the infant Moses. They are quite sticky to the touch, and shed water like a rubber coat.

Indeed, we may say that the baby horse-chest-

nut leaves wear fur-lined waterproof coats, for the scales which are so sticky on the outside are thickly lined with soft white down.

Many other buds are protected from wet and cold in the same manner.

The tiny locust and sumach leaves are guarded during their winter sleep in yet another way. They are hid so cleverly that Jack Frost can not find them, and it would puzzle us, also, to find them unless we knew just where to look.

Those of the sumach are sunk in the thick bark until they begin to grow, and those of the honey-locust are buried deep in those humps from which the thorns appear to spring. Crocuses, anemones, daffodils, and all the other spring flowers which grow straight up out of the ground have been protected under a covering of soil and dead leaves.

Some leaves and blossoms are already awakening from their winter sleep. The rest will finish their slumbers soon, and once awake they will begin to grow in a most surprising way.

We have all read, in "The Arabian Nights," how a gigantic genie came out of a small pickle-jar. If we look about us this spring we will see this wonder outdone by any hedgerow.

These lilac buds are no larger than the tip of a woman's little finger; yet some of them contain a spray with several leaves, and from others there will come a great spire of flowers.

The sticky horse-chestnut buds will open to let out into the sun four or five great spreading leaves surrounding a pyramid of blossoms.

How snugly they are folded away in these little brown buds! No shopman could wrap parcels half so cleverly as Mother Nature does. No French maid ever packed her mistress's finery with half the skill which Nature has shown in the folding of baby blossom or tender leaf.

Girls know that dresses which have been lying for a long time folded away in a drawer or trunk are creased when they are taken out.

So are the leaves, when they come out of the buds where they have been tightly folded for so many months. After a while the breezes will shake out all these little wrinkles, but when the foliage is new and fresh we can see them plainly.

Some leaves have been rolled like music in a portable case, or like a window-shade around its roller. Some have been folded like fans, and some have been doubled lengthwise down the middle as a school-girl folds her composition. May-apple leaves come up looking like closed umbrellas, and then open just as umbrellas do. The crinkled spring foliage is very pretty and interesting, too; for the creases show how Mother Nature contrived to get so many leaves into so small a parcel.

And where is the food which has been prepared for these awakening buds? Growing leaves and flowers, like growing children, need plenty of nourishment, and Dame Nature has provided whole storehouses full of food just such as young foliage and baby blossoms need.

The crocus and the daffodil get their food from little storehouses underground.

If we dig up a root early in spring, before the flowers have opened, we shall find it white, firm, round, and fat. The flower-stem is able to shoot up so fast because it is nourished by this abundant good fare, just as a boy who is outgrowing all his clothes is doing it by means of unnumbered breakfasts, dinners, and suppers. The blossom owes much of its beauty to this stored food; and if the supply were to give out, the colors of the flower would grow dim.

By the time the blossom dies the little storehouse will be emptied, but then the crocus will have formed long leaves and active roots, and will be able to gather enough nourishment from the soil and the air to satisfy all its wants.

The lilac leaves grow so fast because they are well fed on food which has been saved on purpose for them all winter long. It has been stored away just under the bark, so that the lilac's storehouse is in its branches.

All the boughs which are now beginning to put forth leaves and flowers are full of gum and sap. These juices have been "saved up" all winter in the wood and bark, and now they feed the swelling buds, the unfolding leaves, and the opening flowers.

There is plenty for all, and each is getting just the sort of food it needs, for Nature, like a wise and loving mother, guards the slumbers and provides for the wants of all her children.

THE LETTER-BOX.

TŌKIJŌ, JAPAN, Nov. 5, '89.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Japanese boy of fifteen years old. I have been your loving reader for the last two years, and I am much indebted to you for your many, many amusing stories, interesting fables, beautiful pictures, etc. I have never written to you before, being ashamed of my broken English; but this time I was encouraged to take up my pen in order to write to you for the first time, by a fact that his highness, Prince Haru, son of His Majesty, our present Emperor, was proclaimed to be the Crown Prince the day before yesterday, which is the birthday of our Emperor, and consequently the greatest holiday in our country. So, my dear ST. NICHOLAS, do not laugh at my broken English.

How rejoiced we were on that day. We, of course, school-boys, went to the Palace's gate, and there, when the Prince came out, we cheered him thrice: "Long live Prince!" Cannons were fired, streets were decorated, national flags were hung out at every house, and people, young and old, were alike mad with rejoicing.

Ah! Long live our Emperor and Prince! Long live your President! Japan and America! Blessed lands!

The July number of ST. NICHOLAS contains an article of Prince Haru; but it is full of stories based upon, I say, nothing. Such as His Highness's wrestling with an American boy is quite absurd. Besides, His Highness's portrait is somewhat ugly, and I am very much angry with it.

I send to you three copies of a Japanese magazine called "Shōnen-yen" (literally The Young Peoples' Garden), which has a circulation of about twenty thousand copies every number. In one of it you shall find a fine portrait of His Highness, Prince Haru. It was taken after a photograph. The four red-colored pages in the same number contains an article of His Highness's character and daily pursuits, which, if you want, I will gladly translate into English and send to you. Yours is no doubt taken from a vulgar painting drawn by an inferior artist, and sold in Japanese street toy-shops.

The other two copies contain some Japanese stories in English, and so I send them to you, hoping that they will amuse you.

In February number, you have published a portrait of our sacred Emperor, but, like that of the Prince, it is quite absurd.

I have written too long a letter, so I shall stop here; next time I will write more about our beloved Emperor and Prince and the Japanese children. Hoping to take your magazine for many years yet to come, I remain your antipode and admiring reader,

FUMIO YAMAGATA.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28, 1889.

DEAR FUMIO YAMAGATA SAN: I agree with you that the engraved portrait of His Highness Prince Haru did not do him justice, but it follows as closely as American engravers could make it do the large photograph of the prince taken by K. Ogawa, of Tokio.

The foreign boy with whom Prince Haru had the little adventure which I mentioned is the son of the late Mr. Frederick Strange, of Tokio, and if you will find him, he can assure you that such a thing really happened.

I greatly admire your patriotic defense of your prince, and your charming letter, which could not be better written or more clearly expressed by any fifteen-year-old American boy whom I know.

Very truly, ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

(Author of the article "Yoshi Hito, Haru No Miya, the Child of Modern Japan," in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1889).

The story entitled "Fifteen Minutes With a Cyclone," in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, is so remarkable that a letter of inquiry concerning the facts was forwarded to the author, who sent in reply the letter which follows:

WEST MEDFORD, MASS.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In regard to the story "Fifteen Minutes with a Cyclone," I assure you that the account is true in all the essential points, as I have written it. The facts were given me by the gentleman's brother, who visited the scene a few days later. The family now reside in Malden, Mass., and I can give you names if you so desire. I think it not at all strange that you should doubt the authenticity of the account, for it was a most remarkable experience, the family escaping unhurt, and even the cattle found standing in their usual places; while the miraculous escape of the gentleman himself, who descended head first into the well, is unparalleled. It is one of the instances where truth is stranger than fiction.

Respectfully,

M. LOUISE FORD.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for four years, and have never written you a letter.

I am nine years old, and both my little sister and I enjoy your magazine very much.

We had a very unpleasant time June 1st, at the time of the flood, when the water rose and came in the house. But I thought I would make the best of it, so I took a piece of board-walk for a raft and sailed around in the yard and on the street.

After the water came up in the house, we stood on the stair steps and fished.

My Grandma sends you to me for a Christmas present.

Yours truly, JAMES B——.

FLUSHING, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought the "Sir Rat" was very nice. I hope you 'll give another just as nice as that, so we can act it. We acted "Sir Rat" on Thanksgiving at Grandmama's.

I am a little girl six years old. My sister is twelve, and my brother, the little one, is four, and my big brother is eight.

My little bit of a brother acted Tommy's part, and my sister acted the father and mother, and my big brother acted Sir Rat.

Good-bye, I am, your little girl,

HENRIETTA L. S——.

LIMA, PERU, Oct. 22d, 1889.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Lima, the capital of Peru, where, strange as it will seem to some of your young readers, snow never falls, and it never rains, except slight dews on wintry mornings, if they can be called rain. Flowers — the most beautiful ones — bloom also throughout the whole year, and delicious fruits grow.

The city is situated at a very small distance from the Pacific Ocean and very near the Andes, this being the cause of frequent and sometimes terrible earthquakes; we are now in the season of earthquakes, for they generally come during the months of September and October, although this year we had a severe one on the 28th of July, precisely the day of Peru's anniversary, and this month we have not had any until now.

I agree with all your readers in saying that "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is the prettiest story that ever was written.

I saw Elsie Leslie Lyde's photograph in the April number, and I think it is charming. Every month I look forward to your coming with great pleasure.

Your constant little reader,

ANITA R. B——.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an interesting story to tell about some turtles we caught.

Summer before last, when my brother and I were visiting our grandfather in Waltham, Mass., we rowed up the Charles River, which flows through that place, and, after some time, caught a turtle a little larger than a silver dollar. This we named Juan. He was beautifully colored with yellow, red, and black, and on getting home we placed him in a tin pan full of water on a window sill, after putting a few bits of meat and cracker in the water.

The next day we went to see how Juan was, and to our astonishment he was gone. We hunted everywhere, but could not find him. We again went up river, and, in the very same place, found a turtle the same size, which we named Juanita.

We took her home, and, putting her in the same place that Juan was put, left her for the night. The next morning she was gone, also, and after hunting a long time I found them *both* huddled together in a corner of the dining-room behind an ottoman. We put them in a much deeper pan, and they did not run away again. When we left Grandpa's we took the turtles to the river, and they each swam off in a different direction.

This last summer we again went to Waltham, and caught five little turtles. Two of them, considerably larger than the others, were named Juan and Don Jose. Two, a little smaller than these, were Juanita and Senora, and one, the smallest I ever saw, was Amigo.

We were so attached to these that when we went to our other Grandpa's we took them in a tin pail with holes in the cover. The people in the train around us seemed very anxious to see what we had, and, when we let them take a peep, they admired them very much.

We wanted to take them to Cincinnati with us, but were afraid they would be homesick away from their native river.

I have taken you for three years now, and like you *very much*. I remain, your interested reader,

MABEL W——.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We take you regularly, and read all the stories, the letters, and the riddles, but some of the last are very hard.

As we have some very dear friends at Seattle, near Tacoma, we were very much interested in the "Old Boy's" letter from there.

I spent the summer at a very pretty little place on Nantucket Island, Siasconset, or S'conset, as the natives call it; perhaps some of your other readers have been there, for I met you several times. Among the other people who took you, there was a tiny little girl from quite far out West, and both she and her little sister read you constantly, though the little one could hardly read at all.

We all enjoy your December number so much with the "Boyhood of Thackeray," for we all love "The Rose and the Ring," and are glad to know something more about the author. I remain, your loving reader,

E. L. D——.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps your readers would like to hear about some of our Belgian customs.

St. Nicholas Day, Dec. 6th, is a grand day for children. Every one of them firmly believes that Santa Claus rides, with his toy-laden donkey, on the roof of every house, and comes down the chimneys to lay presents in the rooms. I used to put some hay by my empty shoe in case the donkey might be hungry. We have Christmas-trees, of course, with toys and oranges and gilded nuts, but most of the real presents are given on New Year's Day; there are "réveillons" on New Year's Eve, that is, supper parties, where people are very merry and drink toasts to the dawning year until 1 or 2 o'clock. Much later in the morning come in all the presents; flowers, chocolate, fondants, marrons glacés. I believe our sweets are much prized in other countries.

A few days after that, on Jan. 6th, we have La Fête des Rois Mages; there is high fun at the dinner parties that are given in many houses. At dessert, a great cake, with one bean baked in it, is divided equally among the guests (except one bit, kept for the first beggar who comes). Whoever finds the bean in his or her bit is crowned King or Queen of The Bean, chooses a partner and attendants, and is made much of the whole evening.

Easter Day is welcome to all children, for "Les Cloches de Pâques," or Easter bells, bring them plenty of presents, usually in the shape of well-filled sugar eggs, or huge chocolate eggs. For a week before Easter, the bells in churches do not ring, and the children are told they have gone away to fetch toys and things. Even the poorest people try to have some gay-colored eggs. Among the presents given to them are often those wooden shoes, or sabots, that foreigners admire so much, and that make such splendid boats.

You see Belgian children often get presents, besides upon birthdays; they are very well off in that respect.

I remain, your faithful reader, GRANNY.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for several years, but have never written to you before, and I hope you will print this, as it is for a surprise to my darling brother Leo, who is 'way down in California. I am lame and can not walk much, and, dear ST. NICHOLAS, you don't know how much you help me pass away the long days.

I have a little brother named Halbert. He has a language of his own, and nobody can understand him but myself. He has big brown eyes and curly golden hair, and is just three years old. I am twelve, and Leo is twenty-two. I must close now, with much love.

Your little reader, ETTA DE W——

DETROIT, MICH.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and have taken you for only one year, and like you so much I could not get along without you. Since I have

taken you, I have never seen a letter from Detroit, so thought I would write, hoping that this may interest some of your readers. Mamma has a friend who draws for the ST. NICHOLAS, her name is Rose Mueller Sprague. One of her pictures was my baby brother.

We have a little dog, his name is "Tag," he sleeps in the shed. One night some rats got in his bed, which is a large soap-box, and he barked so loud that it scared them all away, and we have not seen any since.

We all enjoy you very much and hope we will always be able to take you.

Your affectionate friend, LOUISE E. B——.

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, nine years old. I have a little sister, two months old. I have only lived in Denver since April. I used to live at Parkersburg, W. Va., near Blennerhasset's Island, where Aaron Burr went to form his plot against our country. I went to Pike's Peak this summer. It took five hours to go up and three to return. It is nearly three miles in the air. I went in a big wagon drawn by four horses for eight miles, which is half-way, and then there were four mules put in harness, in place of the horses. We could see it raining hard all beneath us, and for a long time not a drop came near us. Denver is a very pretty place to live in, with broad streets, and about one hundred miles of cable-roads. I like it very much, but I miss *the rain*.

I have taken you for three years. Your little friend,

REGINALD CECIL S——.

EVANSTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I got you on Christmas, and think you are the best magazine going. We have taken you for ten years. At first I could not read you, on account of weak eyes. I am ten years old and have two brothers, Richard and George.

We went to England last summer, and came back on the same steamer with Mrs. Burnett. She had her boys with her, and I used to play with them. Their names are Lionel and Vivian.

I have a dog named "Watch." He is a shepherd-dog. So, with three cheers, I wish old ST. NICK a long life.

Your interested reader, "JOEY" N——.

RALEIGH, N. C.

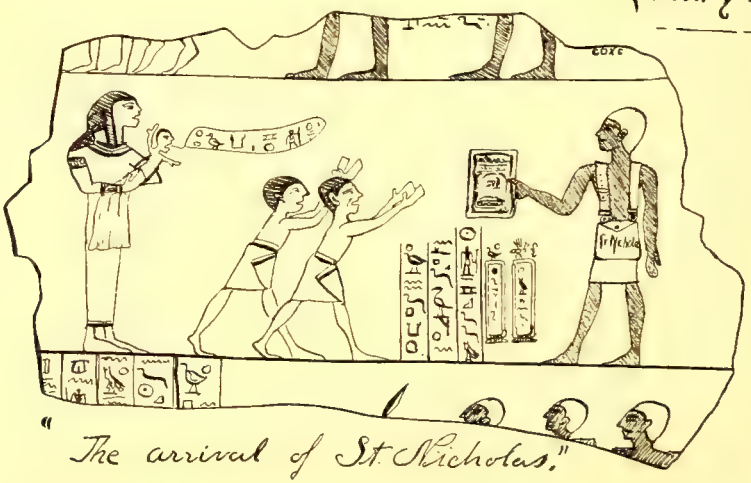
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you find room in your "Letter-box" for a little "tar-heel"? Brother and I do want to tell you that we are delighted with the ST. NICHOLAS, and we will always speak a good word for it.

So many of your little subscribers have told amusing incidents about their little brothers and sisters, that I would like to tell one of my brother. He was very fond of tea-cakes. One day Grandma gave him a balsam seed and told him to plant it in the garden, and a tea-cake tree would come up. He did so, watching it carefully every day; at last he was rewarded by seeing a little tree full of tea-cakes just where he had planted his seed; he clapped his hands and exclaimed, "Oh! my tea-cake seed has come up"; he soon discovered the trick, but as he had an apronful of cakes he could afford to enjoy the joke with us. Your sincere admirer, LOULA H. B——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: Mabel R., Allen D. P., Sarah G. N., Jessie W. K., Paul R., Edith P. J., Mabel R., Hazel Duncan and Mamma, Louise Parrish, Rose Hooper, Agnes G., Rowland H., Virginia L. and Bessie R., Marietta B. H., Margaret A., Mary B. J., Vinnie S., "S. M. A.," "Agrippa," George K. G., Orville H., Lucy and Alice, Kathie A., Ernest H. H., Mina S., Katrina MacM., Leon R., Isabel L., Lucy W., Louie M. C., Annie M. C., L. M., Scott K., May K., Clifford M. B., Alice V. F. and Augusta N. T., Nellie L., George H. E., Charlotte E. B., Nellie McL., Willie S., Arthur L., J. Hall, Willie O., Lois Y., John K. T., Muriel A. T., Minnie H. and Bessie G., Maud and Muriel F., B. H., Tone McC., Ernest J. L., Lina D., Amy L. H., William C., and Jennie G.

WE take pleasure in printing a picture sent to us by a young friend, Master E. A. Cleveland Coxe, who says the sketch shows the arrival of ST. NICHOLAS in a household of ancient Egypt. The young artist is evidently familiar with the Aztec pictures by Mr. J. G. Francis, which have appeared from time to time in ST. NICHOLAS.

From Thebes



"The arrival of St. Nicholas."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONALS. Across: 1. Sales. 2. Tares. 3. Drama. 4. Stubs. 5. Steam.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Madcap. 2. Amerce. 3. Device. 4. Crinel. 5. Accede. 6. Peeled.

EASY ZIGZAG. Diophantus. Cross-words: 1. Dark. 2. File. 3. Drop. 4. Chop. 5. Ache. 6. Calm. 7. Near. 8. Stab. 9. Shun. 10. Mass.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Priam; finals, Salad. Cross-words: 1. Princes. 2. Regalia. 3. Initial. 4. Amphora. 5. Mermaid.

WORD-BUILDING. I. I, it, tie, bite, tribe, bestir, blister, bristles. II. I, in, din, dine, fiend, define, refined, befriend. III. A, am, mat, team, steam, master, matters, mattress, teamsters, smatterers. IV. O, on, one, note, stone, honest, hornets, shortens.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Valentine. 1. Ventilator. 2. Attenuated. 3. Languisher. 4. Enigmatist. 5. Necromancy. 6. Tinctorial. 7. Imposthume. 8. Nucleiform. 9. Empiricism.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. The Tale of a Pony.

ABSENT VOWELS. Candlemas. 1. *Lucky* men need no counsel. 2. All is soon *ready* in an orderly house. 3. Many *hands* make light work. 4. Where the *hedge* is lowest men commonly leap over. 5. That is a wise *delay* which makes the road safe. 6. Honors set off merit; as *dress*, handsome persons. 7. Strain at a gnat and swallow a *camel*. 8. Two of a *trade* seldom agree. 9. Anger and *haste* hinder good counsel.

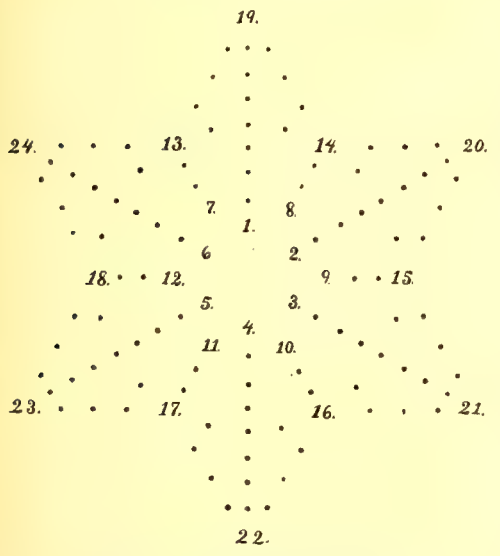
PROTEAN RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Leper. 2. Miles. 3. Toped. 4. Selah. 5. Laban.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Maude E. Palmer — Louise Ingham Adams — "M., Aunt M., and S."— Paul Reese — A. L. W. L. — K. G. S. — J. R. Davis — Jo and I — Aunt Kate, Mamma, and James P. R. — Maxie and Jackspar — M. B. Head — J. B. Swann — Clara B. Orwig — May Dunning — Howard K. Hill — Pearl F. Stevens — Nellie and Reggie — Lillian Thorpe — Helen C. McCleary — "The Wise Five" — Emily and Annie Dembitz and "Kaiser" — Miss Flint."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from B. and W., 2 — H. M. Rogers, 1 — A. W. and A. P. C. Ashhurst, 4 — M. Pattillo, 1 — May N., 1 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 5 — Lady Betty, 2 — Jennie and Edith, 1 — Thomas Doane Perry, 1 — Lillie Anthony, 1 — "Sir Roger de Coverley," 1 — "Pug," 1 — Grace Cleghorn, 2 — George A. Miller, Jr., 5 — Emma Sydney, 6 — Earl Frothingham, 6 — C. L. W., 2 — Eric M. Crickart, 1 — Helen Schussler, 1 — Harmon S., 1 — S. and L. F., 1 — Eleanor Hurd, 2 — Effie K. Talboys, 6 — Jack F. Babcock, 1 — J. R. Williamson, 2 — Elaine S., 1 — Damon and Pythias, 4 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 3 — X. X., 3 — "Infantry," 5 — Pauline and Honora, 1 — R. Jackson, 1 — Nellie L. Howes, 5 — M. D. and C. M., 5 — Nagrom, 2 — "S. S.," 5 — Kate Guthrie, 3 — Tracy R. Kelley, 1 — Maud T., 4.

A STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 1 to 6, our country's highest assembly; from 13 to 18, what this country consists of; from 19 to 24 are those who have a voice in the government; from 19 to 1, triumphs; from 20 to 2 is what the law demands; from 21 to 3, a military expert; from 22 to 4, a character in "The Hunchback of Nôtre Dame"; from 23 to 5, a famous Dutch painter; from 24 to 6, a musical term meaning "with a restrained voice or moderate force"; from 19 to 13, ballots; from 19 to 14, a servant; from 20 to 14, apparent; from 20 to 15, an Italian town near the mouth of the Tiber; from 21 to 15, the Latin word for earth; from 21 to 16, a distinguishing feature; from 22 to 16, upright; from 22 to 17, a select body; from 23 to 17, a course; from 23 to 18, leases; from 24 to 18, sends by water; from 24 to 13, buildings where goods are sold by retail; from 13 to 14 (five letters), brief; from 14 to 15, the modern name for Thebes in Greece; from 15 to 16, having one end raised; from 16 to 17, a convulsion; from 17 to 18, noblemen; from 18 to 13, discharges of a gun; from 13 to 7, certain; from 14 to 8, unerring; from 15 to 9, the agave; from 16 to 10, neat; from 17 to 11, not difficult; from 18 to 12, a support.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH of the words described contains an odd number of letters. When all have been rightly guessed the eight central letters will spell the name of the Roman emperor who owned the horse Incitatus.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A famous battle won by Henry V. of England. 2. The name of a queen of England who died at the age of seventy. 3. A Roman emperor who was slain in 69 A. D. 4. A celebrated friend and general of Augustus Cæsar. 5. The inhabitants of a famous city which, for a long time, was a rival of Rome. 6. A name borne by many kings of France. 7. A name borne by four kings of England. 8. The wife of Louis VII. of France, and afterward the wife of Henry II. of England.

ISABEL V. M. L.

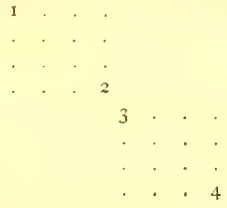
HOUR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous Englishman.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Contests. 2. A wreath of flowers. 3. Mild. 4. A lyric poem. 5. In hour-glass. 6. A tribe of Indians. 7. Fourteen pounds. 8. Angles. 9. In direct terms.

"BUFFALO BILL" AND "HAMLET."

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. 1. Sudden transition. 2. An English nobleman. 3. A river of Italy. 4. To toil.

II. 1. A Persian monarch. 2. An illustrious person. 3. Surface. 4. White with age.

From 1 to 2, real estate; from 3 to 4, a prophet; from 1 to 4, a famous painter who was born March 7, less than one hundred years ago. DYCIE.

A PREFIX PUZZLE.



THE same noun may be used as a prefix to each of the eleven objects here shown. What is the prefix?

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Those who vouch. 2. Not narrow-minded. 3. Communicated. 4. A piece of music in triple time. 5. A kind of quartz, named from a town in Asia Minor, opposite to Byzantium. 6. Concurring. 7. To exceed in swelling. 8. Searches thoroughly. 9. To move up and down. 10. One who contends in behalf of another. 11. A fortified city of France, about seventy-five miles from Lyons. 12. A legal name for the defendant in an appeal. 13. Makes right.

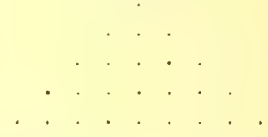
Each of the words described, excepting the fifth, contains eight letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the fourth row of letters will spell the name of a famous American statesman who died in the month of March; the fifth row will spell the name of a famous English writer who died in March, and who, for some time, was the the friend of Thomas Gray, the poet. F. S. F.

ANTONYMS.

1. BEHEAD the opposite of white, and leave the opposite of unfitted. 2. Behead the opposite of to dislike, and leave the opposite of to speak calmly. 3. Behead the opposite of having no opinion, and leave the opposite of to thrive. 4. Behead the opposite of to neglect, and leave the opposite of dry weather. 5. Behead the opposite of to hold aloft, and leave the opposite of to speak mildly.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous writer. "PRINCESS."

A PYRAMID.



ACROSS: 1. A letter from Denmark. 2. A name sometimes given to Henry VIII. 3. Sharpened. 4. The work of a mason. 3. Overthrown.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter from Denmark. 2. A pronoun. 3. A verb. 4. A great number. 5. Land belonging to a nobleman. 6. A kind of cloth. 7. Arid. 8. A pronoun. 9. A letter from Denmark.

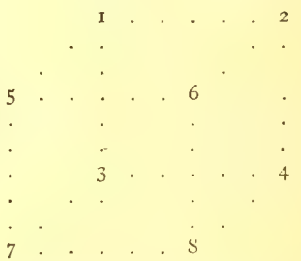
"ANN O'DYNE."

CHARADE.

My *first* may spring from a gray goose wing;
A king is but my *second*;
Of the works of men my *third* has been
The bravest object reckoned.
And without my *first* my *whole* would be
A thing unknown to you and to me.

MARY D. NAUMAN.

CUBE.



FROM 1 to 2, a joker; from 2 to 4, a river famous in olden times; from 1 to 3, a noble lady; from 3 to 4, endeavored; from 5 to 6, tiresome; from 6 to 8, certain Dutch ships; from 5 to 7, dances; from 7 to 8, allows; from 1 to 5, part of a ship; from 2 to 6, a circle; from 4 to 8, sleeps; from 3 to 7, transgressions.

ANNA G. G.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



A NIGHT ON THE CONGO.—STANLEY TELLING THE STORY OF HIS FIGHT WITH THE BANGALA.

(SEE PAGE 470)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVII. APRIL, 1890. No. 6.

SIX YEARS IN THE WILDS OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

BY ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER OFFICERS.

VERY early in life, I made up my mind that I would some day see for myself the wonderful countries that I read of in the books of travel and adventure that formed the whole of my school-boy library. I lived in imagination in strange countries and among wild tribes — my heroes were all pioneers, trappers, and hunters of big game; and after I had eagerly turned over the pages of Stanley's search for Livingstone, and followed with breathless attention the narrative of his thrilling journey, "Through the Dark Continent," I would close the book and wonder whether it would ever be my good fortune to cross the seas or live under the tropical sun. I decided within myself that I would make my own way in the world, away from the beaten tracks of civilization.

I was quite prepared to go anywhere, and, if there had been any demand for my services, would have volunteered with equal alacrity to join expeditions to the North Pole or the South Seas.

But I remember that, even at school, Africa had a peculiar fascination for me. A great map of the "Dark Continent" hung on the walls of my class-room; the tentative way in which the geographers of that day had marked down localities in the almost unknown equatorial regions seemed to me delightful and mysterious.

There were rivers with great estuaries, which after flowing for a few miles into the interior dribbled away in lines of hesitating dots; lakes with one border firmly inked in and the other left in vaguest outline; mountain ranges to whose very name was appended a doubtful query; and territories of whose extent and characteristics ignorance was openly confessed by vast unnamed blank spaces.

This idea of travel was always present to me, but very soon after I left school and had to suffer the, to me, distasteful experience of office work, the realization of it seemed to grow more and more improbable. Many dreary months passed on. I hated the foggy London streets and the ways of city life, and longed only for the time of my deliverance, without knowing who could help me.

I had no friends in any way connected with exploring expeditions in any part of the globe. Still, here was I in this great city of London, whence expeditions were constantly dispatched to the remotest parts of the earth; and I reasoned that members must frequently be wanted, and sometimes at a moment's notice, to join some perilous enterprise. If I could only get my name

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noted by the proper authorities, I might by chance be sent in an emergency.

At that time several influential and philanthropic gentlemen, earnestly interested in Stanley's wonderful explorations in Central Africa, and recognizing the mutual benefit that would accrue from the opening up, by civilization, of the heart of Africa, had formed themselves, under the royal patronage of King Leopold II. of Belgium, into a society entitled "L'Association Internationale Africaine."

Stanley having taken a few months' rest to recuperate his health, enfeebled by illness and hardships during his great journey through Africa, was now again on the Congo River, in command of a large expedition under the auspices of this new society, and was engaged in founding a line of stations along the course of the river which should form the nucleus of a government destined, ultimately, to rule these vast territories.

I found out that this association had its offices in Brussels, and so I sat down and patiently laid siege to these gentlemen — I bombarded them with letters and applications; for a long time there was no result, but one day, to my intense delight, I received a communication from the long-suffering secretary. It was very brief — a bare acknowledgment of the receipt of my applications, coupled with the intimation that there were "no vacancies." This might have disheartened some, but it had the contrary effect on me. The mere fact of the secretary taking any notice of my letters was enough. A small ray of hope had fallen on my path, and the future appeared less dark after the receipt of this letter which seemed ominous of success some day. A breach had been made in the dead walls of indifference that barred the way to the realization of my ambition, and I applied myself again with renewed vigor to my task of letter-writing.

At last, one memorable day, I received another letter, this time to the effect that the president of the society, Colonel Strauch, would be at the Burlington Hotel, Cork Street, London, at nine o'clock the following morning and requested me to meet him there.

I had finally gained my point. How well I remember pacing up and down Cork Street for hours before the time appointed for the momentous interview! The hour arrived. I was at once shown into the rooms occupied by the colonel, who received me in the kindest manner.

He conversed with me for some time upon the nature of this African enterprise, and described, with the utmost candor, all the worst features of a pioneer's life in such a country — the hundred ills to be contended with, the fevers and other sicknesses to be guarded against, the incessant watchfulness the white officer has to exercise when surrounded by savage and superstitious natives, and lastly the small reward to be gained after years of hard work and anxiety. But if the colonel had painted the prospect in even darker colors, he would have been unable to dissuade me from following out my plan. I told him that I was determined to go, and was prepared for anything. When I left him, however, my chances did not seem to have advanced much, as the colonel could not definitely promise me any appointment, and would commit himself only to a pledge that he would bear me in mind if any opportunity offered.

A few days after this interview, I again commenced writing letters, so that my name might not be forgotten. I received, one Saturday morning, a letter bearing the Brussels postmark. It was from Colonel Strauch, asking me if I was prepared to enter the service of the African International Association and to start from Liverpool on the following Tuesday morning. Yes, I answered without hesitation. Of course I could! It was awkward, certainly, that, the intervening day being Sunday, little time was left for saying good-bye to my friends or getting together any sort of a well-selected outfit.

On the other hand, my friends had long since regarded me as a harmless eccentric, and would be satisfied with the briefest adieus. Monday was indeed a busy day. I was convinced, from what I had read, that the elaborate kits furnished by enterprising outfitters in London were of little service in the tropics, and that an accumulation of unnecessary baggage was the thing to be avoided. So I confined myself to the purchase of a very moderate kit; but, being compelled to rush from one store to another to get the different articles,—here to purchase gun and rifle and cartridges; at another place, boots, and then to



THE FLEET OF KROO-MEN ON ITS WAY TO THE "VOLTA."

some clothing outfitter's,—what with this and the numerous friends whom I was compelled to bid good-bye, I found my time fully occupied until I left by the midnight train for Liverpool.

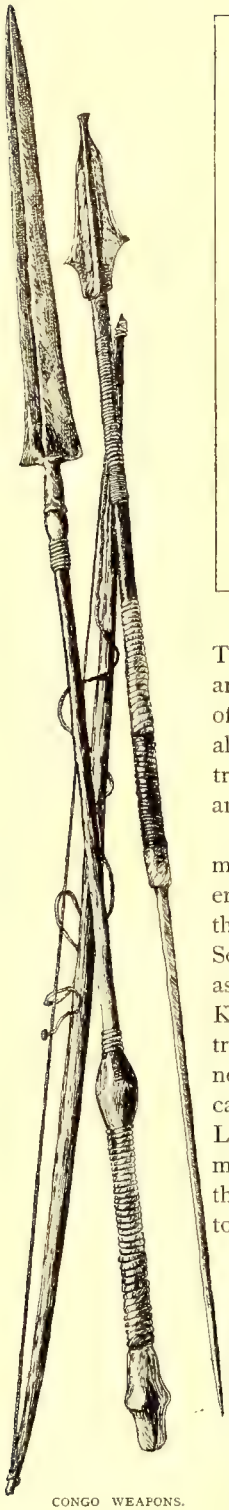
On Tuesday morning, I was steaming down the Mersey on board the good ship "Volta," bound for the port of Banana at the mouth of the Congo.

I found among my fellow-passengers others whose destination was the same as mine,—there were some Swedish and Belgian officers engaged by the association, and, to my great delight, three Englishmen, Milne, Edwards, and Connelly, seafaring men who had traveled all over the world. We four fellow-countrymen naturally became very intimate on the voyage, and hoped our fortunes would not be separate when we reached our destination.

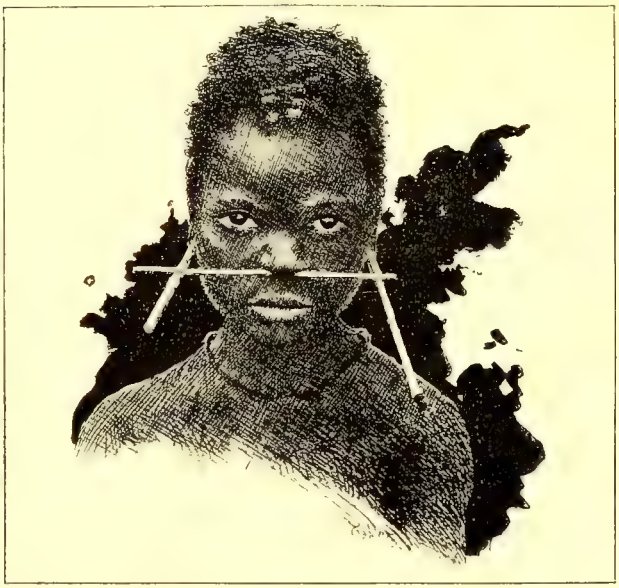
Seven days' steaming brought us to the picturesque island of Madeira, where we anchored only a few hours, and then made for the African shores; and in another six days we drew in toward the low-lying coast, whose tall palm-trees we had plainly seen for some time on the horizon, and cast anchor opposite the town of Sierra Leone. Finding that there was nothing to detain him at this port, after a few hours the captain weighed anchor, and we dropped down along the shore until we reached moorings abreast of one of the villages of the Kroo-men. Here the ship's cannon was fired to announce to the natives our arrival — and the report, as it boomed over the placid sea, was the signal for great activity on shore. Hundreds of black figures rushed to the water's edge, launched their dug-out canoes, and, in a few minutes after our signal had been fired, were speeding over the surf toward us, filling the air with their excited jargon and laughter. As soon as a rope-ladder could be thrown over the ship's side they scrambled on board. Never were human beings more fantastically attired. Fashion here seems to insist on variety, and no two men wore clothes of the same cut or color. Among the crowd I noticed a few whose elegant taste was evidently much admired by their fellows. One, whose sole garment was a pair of brightly striped bathing-drawers, had covered his woolly skull with the brass helmet of an English Life-Guardsman; while another dusky Hercules had squeezed his massive frame into a drummer-boy's coat, the tails of which dangled just below his shoulder-blades, the grotesqueness of the costume being heightened by his wearing a red plush "Tam o' Shanter" bonnet. It seemed to me that these extraordinary people must have just returned from looting some gigantic second-hand-clothes store.



"KROO-BOYS" IN FULL DRESS.



CONGO WEAPONS.



BAKONGO GIRL.

These "Kroo-boys," as they are called on the west coast of Africa, are the laborers always employed by the trading-houses on the coast, and by the steamers.

Captains of ships are commissioned by the traders to engage men for them, on the outward-bound voyage. Sometimes a boat will ship as many as four hundred Kroo-men destined for the traders down the coast in need of labor; and the African coasters which leave Liverpool short of hands, make up their full crews by the addition of Kroo-boys to each department.

The men hired by the traders are shipped in batches of twenty or thirty, each gang being in charge of a head man who brings them back at the expiration of their term of service, which is usually one year. They have a curious fashion of selecting for themselves European names, and in order to prevent any mistake arising from the inability of most Europeans to tell, off-hand, one negro from another, they wear these names cut into metal badges slung round their necks like large baggage-checks.

This excellent plan enabled me to discover that our passenger-list was enriched by such distinguished names as "Pea-soup," "Bottle-of-Beer," "Lee-Scupper," "Poor-Man-have-no-Friend," and several other aristocratic cognomens. Another peculiarity interested me greatly. The ordinary passenger starts with well-filled trunks, whose contents have more tendency to waste away, the longer the voyage lasts, but I noticed that our new acquaintances brought with them each an empty box, which when carried



CONGO SPEARS.

down the gangway-plank on the head of Mr. Bottle-of-Beer or Lee-Scupper, bulged open with a hundred unconsidered trifles gleaned by industrious fingers from decks and cabins. A few days after we had shipped our new hands, we were lying in the mouth of the Niger. The "Volta" was to remain at Bonny three days, to discharge and take in cargo, and here our small band of embryo explorers first placed foot on the shores of the great continent which was to be the scene of our future experiences. We wandered about the small settlement of European traders and then passed on to the natives' quarters on the outskirts. What a miserable first glimpse we had of Africa and the Africans!

These wretched, filthy huts, rudely thatched with grass and bamboo, with their still more wretched inhabitants, the half-intoxicated groups of listless natives, who watched our progress through the village, with bleared and swimming eyes, told with painful eloquence the demoralizing effect on the savage of some of the products of our civilization. As the white men's settlement itself is bright and prosperous, with its solid white houses, the contrast with the degradation and squalor of the natives is rendered all the more saddening. We saw the same scenes all along the coast, as we went in and out of a number of small ports whose names were once

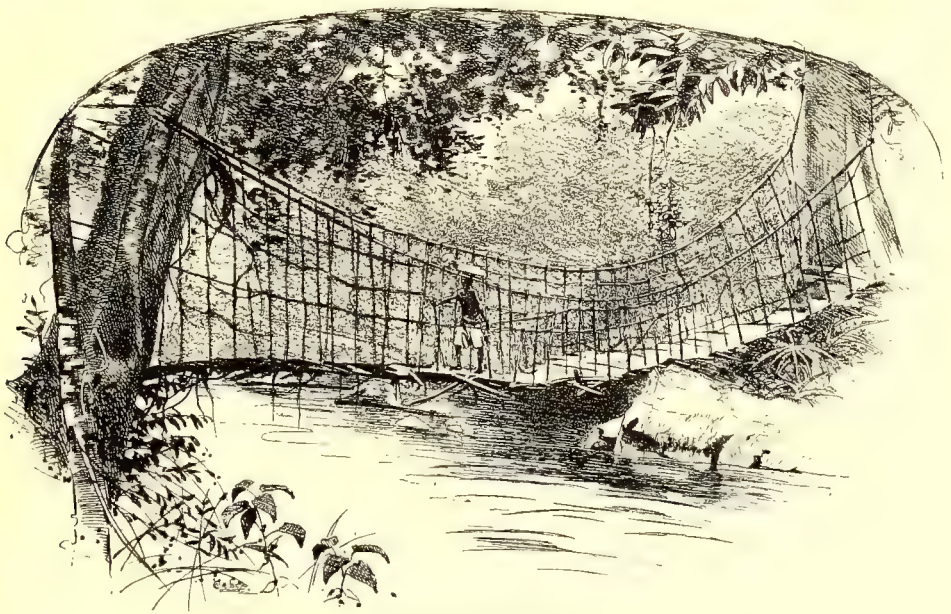


IN A NATIVE VILLAGE.

famous or infamous in connection with the slave-trade.

We now were making our way south, hugging the shore and anchoring only when trade offered. The long voyage was in this way relieved from monotony, and every day's incidents formed a fresh budget of news to be discussed in the cabin at nightfall. What stories were told! What extraordinary adventures the most ordinary of us met with in our brief trips ashore! We had two enthusiastic hunters in our party who were exceptionally well posted in all matters appertaining to sport, especially the slaying of big game. But heretofore their lives had been where such knowledge availeth nothing.

None knew so well as they the habits of the wildest beasts; how, if opportunity offered, to



NATIVE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.



ON THE CARAVAN ROAD.

track them to their secret lairs; when and where to catch them; and, when caught, how to cook them. They had with them shot of all sizes and guns by the best makers, with all the most recent improvements.

As yet they had not fired a shot, but if a chance occurred, we should see! Parbleu!!! It was at Bonny that an opportunity occurred. Rumors reached us as we lay in the stream, that there was excellent shooting in the surrounding country. Away started our friends, early one morn, fully equipped, everything new, guns, game-bags and costumes, pistols and knives. All day long we missed them from the ship and it was only late in the afternoon that we saw them putting off from the shore. Expectation ran high on board. Every one speculated on the result of the day's sport, and when they marched up the gangway, broiled red as lobsters by the tropical sun, and holding up in triumph the body of a small kingfisher, we felt that intelligence and skill could do no more. For myself, I was most interested in studying the curiously diverse types of natives met with in the different ports we touched. At old Calabar, a visit to one of the chiefs in that district made a great impression on me by its fantastic quaintness. This old fellow was living in a fine, large, plank house which had been originally made in Europe and sent here to be put together. I found him seated in a large room profusely decorated with cheap mirrors, china ornaments, and large, gaudy oleographs. Numerous clocks chimed and struck the hours from each of the four walls. "Duke Henshaw" (the name by which the chief was known), indifferent to



WHITE PEPPER AS SNUFF. (SEE PAGE 468.)

all this grandeur, was seated on the floor smoking a long clay pipe, and at the time of my visit was attired in a bath-towel. While I was gazing about me, hardly able to realize the full absurdity of the picture, I heard myself addressed in the choicest phrases by the old Duke, and, in tones which would not have sounded amiss from a Piccadilly "dude," he urged me to accept his hospitality.

He then told me, when he noticed my surprise, that he had received the advantages of a European education — and that although he once wore broadcloth and stiff collars, he *now* preferred his costume light and airy and with no starch in it. Our stays at most of the trading-stations were so brief that I rarely attempted to go ashore, but, while we took in cargo, would lean lazily over the bulwarks and watch the swarm of dug-out canoes which crowded around the vessel, laden with monkeys and parrots, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, and a hundred varieties of vegetables whose names were then unknown to me.

We had been forty-five days at sea when the captain drew our attention to the color of the water through which the vessel was moving. "That is the water of the Congo," said he, and far out into the blue Atlantic we could see the turbid, muddy stream thrusting its way and refusing to mingle with the waters of the ocean. We steamed slowly in toward shore, the waters growing tawnier and darker, and at last when within a few miles of land we were able to perceive our destination at the mouth of the Congo. For there in the distance glistened the low-lying, white-roofed little settlement of Banana Point. Banana was at this time the general depot of all supplies for the interior. The large steamers loaded with merchandise from Europe, discharged their cargoes here to be transshipped to smaller vessels and conveyed up the Congo. Here we disembarked with all our belongings, and were hospitably entertained at the French trading-house, where we had to wait for the small steamer which was to take us up-river. A very uninteresting place, Banana,—a narrow tongue of sand stretching into the sea and a few plank-built houses and stores of the European traders, the well-whitened roofs of which glisten in the sun; the utter absence of vegetation, the glare of the sand and white-washed houses dazzle and hurt the eyes. And it was a relief the next morning to find ourselves steaming up the dark river toward Boma.

At Boma we found a busy settlement of traders over whose stores floated the flags of England, France, Holland, and Portugal. Gangs of negroes were discharging the cargoes of the small river-steamers which lay along the wharfs.

Here I experienced the unpleasant introduction to that pest — the mosquito. Sleep was utterly impossible. As Boma was not equal to the sudden demand made on its hospitality, our party had to sleep on the floor, each rolled in a blanket. We hardly recognized each other the next morning, so swollen and altered were our features. Word reached us at Boma that Stanley was anxiously waiting for new men up-river, so we had to embark and continue our journey at daybreak next morning. The growth on the banks of the river between the mouth of the Congo and Boma, is generally low-lying mangrove swamp or sere grass, the land gradually trending away in the distance in ranges of green hills. From Boma to Vivi these hills approach nearer and nearer the river, until finally they pen the waters in a gorge varying from one-half to one and a half miles in breadth. The current becoming swifter and stronger, our little steamer had to battle her way, at points, through stretches of wild and broken water. The busy little white-roofed settlement on the crown of Vivi Hill, contrasted pleasantly with the grim and weather-beaten appearance of the surrounding uplands, as toward evening we steamed around a point within view of the station.

This station had been Stanley's base of operations during the passage of his expedition through the lower reaches of the river, and was now the down-country depot. The strongly built magazines, well stocked with all kinds of stores, provisions, merchandise for barter, boat-gear, arms, and ammunition, bore evidence of how thorough had been the foresight of Stanley in equipping his expedition. It is at this point that the river becomes unnavigable — being broken up for many miles by innumerable small whirlpools and rapids. At Vivi our stay was short; after one day's delay we received our stores for the march overland to Isanghela, which consisted of a few tins

of preserved meats, some medicines, a little cloth to buy fresh provisions from the natives on the road, and a spoon and a knife for each man. Thus equipped, we were to set out for Isanghela, and go thence to Stanley Pool. Before daybreak, on the day of our departure, we were up and impatient for the start. For the first time I donned the traditional dress of the explorer, and felt proud indeed of the helmet, leggins, and revolver belt. All our belongings had to be carried by native porters, and it was a tedious business getting the negroes into marching order — hours were wasted in their absurd disputes before we could get fairly away from the station. Each carrier had some complaint to make about the load which was given to him. It was either "too big," or "too heavy," or else was awkwardly shaped. However, they managed after a time to settle it among themselves, and after much gesticulation and grumbling differences were adjusted. But I was grieved to see when our caravan at last moved off, that the smallest and weakest-looking men invariably carried the heaviest loads.

Hill after hill we had to climb and descend; and many a weary mile we tramped through the long grass over the numerous stretches of plains. At times our path would lead along a curve of the river-bank and give us glimpses of wild and magnificent scenery. Now a forest of tropical trees grew thickly down to the water's edge; while, but a few miles further, bare perpendicular cliffs rose abruptly on both sides, down whose sides great bowlders seemed to have rolled into the river. The stream, broken up by rough and jagged rocks of fantastic shapes, some of colossal size, standing out boldly in the general disorder, bidding defiance to the eddying current, swept along with a hissing sound as if angered at the stern resistance of the rocks.

The order of the day during the march was as follows: At the first streaks of dawn, after a light breakfast of a cup of tea, unflavored by milk or sugar, and a ship's biscuit,— during which time our caravan of porters made their loads ready,— we would move off, and be well on the road by half-past six, and continue marching until noon, when we would rest for the day. At night we would sleep sometimes on the floor of some native hut; or, if crossing an open plain, would lie down just as contentedly with no covering but a blanket and the starlit sky.

During the march I was anxiously watching for wild game, always carrying my old Snider ready loaded in case a buffalo should happen to cross my path. It was fortunate that no wild animal offered itself to be fired at; for, at that time, had I pitched my skill against the instinct of the buffalo, the result, I am afraid, would have been unfortunate for me. At Isanghela our party was divided — half of the men being told off for service on the lower river, while we four Englishmen and one Swedish officer were to make our way up-river. Our division started early on the morning after our arrival, in a whale-boat manned by Zanzibaris, for Manyanga, eighty-eight miles distant; this stretch of water is navigable only with the greatest care — its surface is agitated by countless small whirlpools which, in places, increase in violence to such a degree, that the most powerful steamer could not stem the current in midstream; and the upward passage at these points is effected only by hugging the shore and hauling with ropes around the rocky corners. The surrounding scenery is as wild as the water it incloses, changing with every turn of the river; at times the banks appeared thickly covered with luxuriant foliage; then, rounding another bend, tall, rocky cliffs stood on either side, bare and jagged, with bases torn and eaten away by the fierce flood.

We saw but little life during the long nine days we struggled up-stream.

Sometimes at early morn an antelope, startled from its morning drink by the plash of oars or the songs of our rowers, would spring gracefully into cover; or we would disturb a troop of monkeys playing at the water's edge, who scrambled away in frantic haste to hide themselves in the tree-tops, screaming and chattering at us as we passed.

The feathered tribe seemed very poorly represented; we saw only a few fish-eagles, perched on overhanging branches in meditative attitudes — heads on one side, watching and waiting, prepared to dart on their prey at the first scaly glimpse of the leaping fish. Once or twice we heard the snorts of hippopotami around our boat when we moored for the night. As we slept, each wrapped in his blanket, lying athwart-

ship on bales and boxes, it was not pleasant to be waked near midnight by these unaccustomed sounds, and to hear the wash of the water along the gunwale, caused by these monsters.

We were not a little thankful that they confined themselves to grunts of defiance and forbore any actual attack,—for by this time we were all suffering from African fever, and a good night's sleep was very precious to us. Our boat was small and overcrowded, and we were all good-sized fellows on board; so, when the fever was on us, it required considerable ingenuity and much crossing and recrossing of legs before spaces could be found in which to lie down at all, in the stern-sheets of our craft.

Poor Milne, a strong, stout-built man, who had served twenty-one years in the British navy, suffered more than any of us; and by the time we reached Manyanga the fever had taken so strong a hold of him that his case became hopeless. We did all we could for him, but our small knowledge was of little avail. We hoped that he would rally when we got ashore again, but five days after we had landed he succumbed after a few hours of delirium. This was indeed a great blow to me, for although there was a great difference in our ages, Milne and I had been fast friends on the voyage out. He had been very good to me in many ways, instead of ridiculing my inexperience, and on several occasions had helped me out of difficulties into which I had been led through ignorance. He never lost an opportunity of giving me such information as he thought would be of use to me when I should be away in the interior and alone. It was Milne who first showed me how to handle a rifle, how to use a sail-needle, and, even more important, how to cook the few dishes that have for years figured with such monotonous repetition in my simple bills of fare.

In return, I would amuse him and the others on the way, by drawing rough portraits which they sent home to their friends; or, at night, I would sing a few comic songs to the accompaniment of my banjo. And here, at the commencement of our new career, the man who to all appearance was the strongest of our party was snatched away by death, while I, a not particularly robust lad, was left to wonder who would be the next victim to the dreadful fever that was burning in every vein and racking every bone.

I felt then that it was necessary for me to "brace up," keep a stiff upper lip, and fight every advance of the enemy. To my surprise I found myself day by day growing stronger, while my companions weakened and failed; at last, one day I was able to announce myself as prepared to continue the march. The Swedish officer was to accompany me to Stanley Pool. The day that we left Manyanga, Edwards and Connelly staggered out of their hut to bid me Godspeed on my journey. Poor fellows!—they both were in sad condition, wasted and hollow-eyed, without sufficient strength to throw off the fever. I never saw these, my early companions, again. One of them, Edwards, lies buried near Manyanga, only a few miles separating the little wooden crosses which mark the last resting-places of poor Milne and Edwards, while Connelly returned home, broken in health, before the completion of his term of service.

We now were obliged to cross the river, as our road to Stanley Pool lay along the south bank.

All the boxes containing our provisions and outfits were placed in the native dug-out canoes which were to carry them across the stream. When all was ready, my companions and I embarked, and the canoes pushed off from the shore. It was the first time either my friend or I had traveled in this fashion, and our first experience of the dug-out canoe was a very uncomfortable one; our paddlers and passengers had to crouch down as low as possible to steady the crank craft, and maintain this cramped position during the hour occupied in fighting a passage across the strong and eddying river.

Right glad were we to leap ashore and stretch our limbs when the canoes grated on the beach, and with light hearts we commenced our march of a hundred miles. Everything was fresh and delightful to me. Each mile that separated me from the fever-stricken camp we had just escaped brought renewed health and strength with it, and in spite of the sad thoughts which traveled back to those left behind, the future, with all its new experiences, presented itself to me in the brightest colors. I suppose I must have boasted to my companion of my recently

acquired culinary knowledge, for it was decided that I should act as cook during the march. We would procure eggs and fowls, etc., from the villages we passed through, and I had to make the most of what materials we could obtain. I soon found that my knowledge was entirely theoretical, and my companion regretted his easy credulity, when compelled to partake each evening of a stew which, for want of a better name, I called "Irish." Fruit we had in plenty. The pine-apples were particularly good, and if, as is currently believed through Africa, the eating of this fruit is a certain cause of fever, my life must have been preserved by a miracle, for I ate them with undiminished appetite at all times of the day.

The natives along our line of route were invariably friendly and willing to supply us with necessaries in exchange for our cloth and beads. The one feature common to the people we met on the march was their snuffy condition. They were all inveterate snuff-takers; they bake the tobacco leaf perfectly dry and mix wood ashes with it; this, when ground to a fine powder, they carry in cloth pouches, and, when a pinch is required, they empty a thimbleful or so in the palm of their left hand and stir it with the blade of a long knife to insure its being of the requisite fineness. Then the required amount is conveyed on the blade of the knife to the nose, but so clumsily that mouth, chin, cheek, and nose are all smeared with the brown powder.

This snuff must be rather powerful, judging from the prodigious sneezes it causes and the watery blood-shot eyes of those addicted to its use.

At one village a native importuned me to sell him snuff; and finding it was no use trying to persuade him that I had none concealed in my boxes, I ventured to substitute a liberal allowance of white pepper, which he accepted, and retired to test its qualities without delay. I could hear him sneezing violently in his retreat, and before we left he presented himself in an exhausted condition, with a bewildered expression of countenance, evidently surprised at the strength of the white man's mixture.

Our journey led through long stretches of grass plateau, and plunged us into the heart of tropical forests. Streams had to be waded over; or, where the waters were swollen, crossed in small canoes.

We were never long without sight of human dwellings; and would every few miles discover a small village nestling in its plantations of banana and palm trees.

Eight days soon passed away; and when, at the end of the march, I reported myself to the doctor in charge of the station at Leopoldville, just below Stanley Pool, I felt that I had safely accomplished the first stage of my new experience of African travel; and was now fairly launched, sound in body and limb, on what I hoped might prove a successful career on the dark waters of the Great Congo and its tributaries, and amid the strange scenes of Central African life.

After breakfast the doctor introduced us to Mr. Stanley, whom we found walking up and down under the veranda of his grass-thatched, clay-walled house. He shook hands cordially with each of us; and, during the few minutes I was in his presence, I was impressed with the power which every word he said seemed to carry with it. His manner struck me at once, and made me feel from that moment that Mr. Stanley was a masterly leader. I felt, from the first moment I saw him, such confidence in his judgment that I never, even in thought, should have criticized anything that he did. I experienced then an emotion which subsequent acquaintance only intensified,—which would lead me then, as now, to follow wherever he led. He told us to appear next morning at parade and receive our instructions. During my stay here, I was sometimes employed writing or drawing for Mr. Stanley; at other times I would have charge of a gang of blacks employed in some station work.

Leopoldville, just below Stanley Pool, was the principal depot of the "African International Association"; for here Mr. Stanley had made his headquarters, and was living in a one-story, grass-roofed clay house, built on a terrace cut and leveled in the hill-side. In a line with his own house were the large, rough, but strong, clay-walled magazines for stores; and on another small terrace, a little higher up the hill, were the white officers' quarters.

At the foot of the hill, to the right, were rows

of grass huts forming the encampment of the black employees; and on the left were the station gardens and plantations, while, running from the terrace to the water's edge, a well-kept grove of broad-leafed banana-trees afforded in the heat of the day a cool and friendly shelter from the withering rays of the tropical sun.

Down by the water's edge were workshops, in which the ringing of the blacksmith's anvil and blowing of the wheezy bellows mingled with the mournful but melodious singing of the gangs of Zanzibaris.

The little fleet of boats at that time consisted of the "En Avant," "Royal," and "A. I. A.," the first a small paddle-steamer, the two latter propeller boats; all light draught and under forty feet long. One of these was hauled high and dry on the beach, and a busy crowd surrounded it engaged in painting and repairing the hull, while the others, moored alongside of two small, steel lighters, lazily rocked on the river.

A walk over the rocks just below the station amply repaid the rough traveling and afforded a fine view of the rapids, as the Congo, once more hemmed in a narrow gorge between mountainous banks, races along with a terrific current, flinging itself madly against the huge bowlders which rise abruptly in its path, and throwing great clouds of spray a hundred feet into the air. The rocky bed of this part of the river splits up this swift torrent into a wild confusion of waters, whose incessant roar can be heard for miles. From the brow of the hill on which Leopoldville Station is built, a bird's-eye view of Stanley Pool offered a picture in utter contrast to the one just described; we saw laid out before us a vast lake-like expanse of placid water dotted with numerous wooded islands and grass-covered sand-banks, the whole, walled in and encircled by hills, resembling the crater of a huge volcano.

When I had been here about a month, Mr. Stanley sent word for me to call at his house. He then told me that within a few days he intended making a four months' trip on the upper river and was contemplating the construction of a few new stations, conveying at the same time the joyful news that he intended to appoint me to the command of one of them. "I will give you the choice of two stations," said he. "One has been occupied by a European officer. There are comfortable houses already built, there is a fine flock of goats, plenty of fowls, well-stocked gardens, and the natives of the surrounding villages are good-natured and peaceful. Now the other situation is entirely different. No white man has ever lived there before; in fact, the place I wish to occupy is a dense forest, as yet untouched by human hand; it is four hundred miles from Stanley Pool in the district of Lukolela. It will require a lot of hard work to make a settlement there, as you will have to commence right at the beginning. Now, Glave", said Mr. Stanley, "make your choice."

I had no intention of accepting the comfort resulting from another's toil. I had spirit enough to wish to raise my own goats and fowls, to build my own house. So I answered, without hesitation, "I prefer the latter, sir." "All right, Glave, you are appointed chief of Lukolela," answered Mr. Stanley. I felt proud of being selected as one of his pioneer officers, and was perfectly satisfied with the progress I had made during my short term in Africa. Unfortunately I was continually suffering from slight attacks of the African fever. I was, indeed, "becoming cadaverous," as Mr. Stanley remarked in "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," but I was simply running the gauntlet through the climatic influences as all new-comers to tropical countries must expect to do, feeling all the time that my enfeebled and debilitated condition was only a temporary one, which in a few months I should overcome, and step out of the ranks of the inexperienced and be classed amongst the able and acclimatized.

The 22d of August, '83, was marked by a morning of great excitement. Stanley was leaving that day for a long and perilous voyage on the upper waters of the Congo. He was again about to visit those savages of the far interior who had in '77 so persistently attacked him — tribes who warned Stanley and his wearied band by their cannibal war-cry of "Nyama, nyama!" ("Meat, meat!") of the fate that would befall any who might fall into their clutches. The little steamers, the A. I. A. and Royal, had started a day or two before. I was to travel in the En Avant. As we steamed away from the picturesque bay, Stanley in his tiny boat was

cheered by the whole garrison, both white and black, who turned out and lined the beach to bid us good-bye.

Even in my wildest dreams — and at times they were wild indeed — I had never imagined that I should ever make a voyage up the Congo under such favorable auspices. It was indeed an honor to be traveling in the little steamer En Avant, with the greatest explorer of the age, whose determined pluck and indomitable resolution enabled him to give to the world a map of Central Africa, with the course of one of the mightiest rivers of the world marked from source to mouth,—a map on which the shores of the great lakes of Tanganyika and Nyanza were clearly defined, a map where personal knowledge and experience took the place of hypothesis and mere conjecture. Four days' steaming brought us to Kwamonth, at which place the white officer in charge of this station had but recently met a sad end. He, together with a French priest and several blacks, was drowned, their canoes being overtaken and swamped, whilst in midstream, by a tornado.

This officer had evidently been greatly beloved by the villagers, as they evinced most earnest sympathy at the untimely death of "Nsusu Mpembe" (White Chicken), the nickname they had given him.

After leaving Kwamonth the river broadens out to a great width, and its course becomes more and more broken up by forest-clad islands.

In the evenings when we put in shore for the night to cut wood, my chief, Stanley, would often narrate some of the stirring events which occurred during his memorable expedition to relieve Dr. Livingstone, or his still more thrilling voyage through the Dark Continent. I remember one particular occasion — when the rising moon threw long, silver ripples across the purple waters of the Congo, and the soft evening airs fanned the smoldering patches of grass on the surrounding hills into flame, which cast in fantastic relief the weird shapes of the rocky uplands and the wondrous variety of the tropical vegetation.

Stanley, dressed in his campaigning costume of brown jacket and knickerbockers, with his broad-crowned peak cap pushed off his forehead, seated on a log, smoking his briar pipe by the camp-fire, whose ruddy glow fell on his sunburnt features and lighted up the characteristic lines of that manly face, his eyes fired with the reminiscences of the glorious past, held me spell-bound as I listened to his thrilling narrative of the attack in '77 on his enfeebled but ever ready little band, by those barbarous cannibals, the Bangala. How this veritable armada of war-canoes bore down upon his small craft; how he ran the gauntlet of these intrepid warriors to the safe reaches beyond, through an atmosphere darkened by the flight of arrows and quivering spears,— thinning their ranks as he passed with a deadly hail from his rifles. Mr. Stanley was always busy whether ashore or afloat. The top of his little cabin in the after-part of the En Avant formed his table, and I have no doubt a great deal of the interesting material which he embodied in his book, "The Congo and the Founding of its Free State," was penned on the cabin of the En Avant. Occasionally, he would leave off writing, put down his pencil, and take a careful survey of the surroundings; sometimes an old crocodile, disturbed by the paddle-wheels in his slumbers on a sand-bank, would waddle down to the water's edge, and perhaps swimming toward us, as if to get a closer view of the intruders, would offer an inviting shot of which Mr. Stanley generally took advantage.

We passed on, creeping slowly up-stream, landing here and there to cut dry wood for fuel or obtain provisions from the native villages which we sighted on the river-banks. Our reception by the natives was generally friendly; but the large, thickly populated villages of Bolobo evinced a keen desire for war, and demonstrated their aggressiveness by firing their old flint-lock guns at our little fleet as it passed. Stanley had previously made a station here, and a white officer was at present in charge of it. The history of this post had been an unhappy one. Only recently all the station-houses had been burned to the ground, and a great quantity of stores intended for the new up-river stations, and other valuable property, destroyed. The relations between the villages and station became very strained, and it was only after two weeks that Stanley's characteristic tact triumphed over the suspicions of these natives and convinced them of our friendly intentions, and also suc-

ceeded in making them pay an indemnity for their unprovoked attack. Stanley having called Ibaka and the other Bolobo chiefs to a friendly council, presents were exchanged, and the natives promised in future to maintain peace with the white men.

Our little flotilla again started up-stream. We were, however, delayed a little on the way, in order that our engineer might repair the damage caused to the A. I. A. by an old hippopotamus who had imagined this little steamer to be an enemy of his, and had made four large holes through the iron plates of her hull with his tusks before his pugnacity was appeased. Fortunately, the boat was close in shore at the time, so they were able to get her to the banks before she filled with water.

Early in September, '83, the blue smoke curling up over the tall tree-tops, announced to us that we were approaching a native settlement; and, on drawing near, we could every now and then catch glimpses of little native huts in the verge of a dense forest. This was Lukolela, and in the neighborhood of our landing-place the new station was to be built. A crowd of natives was gathered on the beach awaiting our arrival, and as soon as Stanley landed, a slave was sent through the village to beat the old chief's iron gong and summon all the head men to a palaver.

I was hardly flattered to find that my advent among them was not looked upon with much favor by the majority. All sorts of stories had been spread about the country concerning the white man, and if one tithe of them were true I should, indeed, have been an acquisition of doubtful value to any community. It was only after a prolonged discussion, that the bargain for the necessary land was concluded. After a night's rest, we set out again to take formal possession of the ground. The site fixed on was a mile or so from the village at which we first touched. Everything was now settled in an orderly fashion, the lay of the land ascertained, and the boundaries of my territory defined by their proximity to certain small brooks which were well-known local landmarks.

Stanley then roughly drafted a treaty between the chiefs of Lukolela and himself, which stated that, in consideration of moneys received, the assembled chiefs gave us full rights to a territory, the boundaries of which had been definitely fixed. The contents of this paper were clearly interpreted and agreed upon.

When all had been satisfactorily arranged, Iuka and Mungaba, the principal chiefs of the district, and the other head men, received in payment for the land, brass wire, Manchester cloth, beads, anklets, knives, forks, spoons, mirrors, bells, and other trinkets; and while the natives returned to their village to excite the envy of the less fortunate with their newly acquired wealth, and to show to their friends the brilliant cloths and bright metal-work of "Bula Maladi" ("Stone-breaker," Stanley's native name), I set seriously to work to make a clearing for the site of the new station — Stanley placing at my disposal to assist me the crews of the three steamers. There was much rough undergrowth to be cleared away and a few giant trees to be felled before a place could be made on which to erect the three native huts we had purchased and brought along with us from Lukolela. Indeed, when the morning arrived on which the boats were to proceed on their journey and leave me to enjoy in solitude all the pleasures of my new estate, little more had been effected than the erection of the huts and the clearing of a small path leading down to the river.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Stanley with his three boats moved slowly up-stream. I followed their course with straining eyes, and did not leave the beach until a turn in the river hid the flotilla from my sight. For the first time a feeling of momentary sadness and depression came over me as, returning toward my hut, I realized my complete isolation. Where, now, was the little band of comrades who only a few weeks ago had joined their fortunes with mine? One by one my companions had dropped away from me, and in place of their familiar faces I now saw only the wild countenances of a strange people who spoke a tongue the simplest words of which were unintelligible to me.

With every mile I had penetrated into the interior I had left behind something that bound me to home and my own countrymen, and now the last glimpse I caught of the departing boats meant that I was separated from all that could re-

mind me of home and friends for many months to come. Stanley, with his never-failing foresight, had anticipated most of the difficulties I should have to contend with in forming my settlement, and had done everything in his power to make my path smooth as possible, leaving me full instructions as to the conduct of the work. He also endeavored to establish me in the good-will of the natives, by arranging that Mungaba, one of the most powerful chiefs in the district, should become my blood-brother. This custom of blood-brotherhood prevails throughout Central Africa, and its observance is the surest way of gaining the confidence of the native chiefs. It has with them a religious significance. Those natives who have entered into relations prescribed by this rite invariably respect them, and both Livingstone and Stanley have owed much to the sacredness of the pledges given by chiefs whose favor and protection they gained in this manner. The ceremony took place in Stanley's presence. Mungaba and I took our places side by side. Our left arms being bared, a small incision was made with a native razor in Mungaba's arm, just below the elbow, by one of my men. Then one of the natives performed a similar operation on me, and held my arm, so that the blood which flowed from the wound might mingle with that of Mungaba's. While they rubbed our punctured arms together they declared that Mungaba and myself were now of one blood, and enumerated the different duties which the one owed to the other. If one was sick, the other had to attend him; if at war, to help him; and if one had cloth and trinkets, his blood-brother, if in want, was entitled to share; and Mungaba's relations were now declared to be my relations.

The circle of natives repeated in a chanting chorus the words used by the wielders of the razor, and declared themselves, as witnesses of the solemn compact, bound to respect the wishes of their chief that I and my retainers should be forever unmolested by them, and that there should be unbroken peace between the settlement and their villages. The majority of these people had never seen a white man, and I became an object of attraction to crowds of astonished natives. They came from miles in the interior to see the white novelty on view. The old women seemed to be more affected than any by their first look at the new-comer. What they had expected to see I can not say; but they would approach stealthily and, peeping into the hut, would announce their first shock at seeing me by an hysterical scream which I heard die away in the distance as they bolted off to narrate to their friends their opinion of the mandélé (white man). Every action of mine was strange to them and afforded them a great deal of amusement.

My chief effort, now, was to get well and strong, for I was really in a bad state, the fever being succeeded by a severe attack of dysentery. My own men, I knew, among themselves doubted whether I would recover, for they perceived that the departure of the boats had thrown me into a relapse, that the excitement of the last few days acting as a stimulant was all that kept me on my feet. I afterward learned that Stanley himself feared that my constitution might prove too weak to withstand the successive attacks of weakening sickness, and had left instructions with my head man how to act in event of my death. For fully a month, I was unable to do more than superintend the work of my Zanzibaris from the couch on which I lay in the shelter of my hut; but there was much to entertain me, while lying sick, in the conduct of my new neighbors. I never shared in the anxiety I saw depicted on the faces of my followers. Entirely occupied with thoughts of my new enterprise and plans for future work, I had little time to dwell on my present condition, and I determined within myself that, Providence aiding me, the flag should not soon float at half-mast over the new station.

(To be continued.)

E. J. Glave.

THE BALLAD OF KING HENRY OF CASTILE

SHOWING HOW THE GRANDEES GATHERED TO HEAR THE KING DECLARE HIS WILL *

By Tudor Jenks.

Into an old Castilian town
There strayed a minstrel clad in brown.
He halted in the market-place,
Attuned his lute with smiling face,
Picked a prelude from the strings.
The people gather. Thus he sings:

BACK from hunting came the King;
With him rode no courtiers gay,
Rode no huntsmen, squires nor pages,
Alone he walked at close of day.
Up the crumbling steps he climbs,
Forces back the creaking gate;
No retainers haste to greet him,
In the court no guards await.

THROUGH the empty halls he treads;
Entering a cheerless room.
Faintly shines on rusty armor
One small rushlight lost in gloom.
"Ho, there!" cries the weary huntsman,
"Has my last retainer fled?
All day fasting have I hunted;
Bring me meat, red wine, and bread!
Ferdinand!"—the King calls sharply—
"Ferdinand!" The steward came,
Groping slowly through the darkness,
While his head hangs low in shame.
Said the monarch: "For six arrows,—
See, I bring but two small birds.

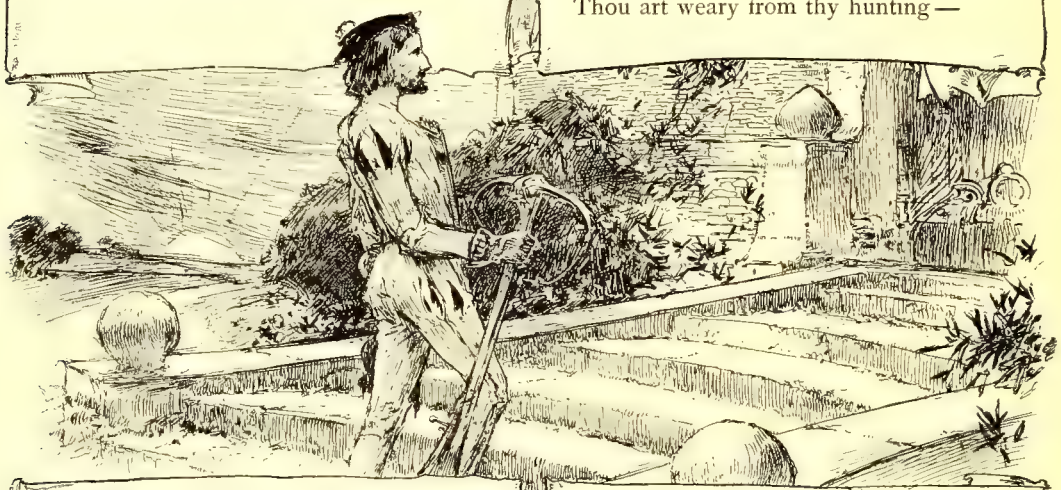


* This story, or legend, is quoted in Callcott's "History of Spain," and there credited to the Spanish historian, Juan de Mariana.

Quickly, Ferdinand, serve supper,
Give me food, and spare me words!"

SADLY spoke the shamefaced steward:
"Dear young master, I must dare
Simple truth to bluntly tell you,
There is naught. The larder 's bare!
We have neither gold nor silver;
Meat is lacking — flour, too.
Mice have starved within our cupboards.
What can faithful steward do?"
For a moment stared the monarch
In amazement. Then a smile
Curved his lips, but through his lashes
Gleamed a dancing fire the while.
"Do?" he answered. "Roast the birdlings!
One for you and one for me.
We 'll not starve, though it be fast-day!
For to-morrow — we shall see!"

"DEAR young prince," his steward answered,
"There 's no famine in the land: —
Flocks uncounted, waving harvests
Fill the vales on every hand."
"Do the peasants fail in tribute —
Do our subjects dare refuse
Payment of their rents and taxes,
Wronging us of rightful dues?"
"No, my liege. Your loyal people
Cruel imposts promptly pay;
Every tax the Regents levied,
Good or bad, remains to-day."
"Read me, then, your vexing riddle:
Through these realms full harvests shine;
Peasants toil to fill my coffers,
But no revenues are mine!"
Then the steward, sorely troubled,
Mumbles, "Sire, 't were hard to tell.
Thou art weary from thy hunting —



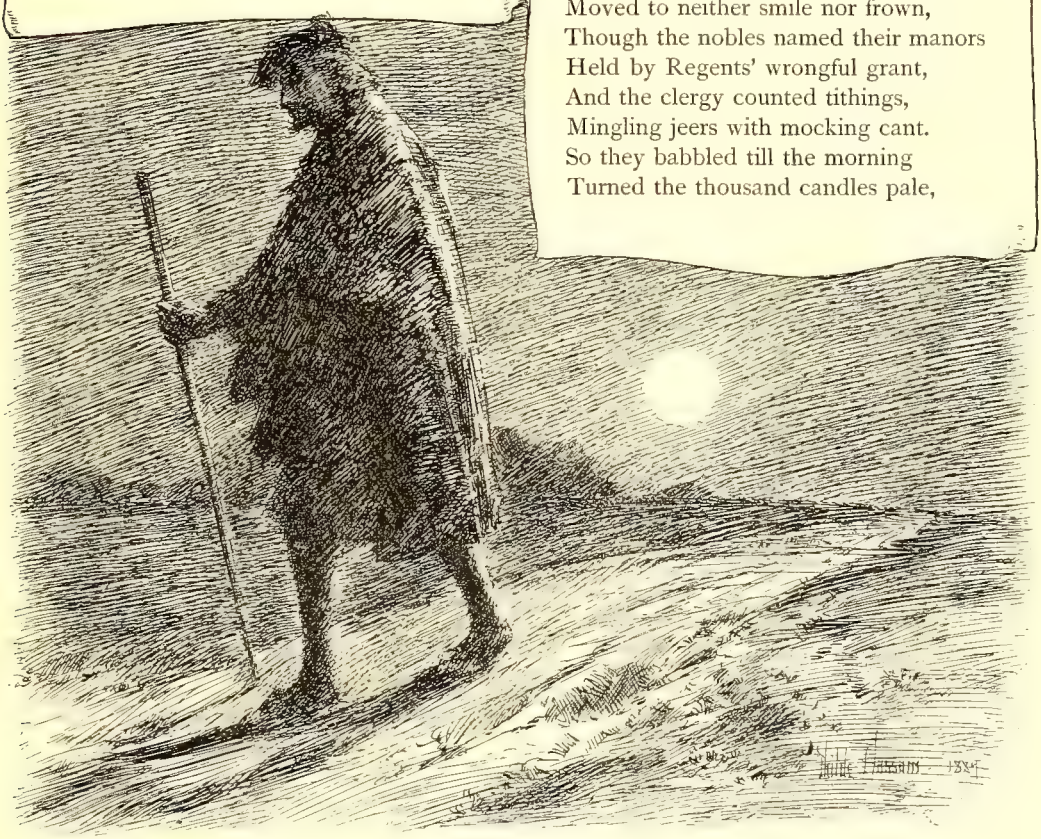
ON the tiny quail they feasted.
Then, before the scanty fire,
Henry called the loyal steward,
Of the famine to inquire.
"How came penury so sudden
To the realm of proud Castile?
Kings should know their subjects' trouble,
That from woe they may bring weal."

Weak from fasting. It were well
First to sup; then, after sleeping,
Fully rested and at ease,
Thou canst wisely sift this matter,
Feast, then, with thy rich grandees!"
"Shrewdly counseled!" laughed the monarch;
"Since grandees so richly fare,

It were best to share their fortunes.
I will go. But — tell me where?"
"Near Toledo the Archbishop
Holds a feast this very night,
None can miss his royal palace
All aglow with rosy light."

IN a hunting-cloak all muffled
Went the King; but rode no steed.
Floundered he o'er roads half broken,
With his staff for friend in need.
When he reached the Bishop's palace,
Far around shone flaring lights —
Torches borne above the thronging
Lords and ladies, priests and knights.
Up the stairway, all unnoted,
Passed their King, and found a seat
Near the door among the rabble —
By huge trenchers piled with meat.

WHEN the wine-cup oft had circled,
Loud did the Archbishop boast
Of broad acres and long rent-rolls.
And the prelate gave a toast:
"Bumpers to the high-born Regents
Who so long have ruled the land,
Scattering rank and royal riches
Forth with free and lavish hand!"
Loudly cheered the portly henchmen,
Then a nobleman arose,
And 'mid shouts of mocking laughter,
Said: "The King's health I propose.
Hail our boyish king! Long may he
Let the Regents rule Castile!
King 'Do-nothing'—ne'er another
Did so much for nobles' weal!"
Grandees boasted of their riches,
Filched from coffers of the Crown.
Silent sat their King and listened,
Moved to neither smile nor frown,
Though the nobles named their manors
Held by Regents' wrongful grant,
And the clergy counted tithings,
Mingling jeers with mocking cant.
So they babbled till the morning
Turned the thousand candles pale,

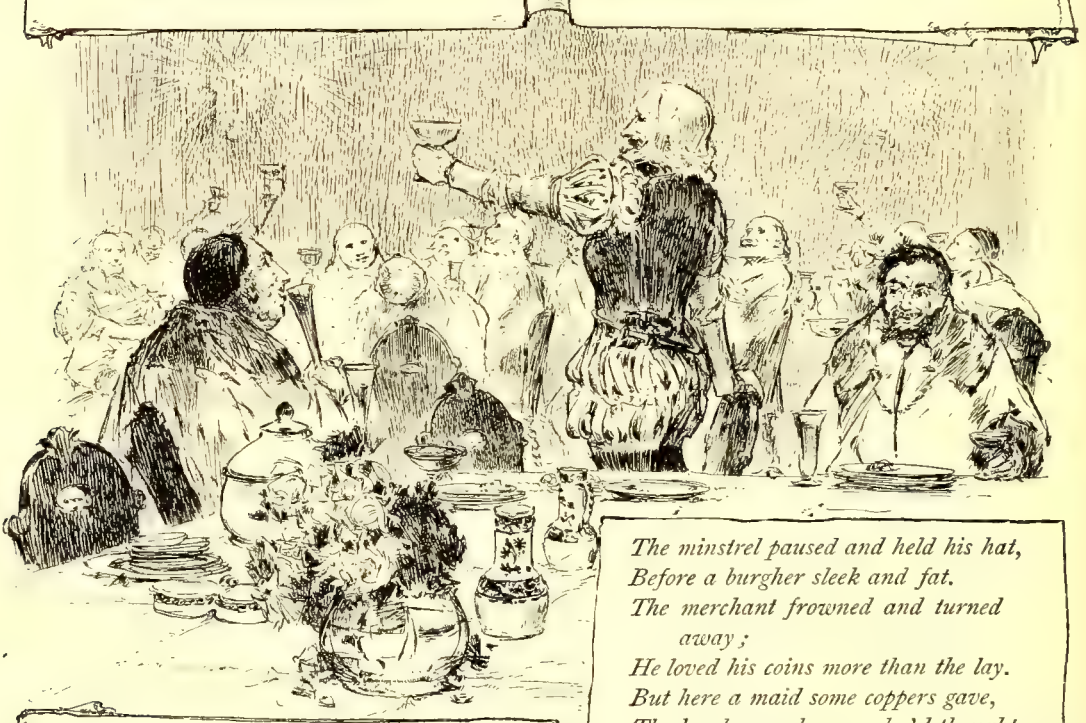


Then the drowsy guests departed
In gray hoods, or coats of mail.

The minstrel paused. Then a livelier air
Danced from his lute and filled the square.

NEXT day arose the youthful King,
And wrote a parchment scroll;
He sealed it with his signet-ring.
"Take, Ferdinand, this roll.
Go, with what show of finery
Thou canst, unto the town,
And summon here all men-at-arms
Who yet do love the Crown.

See that thou hast the words aright,
Then hasten back to me;
Do but my errand skillfully —
The sequel thou shalt see."
The steward did the King's behest,
And soon the warriors brown,
Came clanking through the mountain roads,
And thronged the little town.
The King received them in the court,
Proud of the loyal bands,
And to each captain secretly,
He gave his strict commands.



A hundred, at the least, must come
To keep their King from harm.
Next, the Archbishop seek with speed
And say, with due alarm:
'*The King's in such extremity*
As baffles all my skill,
He summons all his noblemen
To hearken to his will.'

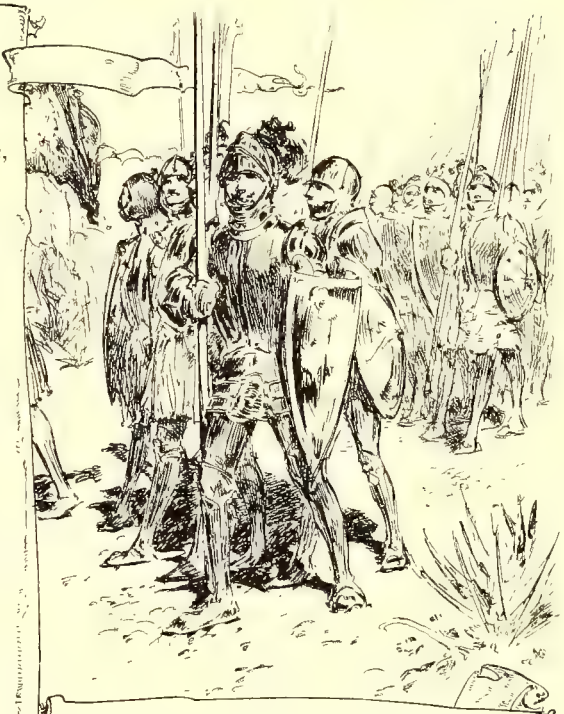
The minstrel paused and held his hat,
Before a burgher sleek and fat.
The merchant frowned and turned away;
He loved his coins more than the lay.
But here a maid some coppers gave,
The hard-earned wage she'd thought to save;
And here a youngster on toe-tip,
Threw in his penny for a whip;
Until the pieces of the poor,
Ended the minstrel's begging tour.
The crowd was smaller now, 't is true,
But better loved the bard those few
Than all the rich and tuneless throng,

Who grudged a copper for a song.
Once more resound the trembling strings,
Once more with song the market rings:

THE Bishop sped, with greedy haste,
Along the mountain road;
Too oft the ambling sumpter-mule
Jumped at the pricking goad.
In throngs the priests and nobles came,
Like birds to quarry flying.
"The King is ill!" "He 's made his Will!"
"They say King Henry 's dying!"
The rumor in swift whispers
Has passed from lips to ears;
But long they sit in audience
Before a soul appears.

HARK! There comes a martial tread.
The arras opens wide,
In full mail clad, with gleaming sword,
A warrior forth does stride.
It is the King!
Then marvel all,
And some among the crowd
Murmur, "It is a boyish jest
To trick the grandees proud!"

"MY lords, we pray you bear with us,"
The King said. "All is true;
Your King *is* in extremity,
And hath sore need of you.
But ere he may make known his will,
He first doth here command,
That one of you shall straight declare,
What Kings in this our land
Have reigned within the memory
Of all who here attend.
Let then the eldest of you speak,
The rest attention lend."
The Bishop raised his tonsured head,
And spoke: "Good Sire, but five
Have sat on Castile's royal throne
In my time. None alive
Can well recall the Spanish king
Whom I have not known too:
Alfonso, Pedro, John the First,
Another Henry true.



'T is more than eighty years, indeed,
Since other King we had—
And may your Majesty as long
Make loyal Castile glad!"
"Then none has seen, whate'er his age,"
The King said, "—is it true?—
More Kings than five rule in Castile
And take her revenue?"
The puzzled nobles answer, "None."
Then frowned he on the throng.
("His Majesty has lost his wits!"
The whisper passed along.)
Out spake the King: "We 're not so old
As any one of you,
Yet in our days these eyes have seen
Of Kings some score or two!
For while your rightful, sovereign lord
Hath neither bread nor wine,
Some forty kings at his expense
Do waste, carouse, and dine.
We 've heard you tell your revenues,
Filched from a needy throne,



These traitors to the state!
Restore our lands and gold, ye thieves!
Or know the felon's fate!"
Then how the nobles trembled
Before his threatening face.
They promised restitution,
And craved the royal grace.
The King forgave. The King forgot,
And richly fared thereafter;
But how the grandees "heard his will"
Was often told with laughter.

The minstrel ended thus his song,
Slowly dispersed the little throng,
Save some few children of the street,
Who followed him with weary feet.
But nowhere did the minstrel wait,
Until he 'd reached the old town gate,
Then, as he passed, with longing eyes
The children waved their sad good-byes.

While brave with ill-got silk and lace,
You spent them as your own.
In truth, you 've left our larders bare,
Like some great swarm of rats,
And now, your King has summoned here
His loyal, sharp-clawed cats!"
A trumpet sounds. The men-at-arms
Come marching in bright steel,
And heavy doors swung open wide
The armèd ranks reveal.
Then laughed the young King merrily:
"You see, my lords, 't is true:
Your monarch, in extremity,
Makes known his will to you.
Seize them, my guards, and bind them!



By Mary Hallock Foote.

John Brown had concluded to "quit work and go to mining." Not that mining is not work; but a man does n't get so tired working for himself, choosing his own hours and resting when he pleases, as he does working in another man's time. It is like picking tame blackberries inside the garden fence for the family table, and picking wild blackberries in the fields and hedgerows, and eating as one goes. Every boy knows how that is; and some of these good-natured, wandering, Western men are very like big boys.

John Brown, and little Jack Gilmore, who was now nearly twelve years old, were great cronies. John was still the teamster at the engineers' camp in the cañon. He had been a sailor in his native Northern seas. He had been a fisherman of the Skager Rack; and more than once, by his own story, he had been driven out to sea, when drifting from his trawls, and picked up by one of the numerous vessels of the fishing-fleet that is always lying off or on the entrance to the strait. He had been a teamster on the plains, where the Indians were "bad." Once, when crossing the great Snake River plains, he picked up a curious stone shaped by the Indians, which he recognized as a "sinker," such as he himself had made and used on the fishing-grounds of the far North. John had a little ranch of his own; and he owned half a house. The other half of the house was on the land of the adjoining settler. The two men had taken up preëmption claims, side by side, and to save expense had built a joint-dwelling on the boundary line between the two claims. Each man lived in his own side of the house — the half that rested on his land. John had lived six months on his claim, as the law requires before a settler can secure a title to his land. He was now working to get the money to improve it into a farm. He was a bit of a carpenter; and in many odd ways he was clever with his hands, as fishermen and sailors almost always are. Jack Gilmore possessed a riding-whip, such as the cowboys call a "quirt," which John had braided for him, with skill and economy, out of leather thongs cut from scraps of waste leather, old boot-legs, or saddle-straps, discarded by the camps.

Such a companion as this, so experienced and variously gifted, and so uniformly gentle, was sure to be missed. Jack found the cañon a

much duller place without his friend. He and Charley Moy, the Chinese cook, used to discourse about John, and recount his virtues, much as we linger over praises of the dead — although John's camp was but five miles away, and he himself in good health, for all any one knew to the contrary.

After a while, Jack got permission to ride up the river to John's camp and pay him a visit; and he was to be allowed to make the trip alone. Jack had been promoted, since his fishing expedition of two summers before, from a donkey and one spur to a pony of his own, a proper boy's saddle, and two spurs, all in consequence of his advancing years and the increasing length of his legs. The pony was called "Lollo"; for just when he came the children had been reading "Jackanapes," and the new pony, like the pony in the story, was "red-haired." He had belonged, not to the gypsies, but to the Indians, who had broken and branded him. One of his ears was clipped, and the brand on his flank was a circle with a bar through the center. He had the usual thick mane and tail of a "cayuse," a white nose, and four white feet.

Now, there is an ancient rhyme which says:

One white foot, buy him;
Two white feet, try him;
Three white feet, deny him;
Four white feet and a white nose,
Take off his hide and give him to the crows!

But Lollo shook the dust of the trail from his four white feet, in defiance of the crows; nor was he ever known to hide the light of his white nose under a bushel, except when there were oats in the bottom of it.

Jack's mother advised him to make sure of his lunch by taking it with him, in case John might be absent from the camp in the hills. But for some reason (it is very difficult to know a boy's real reasons) Jack preferred to take the chances of the trip without provisions.

His father told him that when he had ridden as far as John Turner's, by the river trail, he must take the upper trail which runs along the bluffs.

As it turned out, this was mistaken advice. The upper trail was not a good one, as Jack soon discovered; and in certain places, where it was highest and steepest above the river, it had been nearly rubbed out by the passage of herds of stock, crowding and climbing past one another, and sliding over the dry and gritty slope.



In one spot it disappeared, as a footing, altogether, and here Jack was obliged to dismount and creep along on all fours, Lollo following as

he could. A horse, it is said, can go wherever a man can go without using his hands. As Jack used his hands it was hardly fair to expect Lollo to follow; but the pony did so. These Western horses seem as ready as the men to risk themselves on dangerous trails, and quite as sure of what they are about.

What with all these ups and downs, the breeze on the bluffs, and the natural state of a boy's appetite about midday, Jack was hoping that lunch would be ready at John's camp by the time he reached it; and it is possible that he wished he had not been so proud, and had taken a "bite" in his pocket, as his mother advised him.

John's camp was in a gulch where a cool stream came down from the hills. There were shade and grass, and flowers, in the season of flowers. The prospect-holes were higher up, beneath the basalt bluffs, which rise like palisades along the river. Earlier prospectors had driven tunnels, such as prisoners dig under the foundations of a wall, some extending a few feet, some farther, under the base of the bluffs. John was pushing these burrows further still, and "panning out" the dirt he obtained in his progress.

Jack soon found the sluice-boxes which John had built, and the "head" he had made by damming the little stream, but he could not find John nor John's camp.

He argued with himself that John would not be likely to "make camp" below the pool of water;—it was clear and cold, much better for drinking than the murky river water. His searching, therefore, was all up the gulch instead of down toward the river; but nowhere could he discover a sign of John nor of his belongings.

Jack's mother asked him afterwards, when he told his story, why he did not call or make a noise of some kind. He said that he did whistle, but the place was "so still and lonesome" that he "did not like the sound of it."

His hope now was that John might be at work in one of the tunnels under the bluffs. So he climbed up there (and by this time he was quite empty and weak-hearted with hunger). He had a fine view of the river and its shores, rising or sinking as the bluffs came to the front, or gave place to slopes of dry summer pastures. There was a strong wind blowing up there, and the black lava rocks in the sun were like heated ovens. The wind and the river's faint ripple, so far below, were the only sounds he could hear. There were no living sounds of labor, or of anything that was human or home-like.

At the entrance to one of the tunnels he saw John's canvas overalls, his pick and shovel, a gold-pan, and a wheelbarrow of home construction. Jack examined the latter and saw that the only shop-made part of it was the wheel, an old one which John must have found, and that John by his own ingenuity had added the other parts out of such materials as he could find.

The sight of these things, lying unused and unclaimed by their owner, made Jack feel more dismal than ever. The overalls, in particular, were like a picture of John himself. The whole place began to seem strange and awesome.

Jack crept into the short tunnels, where it was light even at the far end; and he saw nothing there, either to explain or to add to his fears. But the long tunnel was black as night. Into that he dared not go.

He looked once more at the dreary little heap of tools and clothing, and with an ache that was partly in his heart, partly, no doubt, in the empty region of his stomach, he climbed down again into the gulch, mounted Lollo, and rode away.

When he came to the bad place on the trail, he slid down, keeping ahead of Lollo, who shuffled along cautiously behind him. Lollo would not have stepped on Jack, but he might have slipped and fallen on him. However, a cayuse on a bad trail attends strictly to business, and is quite safe if he can keep but two of his feet on firm ground.

If Jack's father had known about that place on the trail, he never would have sent Jack by that way; and it was well that his mother had no notion of it. As it was, they were merely surprised, to see the boy returning about the middle of the hottest part of the afternoon, and were not a little sorry for his disappointment, when they heard the story of the trip.

Mrs. Gilmore shared the boy's anxieties about John; and Charley Moy, while he was giving Jack his dinner, told some very painful stories of miners done away with on their solitary claims for the sake of their supposed earnings. Mr. Gilmore said there might be a dozen explanations of John's absence; and, moreover, that



Jack had n't found the camp at all, and the camp should be there, or some sign of its having been there must remain to indicate the spot.

Still the boy could not dismiss his fears, until two or three days later John himself stopped at the cañon, on his way to town, not only alive but in excellent health and spirits.

He told Jack that he *had* been at his camp all the time the boy was searching for him; but the camp was at the mouth of the gulch, close to the river, where he had found a spring of pure, cold water. Very near the spring was a miner's shanty, deserted, but still quite habitable. The advantages of house and spring together had decided John to camp there, instead of higher up and nearer to his ditches. He urged Jack to make the trip again, and in a week or so the boy repeated his visit.

This time he did not take the upper trail. John said that that trail was only used at high water in the spring, when the river rose above the lower trail.

The lower trail along the river bank was safe and pleasant, and not so hot as the upper one; and this time there were no adventures. Adventures do very well to tell of afterward, but do not always make a happy journey.

John was at home, and seemed very glad to see the boy. He took him up on the bluffs to show him his workings, and Jack found it very different, up there by the tunnels;—not at all strange and anxious. He did not mind the dark tunnel a bit, with John's company, and a candle to guide him.

John showed him the under surface of the bluffs, exposed where he had undermined them and scraped away the dirt. These lava bluffs were once a boiling flood of melted rock. The ground it flowed over and rested upon after it cooled, had been the bed of a river. In its soft state, the lava had taken the impression of the surface of the river-bed, and after it cooled the forms remained the same; so that the under surface of these ancient bluffs was like a plaster cast of the ancient river-bed. The print could be seen of stones smoothed by water, and some of the stones were still embedded in the lava crust.

Now this river came down from the mountains, where every prospector in Idaho knows there is plenty of gold for those who can discover it. John argued that the old river-bed must have had, mixed with its sand, fine gold for which no one had ever prospected. The new bed which the river had worn for itself at

the foot of the bluffs, probably contained quite as much gold, sunk between stones or lodged in pot-holes in the rocks (as it lodges against the riffles in a sluice-box), but no one could hope to get *that* gold, for the water which covered it. The old river-bed was covered only with rock, which "stays put," while you dig beneath it.

So, on the strength of this ingenious theory, John was digging where the other theorists had dug before him. He was not getting rich, but he was "making wages," and enjoying himself in the pleasant camp in the gulch; and as yet he had not found any of the rich holes.

He made a great feast in the boy's honor. The chief dish was stewed grouse, rolled up in paste and boiled like dumplings. Jack said those grouse-dumplings were about the best eating he had ever "struck." They had also potatoes, baked in the ashes, and canned vegetables, and stewed apples, and baking-powder biscuits, and honey; and to crown the feast, John made a pot of strong black coffee and sweetened it very sweet.

But here the guest was in a quandary. He refused the coffee, because he was not allowed to drink coffee at home; but he could see that his refusal made John uncomfortable, for there was no milk; — there was nothing else that he could offer the boy to drink but water, and water seemed very plain at a feast.

Jack wondered which was worse — for a boy to break a rule without permission, or to seem to cast reproach upon a friend's entertainment by refusing what was set before him. He really did not care for the coffee; it looked very black and bitter; but he cared so much for John that it was hard to keep on refusing. Still, he did refuse, but he did not tell John his reason. Somehow he did n't think that it would sound manly, for a big boy, nearly twelve years old, to say he was forbidden to drink coffee.

Afterward he told his mother about it, and asked her if he had done right. His mother's opinion was that he did right, but that he might have done it in a better way, by telling John his reason for refusing the coffee. Then there would have been no danger of John's supposing that the boy refused because he did not like that kind of coffee.

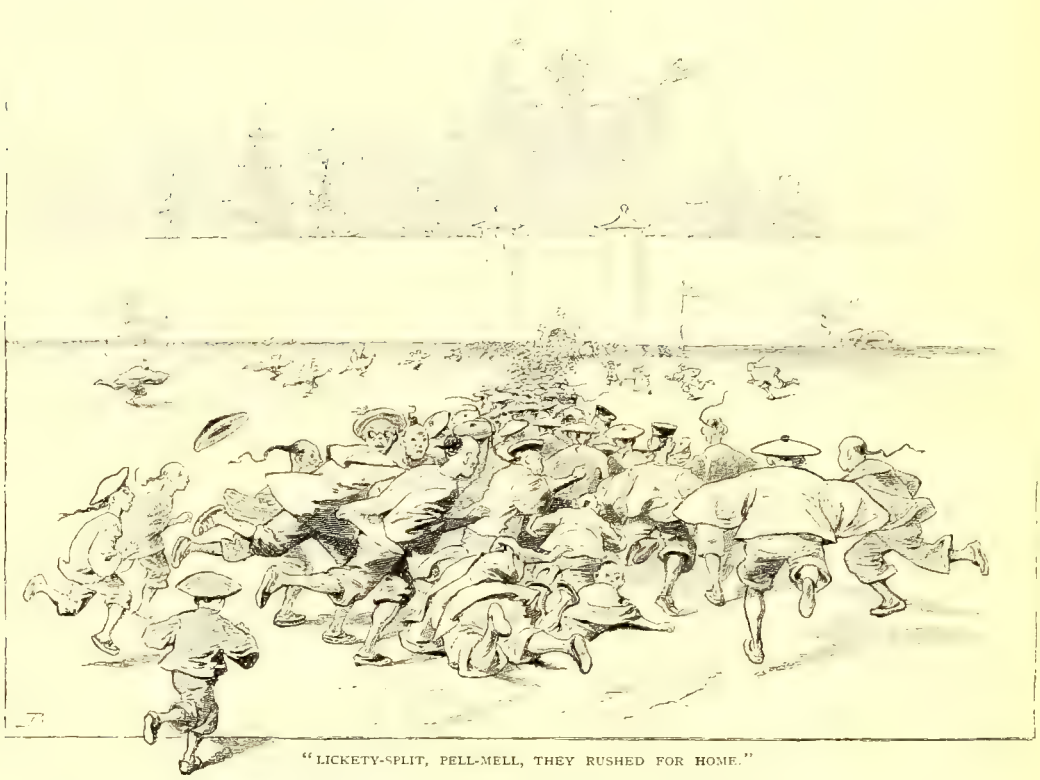
Jack's little problem set his mother thinking how often we do what is right, at some cost to ourselves, perhaps, but do it in such an awkward, proud way, that we give pain to others, and so undo the value of our honest effort to be good. And how, in the matter of feasts, it is much easier in our time for a guest to decline anything that does not suit him in the way of eating and drinking than it used to be long ago — when a gentleman was thought not to have "dined" unless he had both eaten and drunk more than was good for him. And how, in the matter of rules, it is only little silly boys who are ashamed to confess that they are not their own masters. The bravest and wisest men have been keepers of simple rules in simple matters, and in greater ones respecters of a loving Intelligence above their own, whose laws they were proud to obey.

The courage that displays itself in excesses is happily no longer the fashion; rather the courage that keeps modestly within bounds, and can say "no" without offense to others.



THE CHINESE GIANT.

By Ruth Dana Draper.



"LICKETY-SPLIT, PELL-MELL, THEY RUSHED FOR HOME."

Once upon a time I was traveling in a strange country, and I stopped at an inn by the roadside, and asked for a cup of tea.

A crooked little landlady, who had but one eye, brought some tea in a tiny cup, and I drank it, paid for it, and proceeded on my journey. It did not put me to sleep, nor make me dream, nor see a vision, but it was a kind of tea that made me know *all about it*, and I am going to tell you what it made me know.

Far away in the heart of the Chinese empire, beyond the waters of the river Kish-kash, stretch the green tea-fields of Fan-tin. There are miles and miles of tea-fields, as far as the eye can reach, and in the middle stands the city of Yankoo.

Of course all Chinese cities are surrounded by high walls to keep the people from getting out, and to prevent the other people from getting in. For this reason, the careful and industrious townsfolk of Yankoo had made the most beautiful high white wall.

It was so high that even from the top of the tallest insurance building one could not see over it with a magnifying-glass, and so broad that six horses could prance abreast on its top, and so white that its shining dazzled the enemies of the Yankoons so that they never had been able to find the gate. This was the reason that the prosperity of the city had not been interrupted by thieves or robbers or fierce tribes, and for hundreds of years the people were quiet and

peaceful, working in the fields, and cultivating the strongest tea in the world.

Every morning, when they had taken breakfast, the men assembled at the city gate, the keeper unlocked it, and a procession of Chinamen, with flopping sleeves, and waggling pigtails, and pattering shoes, filed out to the plantations; then the keeper locked the gate again to protect the women and children.

At dinner-time the Chinese boys came out together, with queer, short little shirts, and bare legs and feet, and shaved heads, and blue Canton ginger-jars, in which they carried dinner for their fathers.

The keeper let them out, and fastened the locks after them. They were old enough to do half a day's work, so they stayed in the fields till evening, and all came home together.

The city council had made this plan in order to give the gateman time to polish the big brass handles. If he were always locking in and locking out, he would have no shine-time, and the beautiful handles would have become dull; so they decided that one unlocking would do for the whole company, and the boys must stay out till the fathers came in.

The women never went outside; they were busy making bird's-nest soup.

Now, the city of Yankoo was built on two hills, and between them, stretching quite across from top to top, was the giant's house. His bed was made in the valley, so that he might have room enough to lie down. He was a very lazy giant, and he lived in a fine house. It had a flat roof, so that he could sit on it and, softly leaning his head against a tall chimney, dangle his feet into the street below.

He was always thinking, but nobody could guess what he was thinking about. He was always trying to remember something his grandfather had told him, but he had forgotten it.

The giant's name was Torl-Hie, and he was so big that he could taste the storm-clouds and tell the people whether it was going to rain or snow or thunder, and in this way he was often very useful to them. Indeed, this was the only work that Torl-Hie did, he was so very lazy.

In his house he had wonderful treasures. There was a room full of gold from the Ural Mountains, where the miners had dug and washed it grain by grain out of the dust; and a room full of diamonds from Golconda, to polish which had required years of labor; and a room full of pearls that had come from the bottom of the sea, where the thin, dark natives of Malay dive deep down and can hold their breath till they find a fat oyster with its treasure of pearls. And he had a room full of bowls and figures in green jade, which is the hardest stuff in the world, and needs most patience to cut it. And he had a room full of wonderful jars and vases, that it had taken faith and fancy to make; and all these things were precious, not only because they were rare and beautiful, but because time and labor, art and patience, had all been mixed together to produce them.

Torl-Hie was a pleasant fellow, and was never vexed when the Yankoons laughed at him and made fun of his lazy ways.

"Come out, Torl-Hie," they said, "and help to cultivate the tea — Oolong and Souchong and Bohea. Sitting there in the sun all day, you deserve nothing but gruel to drink."

"I 'll come some day," he replied, "when I can remember something that I have forgotten; meanwhile I shall continue to sit on top of my roof and think."

So there he sat and thought, till one day, just after the food-messengers had carried the dinner-jars to the fathers, and the gateman had fastened the locks and gone away, Torl-Hie looked out over the fields, and far away he saw — was it a cloud? No, not a cloud. Was it mist? No, not mist. Was it dust? No, not dust. Was it a picnic? No, not a picnic. It was a procession, a crowd advancing with flashing spears, an army of horsemen galloping toward the tea-fields.

Then Torl-Hie stopped thinking, and remembered! This was what he had heard from his grandfather; this was why he had so long been watching from his house-top; and, springing up, he waved his arms wildly in the air, and cried:

"The Tartars are upon us! Come in, men of Yankoo, and defend your homes!"

Yes, the Tartars were coming — the fierce, warlike tribe. They had heard of the prosperity of the Yankoons and Torl-Hie's wealth, and they had summoned their mightiest army and their

own big giant, Cream of Tartar, and here they were, coming to capture the riches, and spoil the tea-fields, and break up the city of Yankoo.

Presently the fathers and the food-messenger-boys heard the tramp of horses, and saw the gleam of swords and spears. When they looked toward the city they could see Torl-Hie's arms waving in the air; then they knew that some danger was near, and, lickety-split, pell-mell, they rushed for home. But when they came to the gate, oh dear! it was *locked!* They called and knocked and whistled, but nobody came to open it. They could hear the women inside screaming for the gate-keeper, Torl-Hie shouting for him to hurry up, but it was of no use; he had either fallen asleep, or was playing chess, and did not come. And all the time the army was advancing with banners and tom-toms and squeekaboos, and the Tartar giant rode in front on an elephant's back.

The frightened Yankoons huddled trembling before the gate that would not open. Then suddenly a wonderful thing happened; Torl-Hie, the lazy giant, stepped over the wall and stood among them.

"My friends and fellow-citizens, we can't open the gate," he said, "but come into my arms, and I will lift you over."

"But you are too lazy," they said. "You have never done anything but think; you can carry nothing but ideas; you will certainly drop us."

"No," he replied. "I have finished thinking; now I shall begin to work. Now I remember that the Tartars have always been coming,—and here they are. I will lift you carefully; then I must prepare for battle. Come."



"'ONE,—TWO,—THREE!' SAID THE DRUM-MAJOR, AND THE ARMY SHOUTED, 'COME OUT AND FIGHT OUR HERO, CREAM OF TARTAR!'"

He gathered the fathers and the food-messenger-boys by dozens in his big hands, and put them over the fence.

When the Tartars came up and halted before the gates, not a Yankoon was visible, and even the giant himself had disappeared, for a time, to change his dress.

"One,—two,—three!" said their drum-major, and the army in chorus cried:

"Open — the — gates!"

The Tartar chief stood forth and blew a salute on the French horn.

"Open the gates, Yankoons. Yield your city. The Tartars would rather conquer you politely,

without bloodshed. If you hesitate, we shall fight to the end."

Three times the heralds proclaimed this, and received no answer. Then the general directed his engineers to fetch the bang-whangs and roll them into position to break open the gates.

Just then Torl-Hie popped up, like a jack-in-the-box, all clothed in armor.

"You little Tartars, go away, or I will break your funny little crackly bones," he said, laughing.

"One,— two,— three!" said the drum-major, and all the army shouted at once:

"Open the gates, Torl-Hie. Come out and fight our hero, Cream of Tartar!"

"Do you mean that cunning little chap on the white elephant? I don't like to hurt him," said Torl-Hie.

"One,— two,— three!" said the drum-major.

"You — are — afraid," roared the army.

Then Torl-Hie began to get angry. He stepped right over the wall and stood in front of Cream of Tartar. His eyes flashed furiously, and he shook his head so that his golden helmet rattled, and the long braid of hair that he always wore wagged back and forth with such force that the end of it knocked down ten Tartar horsemen at every wag.

"Come, Tartar giant, come on to combat. I am ready to destroy you!"



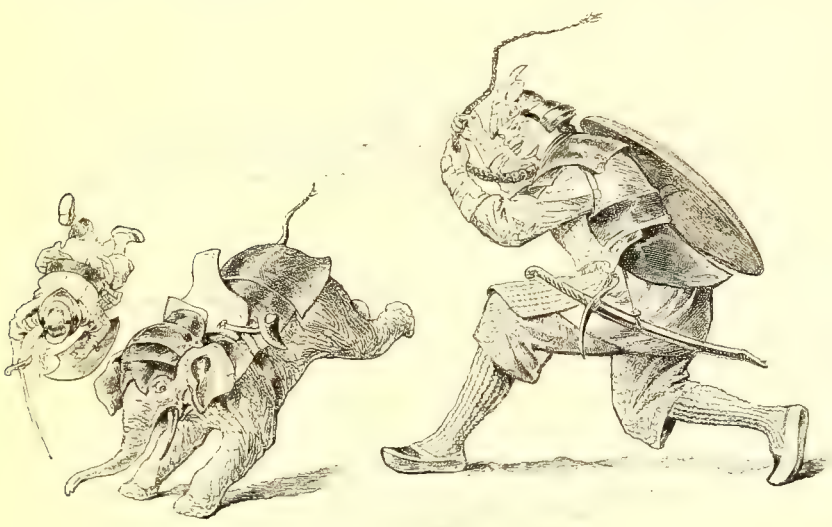
"HE GATHERED THEM BY DOZENS IN HIS HANDS."

He wound the pigtail three times around his neck to keep it from tripping him, raised his sword and shield high aloft, and with a shout of war rushed forward.

The white elephant was a well-trained circus animal, who quickly dodged the blow that the great Yankoon directed toward his rider, so that its force was spent upon the earth, and the sword's point stuck deep into the ground.

Torl-Hie tugged it out, and dealt another smashing blow, but again the clever war-elephant dodged aside and saved his rider.

"One,— two,— three!" said the drum-major, and the Tartar army burst into a loud laugh of scorn. Within the city the Yankoons heard this, and were frightened, for they could see nothing, and so imagined the very worst. Then a little boy said:



"THE WAR-ELEPHANT FINALLY RAN AWAY, THROWING CREAM OF TARTAR OVER HIS HEAD."



"CREAM OF TARTAR ROLLED UP HIS SHIRT-SLEEVES, AND SHOUTED, 'COME ON, THOU GREAT BIG MAN!'"

"Why not take all the fire-ladders and mount up on the wall?"

This was simple enough, and soon the citizens were gathered where they could see the whole array. The women were not permitted to climb up, but the men very kindly told them the news from time to time, as they stood in the street below to hear it.



"HE GATHERED UP HIS CONQUERED FOE."

Now Torl-Hie made up his mind that for a foot-soldier to fight an elephant-soldier was a poor plan, so, with great presence of mind, he unwound his long braid of hair, and with it dealt a whacking blow to the great animal. The war-elephant bellowed and pranced and finally ran away, throwing Cream of Tartar over his head.

This brought a round of applause from the Yankoons on the wall, but the Tartars groaned with dismay.

The little giant picked himself up, and tried to look as mighty as he could. In truth, he was much more imposing when mounted than when standing on the ground, for his legs were short; but he had a valiant heart, a long sword, and a hopeful spirit; and if he could not reach Torl-Hie's head, he could perhaps cut off his feet, which would do quite as well.

Slashing his sword from side to side, he ran forward toward the foe, but the giant Chinaman perceived his purpose, and skipped over the blade as it passed, as a little girl jumps a rope.

"No, Tartar, I am not a child to be played with; do your best, or die," he cried.

Then the two clashed together with their swords, so that both blades broke with the equal force of the shock.

Thus the terrible warriors were without weapons; only their shields remained. Twice they brandished these on high and met together with a sound that made the wall shake, and twice they sprang back, panting.

At the third encounter the shields shivered into atoms, and the giants stood face to face, unprotected, but unconquered.

Then Cream of Tartar gazed fiercely at the other, as they paused for breath, and to the surprise of all the Yankoons and all the Tartar army, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves with tremendous strength, and shouted, "Come on, thou great big man, let us try what power is in thy fists. Defend thyself like a gentleman!"

Thus defied, Torl-Hie prepared himself, and stood waiting the attack. Five blows he parried, making no return; the Tartar could not hit him once. But only after these five blows did Torl-Hie let out the full power of his arm; then, with the most terrible blow that was ever dealt, he knocked the Tartar giant to the ground and placed his foot upon his breast.

"Yield; you are my prisoner," said Torl-Hie.

"I yield," groaned Cream of Tartar; "but the army will avenge my capture."

"Oh, no, they will not," replied Torl-Hie. "I am going to take you home with me, and then the war will be over."

With these words he gathered up his conquered foe from the ground, and, holding him tight, stepped back across the city wall, amid the cheers of the populace.

The Tartar army was in a terrible state of panic when they beheld their champion captured and separated from them by that great fence. In vain the General tried to rally his troops. The horsemen only dashed wildly about, and finally, in one way or another, they had all turned about, and were swiftly riding toward their own land, whence they never came back to trouble the peaceful tea-men and the food-messenger-boys.

The Yankoons welcomed their hero with music and fireworks and five-o'clock-tea; and they held a mass-meeting on the Yankoon Common to decide what should be done with the prisoner of war.

He now lay on the ground, bound hand and foot, in front of Torl-Hie's house.

Then the noble, victorious giant sat down on his roof, and said:



"My friends! Cream of Tartar has been conquered and badly frightened, but I do not wish to hurt him, and I would like to let him live here peacefully with us, if you have no objection. He can have a room in my house, and he can black my boots every day as I sit on the roof. He can also polish the great handles of the gates. His legs are so short that it will be impossible for him to get over the wall."

They all agreed to this with pleasure; the ropes were untied, and the Tartar giant lived quietly with the Yankoons forever after.

But his name they changed to Cream Soda.

As for the great and good Torl-Hie, he was busy enough for the rest of his days, for the gates were never opened again! The official gateman was never found, and the keys had gone with him; but it made no difference, for, morn and noon and night, Torl-Hie was ready to lift the workers back and forth from the tea-fields.

THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

By Teresa C. Crofton.

First Paper.

"To begin at the beginning—."

IF you ever have an opportunity, my young reader, to look through a telescope on a clear, starry night, ask some wise friend to point it for you toward the constellation Orion; and right at the place where the giant hunter's sword-handle rests, you will notice a wavy, tremulous mass of soft greenish light. Astronomers call it a *nebula*, which is the Latin for *cloud*. But their investigations have proven that it is something more than a cloud—it is a mass of glowing gas. Take a good look at it, for you are gazing on a picture of what this earth once was. All this firm, solid land under our feet was at first a cloudy, burning mass, waving and trembling like Orion's *nebula*.

Gases are interesting subjects; although boys and girls usually think of them as ghostly, fleeting things, which can not be seen, but which sometimes have a very disagreeable odor. They *are* airy substances, and yet all the hard things we know, all the dense minerals this earth holds, have been made from these same airy substances. It is a well-known fact that every solid can be changed into a gas, if only enough heat be applied to it.

There is one solid we can readily change to a gas if we wish. A piece of ice is a solid. Apply heat, and it becomes a liquid. Apply more heat, and the liquid will disappear in the air in the shape of what we call *steam*, which is really the *vapor* or *gas* of water. Here is a gas, then, formed from the solid ice. Now, let us take the gas and see if we can trace it back and reach the solid from it. Imagine a cloud, heavily loaded with the vapor, or gas of water, coming in contact with a cold wind or with the cold peak of a lofty mountain. What would happen? In the first place, the vapor would become condensed; that is, it would form into drops, and these drops, being heavy, would fall upon the earth as rain. If the cold were intense enough, this rain would freeze and become ice. So here is the solid again, made this time from a gas by the action of cold. This process is familiar to all of us. We have seen it time and again; but we must remember that any other gas could go through this same change just as well as the gas of water.

In the burning mass that composed our earth at first, there existed copper, sulphur, and all the other substances that are on and in our earth now, only all were in a gaseous state. The cold had not yet hardened them into solids. They tell us that this collection of burning material belonged originally to the sun, and was thrown off from it in consequence of a natural law, and sent "whirling in space." Do you understand what that word "space" means? This globe of ours is wrapped up in a huge cloak, some forty miles thick, called the atmosphere. Beyond this thick envelop stretches far away that unknown region called "space." What are its boundaries, no one can tell us. Whether it holds other worlds than ours, we can only guess. But one thing about it is known for certain, which is, that it is very cold. Its temperature is two hundred degrees below zero; so we have need of our thick, warm atmosphere.

What effect did this intense cold have upon the mass of fiery gas, sent spinning out through its depths? Just the same effect that the cold mountain-peaks have upon the vapor of water. It cooled the gases upon the outside, hardened them, and in the course of time formed a thin crust. This was God's first day of creation, and some men think it was equal to thousands and

thousands of our *years*—maybe millions—because this forming of the crust must have been slow work. First, little patches of gas became solid. Then these floated together and perhaps succeeded in making one crust joined all over—and a hot, rumpled crust it was! Then the boiling, seething mass inside broke through, and the work had to be done all over again.

When the vapor of water was condensed, rain began to fall.

Then came another struggle. As quickly as the rain fell on the hot crust, it was changed into vapor again, and sent up into the air to repeat its work. What a boiling, steaming, hot ball this world must have been!

During all this time there were terrific peals of thunder and flashes of lightning. Whenever any liquid is changing into a vapor, electricity is produced; and when so vast a quantity of water was changing into steam, the intensity and frequency of the lightning must have been immeasurably beyond anything we can imagine. If only we could have been at a safe distance above this steaming world and looked down upon it, what a sight we should have seen, and what deafening peals of thunder we should have heard!

Even though the rain was almost immediately changed into vapor, it must have cooled the earth's crust a little, coming directly from the icy realms of space. And at last came a day when the cold conquered the heat, and the crust became cool enough for the water to stay down. It filled up all the cracks and crannies, and there was so much of it that only a little bit of the earth's crust could peep above its surface. Of our own continent, only a narrow strip of land, extending from what is now Nova Scotia to where the Great Lakes were to be, and thence westward to the region now called Alaska, remained above the waters. In the place now occupied by Europe, there were many little patches, but no land so extensive as the strip in the western hemisphere.

Thick, dark vapors brooded over the earth and shut out the light of the sun. And these gloomy vapors, the little pieces of dry, hot crust, and the surging, boiling waters, were the beginnings out of which God was to make our beautiful world, with its pure air, its blue sky, and snowy clouds, its dense woods and fertile fields, its hills and valleys, its lakes and rivers.

There could have been no life in those days—neither plant life nor animal life. In the first place, the crust was too hot; neither animal nor plant could live on it, nor in the waters that touched it. In the second place, animals and plants can not live without sunlight; and no sunlight could pierce those masses of heavy vapor.

A dark outlook, was it not? Yet all was clear in the mind of the great Architect, and in His own way He was laying the foundations of our grand and beautiful home.

LADY JANE.

By Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

Chapter I.

THE BLUE HERON.

It was in the beautiful Teche country, on a train of the Louisiana and Texas Railroad, that "Lady Jane" first saw the blue heron.

The month was July, the weather was intensely hot, and the dusty, ill-ventilated car was closely packed with a motley crowd.

Of all the passengers, there were, perhaps, none who noticed or cared for the strange and beautiful scenery, constantly changing as the train sped on, except the quiet occupants of one seat, who were so unlike those around them as to attract no little attention and curiosity. They were a woman and a child; the lady, young, elegant, and pretty, was dressed in deep mourning; the little girl, who was about five years of age, wore a white cambric frock, plain, but exquisitely fine, a broad black sash, and a wide straw hat; she had long black silk stockings, and her neat shoes were tied with tiny bows. Her skin was delicately fair and rosy; her eyes, of deep blue, were shaded by long, dark lashes, and her hair, of a pure golden yellow, hung in a thick, wavy mass down to the loops of her black sash.

The mother had thrown back her heavy crape veil, and a little ripple of hair, as bright as the child's, showed beneath the widow's cap. She looked very weary and ill; her eyes were heavy and swollen with weeping; her face, thin and worn, in spite of her youth, was flushed with fever, and her lips were parched and drawn as if she suffered intense pain. Now and then, the little girl would lean back her rosy face, and press it to her mother's flushed cheeks, saying softly:

"Does your dear head ache now, Mamma?"

"A little, darling," the mother would answer, as she smoothed the child's golden hair where it lay upon her black gown.

Then the child would turn back to the window. Once she turned with eyes full of delight, and said to her mother, whose head had drooped into her open palms:

"Look, Mamma,— oh, look at the lovely river! See what big trees, and pretty houses. Oh, I wish we could stop here, and walk about a little. Can't we, Mamma?"

"No, my dear; there 's no time for that," replied the mother, raising her head and looking out wearily. "Be patient, darling, we shall soon be in New Orleans, and there you shall have everything you wish."

The train had stopped at a small station on the Teche, and a passenger got on, who entered with a brisk step and slipped into a seat just vacated opposite the mother and child. He was a handsome lad of about sixteen years; his merry, brown eyes looked out frankly from under his dark brows. He had merry eyes, and the manly self-reliant air of one accustomed to travel alone.

In one hand he carried a traveling-bag, and in the other a small basket, over which a piece of thin cloth was tightly tied. He sat down, glancing around him with a bright look, and, placing the basket beside him, tapped on the thin cover with his forefinger, and chirruped softly to the occupant. Presently an answering "peep-peep!" came from the depths of the basket, at which he laughed heartily.

From the first moment that the new passenger entered the car, the little yellow head of the child was turned in his direction, and the deep blue eyes were fixed on him with an expression of serious interest.

The boy had noticed the lovely little creature and the sorrowful young mother, and his generous heart went out to them at once; therefore, when the child raised her tearful eyes and looked at him so earnestly, he looked back responsively and invitingly.

Again the little head went shyly down to the mother's shoulder, and the child whispered:

"Mamma, I think there 's some kind of pet in that basket. How I wish I could see it!"

"My dear, he 's a stranger. I can't ask him to show it to you; he might not be willing."

"Oh, I think he would, Mamma. He smiled at me when I looked at him. Can't *I* ask him? Please,— please let me."

The mother turned a side glance in the direction of the boy. Their eyes met, and he smiled good-naturedly, while he nodded and pointed to the basket. "I thought she would like to see it," he said, as he began untying the string which fastened the cover.

"It is very kind to gratify her curiosity," said the mother in a gentle voice; "she 's sure that there 's something alive in your basket."

"There is," answered the boy. "Something very much alive; so much so that I 'm almost afraid to take off the cover."

"Go, my darling, and see what it is," said the mother, as the child slipped past her and stood before the boy, looking at him from under the shadow of her black hat with eager, inquiring eyes.

"I don't think you 've ever seen anything like him before. They 're not common, and he 's a funny little beggar. I thought you 'd like to see him, when I saw you looking at the basket. He 's very tame, but we must be careful he does n't get out. With all these windows open, he 'd be gone before we knew it. Now, I 'll lift the cover and hold my hand so that you can peep in."

The child's head was bent over the basket, intense curiosity in her wide eyes, and a little, anxious smile on her parted lips. "Oh, oh, how pretty! What is it?" she asked, catching a glimpse of a strange-looking bird with a very long bill and little, bright eyes, huddled up at the bottom of the basket. "I never saw one like it. What is it?" she repeated, her sparkling eyes full of delight and surprise.

"It 's a blue heron, and they 're very rare about here."

"He 's not blue — not *very* blue; but he 's pretty. I wish I could just touch his feathers."

"You can. You can put your hand in the basket; he won't bite."

"I 'm not afraid," she said with confidence, as she stroked the soft feathers.

"If these windows were closed, I 'd take him out and let you see him walk. He 's very funny when he walks; and he 's so intelligent. Why, he comes to me when I call him."

"What do you call him? What is his name?"

"I call him Tony, because when he was very small he made a noise like, 'Tone — tone.'"

"'Tony,'" she repeated, "that 's a pretty name; and it 's funny, too," she added, dimpling with smiles.

"Now, won't you tell me *your* name?" asked the boy. "I don't mean to be rude, but I 'd like to know your name."

"Why, yes, I 'll tell you," she replied, with charming frankness; "I 'm called 'Lady Jane.'"

"'Lady Jane,'" repeated the boy. "Why, that 's a very odd name."

"Papa always called me Lady Jane, and now every one does."

The mother looked at the child sadly, while tears dimmed her eyes.

"Perhaps, you would like to see the little fellow, too," said the boy, rising and holding the basket so that the lady could look into it. "White herons are not at all uncommon, but a blue heron is something of a curiosity."

"Thank you. It is, indeed, very odd. Did you find it yourself?" she asked with some interest.

"Yes, I came upon it quite unexpectedly. I was hunting on my uncle's plantation, just beyond the station where I got on. It was almost dark, and I was getting out of the swamp, as fast as I could, when right under my feet I heard '*tone — tone*,' and there was this little beggar, so young that he could n't fly, looking up at me with his bright eyes. I took him home and tamed him, and now he knows my voice the moment I speak. He 's very amusing."

The boy was standing, resting the basket on the arm of the seat, and the child was caressing the bird with both dimpled hands.

"She likes him very much," he said, smiling brightly.

"Yes, she is very fond of pets; she has left her own and she misses them," and again the mother's eyes filled.

"I wish,—I wish you 'd let me give her

Tony,—if—that is, if you 'd be willing she should have him."

"Oh, thank you. No, no, I could n't allow you to deprive yourself."

"I would be very willing, I assure you. I must give him away. I 'm going to give him to some one when I reach the city. I can't take him to college with me, and there 's no one in particular I care to give him to. I wish you 'd let me give him to this little lady," urged the handsome fellow, smiling into the child's upturned eyes as he spoke.

"Oh, Mamma! dear, sweet Mamma! let me have him!—do, do let me have him!" cried Lady Jane, clasping her dimpled hands in entreaty.

"My dear, it would be so selfish to take it. You must not, indeed you must not," said the mother, looking in great perplexity from the child to the boy.

"But if I wish it,—if it would be a pleasure to me?" insisted the boy, flushing with eager generosity.

"Well, I 'll think of it. You are really very kind," she replied wearily. "We still have some time to decide about it. I find it very hard to refuse the child, especially when you are so generous, but I think she ought not to take it."

The boy took the basket with a disappointed air, and turned toward the seat opposite. "I hope you 'll decide to let her have it," he replied respectfully.

"Mamma," whispered Lady Jane with her face pressed close to her mother's, "if you *can*, if you think it 's right, please let me have the blue heron. You know, I had to leave my kitten, and Carlo, and the lambs, and—and—I 'm so sorry, and—I 'm lonesome, Mamma."

"My darling, my darling,—if you want the bird so much, I 'll try to let you have him. I 'll think about it."

"And, Mamma, may I go and sit by the basket and put my hand on his feathers?"

"Let her come and sit with me," said the boy; "she seems tired, and I may be able to amuse her."

"Thank you. Yes, she *is* very tired. We have come a long way,—from San Antonio,—and she has been very good and patient."

The boy made room for his charming little companion next the window, and after lowering the blind, so that the bird could not escape, he took the pet from the basket and placed him in Lady Jane's arms.

"See here," he said, "I 've sewed this band of leather around his leg, and you can fasten a strong string to it. If your mamma allows you to have him, you can always tie him to something when you go out and leave him alone, and he will be quite safe when you come back."

"I should never leave him alone. I should keep him with me always," said the child.

"But, if you should lose him," continued the boy, spreading one of the pretty wings over Lady Jane's plump little arm, "I 'll tell you how you can always know him. He 's marked. It 's as good as a brand. See those three black crosses on his wing feathers. As he grows larger they will grow too, and no matter how long a time should pass without your seeing him, you 'd always know him by these three little crosses."

"If Mamma says I can have him, I may take him with me, may n't I?"

"Certainly. This basket is very light. You can carry it yourself."

"You know," she whispered, glancing at her mother, who had leaned her head on the back of the seat in front of her and appeared to be sleeping, "I want to see Carlo and kitty and the ranch and all the lambs; but I must n't let Mamma know, because it 'll make her cry."

"You 're a good little girl to think of your mother," said the boy. He was glad of her confidence, but too well-bred to question her.

"She has no one, now, but me to love her," she continued, lowering her voice. "Papa has gone away from us, and Mamma says he will not come back for a long time. My Papa is dead. That is the reason why we had to leave our home. Now we 're traveling to New York."

"Have you ever been in New York?" he asked, looking tenderly at the little head nestled against his arm.

"Oh, no; I 've never been anywhere only on the ranch. That 's where Carlo, and kitty, and the lambs were, and my pony, Sunflower; he was named Sunflower because he was yellow."

"Now, let me tell you about my home. I live in New Orleans, and I have plenty of pets." And the boy went on to describe so many delightful

things, that the child forgot her grief in listening, and soon, very soon, the weary little head drooped, and for a long, long time she slept, with her rosy cheek pressed against his shoulder, and Tony clasped close in her arms.

When the end of the journey was near, the drowsy, dusty passengers began to bestir themselves and collect their baggage.

Lady Jane did not open her eyes until her companion gently tried to disengage Tony from her clasp in order to consign him to his basket; then she looked up with a smile of surprise at her mother, who was bending over her. "Why, Mamma," she said brightly, "I have been asleep, and I had such a lovely dream. I was at the ranch, and the blue heron was there too. Oh, I 'm sorry it was only a dream!"

"My dear, you must thank this kind young gentleman for his care of you. We are near New Orleans now, and the bird must go back to the basket. Come, let me smooth your hair and put on your hat."

"But, Mamma, am I to have Tony?"

The boy was tying the cover over the basket, and, at the child's question, he looked at the mother entreatingly. "It will amuse her," he said, "and it will be no trouble. May she have it?"

"I suppose, since you must give the bird away, I ought to consent; besides, she has set her heart on it," said the mother.

The boy held out the little basket, and Lady Jane grasped it rapturously.

"Oh, how good you are," she cried. "I 'll never, never forget you, and I 'll love Tony always."

At that moment, the young fellow, although he was smiling brightly, was smothering a pang of regret, not at parting with the blue heron, though he really prized the bird, but because his heart had gone out to the child, and she was about to leave him, without any probability of their ever again meeting. While this thought was vaguely passing through his mind, the lady turned and said to him:

"I am going to Jackson Street, which I believe is up-town. Is there not a station nearer for that part of the city, than the lower one?"

"Certainly, you can stop at Gretna. The train will be there in a few minutes. You cross the river there, and the ferry-landing is at the foot of Jackson Street, where you will find carriages and horse-cars to take you wherever you wish to go, and you will save an hour."

"I 'm very glad of that. My friends are not expecting me, and I should like to reach them before dark. Is it far to the ferry?"

"Only a few blocks; you 'll have no trouble finding it," and he was about to add, "Can't I go with you and show you the way?" when the conductor flung open the door and bawled, "Grate-na, Grate-na, passengers for Grate-na!"

Before he could give expression to the request, the conductor had seized the lady's satchel and was hurrying toward the door. When the boy reached the platform, the train had stopped, and his friends were gone. For a moment more he saw them standing on the dusty road, the river and the setting sun behind them — the black-robed, graceful figure of the woman, and the fair-haired child with her eyes raised to his while she clasped the little basket and smiled.

He touched his hat and waved his hand in farewell, the mother lifted her veil and sent him a sad good-bye smile, the child pressed her rosy fingers to her lips, and gracefully and gravely threw him a kiss. Then the train moved on, and the last he saw of them, they were walking hand in hand toward the river.

As the boy went back to his seat, he was reproaching himself for negligence and stupidity. "Why did n't I find out her name? — or the name of the people to whom she was going? or why did n't I go with her? It was too bad to leave her to cross alone, and she a stranger and looking so ill. She seemed hardly able to walk and carry the bag. I don't see how I could have been so stupid. It would n't have been much out of my way, and, if I 'd crossed with them, I should have found out who they were. I did n't wish to seem too presuming, and especially after I gave the child the heron; — but I wish I 'd gone with them. Oh, she 's left something," and in an instant he was reaching under the seat lately occupied by the passengers of whom he was thinking.

"It 's a book; 'Daily Devotions,' bound in russia, silver clasp, monogram 'J. C.'," he said, as he opened it. "And here 's a name."

On the fly-leaf was written.

Jane Chetwynd.
From Papa,
New York, Christmas, 18—

"'Jane Chetwynd,' that must be the mother. It can't be the child, because the date is ten years ago. 'New York.' They 're from the North, then; I thought they were. Why!—here 's a photograph."

It was a group, a family group — the father, the mother, and the child; the father's a bright, handsome, and manly face, the mother's not pale and tear-stained, but fresh and winsome, with smiling lips and merry eyes, and the child, the little "Lady Jane," clinging to her father's neck, two years younger, perhaps, but the same lovely, golden-haired child.

The boy's heart bounded with pleasure as he looked at the sweet little face that had such fascination for him.

"I wish I could keep this," he thought; "but it 's not mine, and I must try to return it to the owner. Poor woman! she will be miserable when she misses it. I 'll advertise it to-morrow, and in that way I 'm likely to find out all about them."

Next morning, some of the readers of the principal New Orleans journal noticed an odd little advertisement under "Lost and Found":

Found. "Daily Devotions," bound in red russia-leather, silver clasp, with monogram, "J. C."
Address Blue Heron, P. O. Box 1121.

For more than a week this advertisement remained in the columns of the paper, but it was never answered, nor was the book claimed.

Chapter II.

madame jozain.

Madame Jozain was a creole of mixed French and Spanish ancestry. She was an angular woman with great, soft black eyes, a nose of the hawk-bill type, and lips that made a narrow line when closed. In spite of her forbidding features, the upper part of her face was rather pleasing, her mild eyes had a gentle, appealing expression when she lifted them upward, as she often did; and no one would have believed that the owner of those innocent, candid eyes could have a sordid, avaricious nature, unless he had glanced at the lower part of her face, which was decidedly mean and disagreeable.

With a strange and complex character, she had but two passions in life. One was love for her worthless son Adraste, and the other was a keen desire for the good opinion of those who knew her.

And perhaps it is not to be wondered at, that she felt a desire to compensate herself by duplicity for what fate had honestly deprived her of, for no one living had greater cause to complain of a cruel destiny than had Madame Jozain. Early in life she had great expectations. An only child of a well-to-do baker, she inherited quite a little fortune, and when she married André Jozain, she intended, by virtue of his renown and her competency, to live like a lady. He was a politician, a power in his ward, which might eventually have led him to some little prominence; but, by dark and devious ways, he had fallen and been condemned to life-long detention in the penitentiary. He had lamed his wife for life by pushing her down-stairs in a quarrel. She had been obliged to adopt the occupation of *blanchisseuse de fin*, when she found herself deprived of her husband's support.

It was not her husband's disgrace, her poverty, her lameness, her undutiful son, her illusions, over which she mourned, as much as it was the utter futility of trying to make things seem better than they were. In spite of all her painting and varnishing and idealizing, the truth remained horribly apparent. She was the wife of a convict, she was plain, no longer young, and lame; she was poor, miserably poor, and she was but an indifferent *blanchisseuse de fin;* while Adraste, or, "Raste," as he was always called, was one of the worst boys in the State. He had inherited his father's bad qualities in greater degree.

On account of Raste's unsavory reputation, and her own incompetency, she was constantly moving from one neighborhood to another; and, by a natural descent in the scale of misfortune, at this time found herself in a narrow little street, in the village of Gretna, one of the most unlovely suburbs of New Orleans.

The small, one-story house she occupied,

contained but two rooms, and a shed which served as a kitchen. It stood close to the narrow sidewalk, and its green door was reached by two high steps. Madame Jozain, dressed in a black skirt and a white sacque, sat upon these steps in the evening and gossiped with her neighbors. The house was on the corner of the street that led to the ferry, and her greatest amusement (for, on account of her lameness, she could not go with the others to see the train arrive) was to sit on her doorstep and watch the passengers walking by on their way to the river.

On this particular hot July evening, she felt very tired and very cross. Her affairs had gone badly all day. She had not succeeded with some lace she had been doing for Madame Joubert, the wife of the grocer on the levee; and Madame Joubert had treated her crossly — in fact, had condemned her work and refused to take it, until made up again; and Madame Jozain needed the money sorely. She would get even with that proud little fool; she would punish her in some way. Yes, she would do the lace over, but she would do it without any care — she did n't mind if it dropped to pieces the next time it was worn.

Meantime she was tired and hungry, and she had nothing in the house but some coffee and cold rice.

So, as she sat there alone, she looked around her with an expression of great dissatisfaction, yawning wearily, and wishing that she was not so lame, so that she could run out to the station and see what was going on.

Then the arriving train whistled, and she straightened up, while her face took on an air of expectancy.

"Not many passengers to-night," she said to herself, as a few men hurried by with bags and bundles. "They nearly all go to the lower ferry, now."



MADAME JOZAIN.

In a moment they had all passed and the event of the evening was over. But, no! and she leaned forward and peered up the street with fresh curiosity. "Why, here come a lady and a little girl, and they 're not hurrying at all. She 'll lose the boat, if she does n't mind."

Presently the two reached her corner, a lady in mourning, and a little, yellow-haired girl carefully holding a small basket in one hand, while she clung to her mother's gown with the other.

Madame Jozain noticed, before the lady reached her, that she seemed dizzy and confused, and was passing on by the corner, when the child said entreatingly, "Stop here a minute, Mamma, and rest." Then the woman lifted her veil and saw Madame Jozain looking up at her, her soft eyes full of compassion.

"Will you allow me to rest here a moment? I 'm ill and a little faint — perhaps you will give me a glass of water?"

"Why, certainly, my dear," said Madame, getting up alertly in spite of her lameness. "Come in and sit down in my rocking-chair. You 're too late for the ferry."

The exhausted woman entered willingly. The room was quiet and cool, and the large, white bed (which was beautifully clean, for Madame prided herself upon her neat room) looked very inviting.

The mother sank into a chair and dropped her head on the bed, the child set down the basket and clung to her mother caressingly, while she looked around with timid, anxious eyes.

Madame Jozain hobbled away for a glass of water and a bottle of ammonia, which she kept for her laces; then, with gentle, deft hands, she removed the bonnet and heavy veil, and bathed the poor woman's hot forehead and burning hands, while the child clung to her mother, murmuring, "Mamma, dear Mamma, does your head ache now?"

"I 'm better now, darling," the mother replied after a few moments; then, turning to Madame, she said in her sweet, soft tones, "Thank you so much. I feel quite refreshed."

"Have you traveled far?" asked Madame, gently sympathetic.

"From San Antonio, and I was ill when I started," and again she closed her eyes and leaned her head against the back of the chair.

At the first glance, Madame understood the situation. She saw, from the appearance of mother and child, that they were not poor. In this accidental encounter was a possible opportunity, but how far she could use it she could not yet determine, so she said only, "That 's a long way to come alone"; adding, in a casual way, "especially when one 's ill."

The lady did not reply, and Madame went on tentatively, "Perhaps some one 's waiting for you on the other side, and will come back on the ferry to see what 's become of you."

"No. No one expects me; I 'm on my way to New York. I have a friend living on Jackson Street. I thought I would go there and rest for a day or so; but I did wrong to get off the train here. I was not able to walk to the ferry."

"Well, don't mind now, dear," returned Madame, soothingly. "Just rest a little, and when it 's time for the boat to be back, I 'll go on down to the ferry with you. It 's only a few steps, and I can hobble that far. I 'll see you safe on board, and when you get across you 'll find a carriage."

"Thank you, you 're very good," and again the weary eyes closed, and the heavy head fell back against the chair.

Madame Jozain looked at her for a moment seriously and silently; then she turned, smiling sweetly on the child. "Come here, my dear, and let me take off your hat and cool your head, while you 're waiting."

"No, thank you; I 'm going with Mamma."

"Oh, yes, certainly; but won't you tell me your name?"

"My name is Lady Jane," she replied gravely.

"Lady Jane! Well, I declare, that just suits you, for you *are* a little lady, and no mistake. Are n't you tired and warm?"

"I 'm very hungry; I want my supper," said the child frankly.

Madame winced, remembering her empty cupboard, but went on chatting cheerfully to pass away the time.

Presently the whistle of the approaching ferry-boat sounded, the mother put on her bonnet, and the child took the bag in one hand and the basket in the other. "Come, Mamma, let us go," she cried eagerly.

"Dear, dear," said Madame solicitously, "but you look so white and sick! I 'm afraid you can't get to the ferry even with me to help you. I wish my boy Raste was here; he 's so strong he could carry you if you gave out."

"I think I can walk; I 'll try,"—and the poor woman staggered to her feet, only to fall back in a dead faint into Madame Jozain's arms.

For a moment, Madame debated what was best to be done; then she laid the unconscious

woman on the bed, unfastened her dress, and slowly and softly removed her clothing. Although Madame was lame, she was very strong, and in a few moments the sufferer was resting between the clean, cool sheets, while the child clung to her cold hands and sobbed piteously.

"Don't cry, my little dear, don't cry. Help me to bathe your Mamma's face; help me like a good child, and she'll be better soon. Now she 's comfortable and can rest."

With the thought that she could be of some assistance, Lady Jane struggled bravely to smother her sobs, took off her hat with womanly gravity, and prepared herself to assist as nurse.

"Here 's smelling-salts, and cologne-water," she said, opening her mother's bag. "Mamma likes this. Let me wet her handkerchief."

Madame Jozain, watching the child's movements, caught a glimpse of the silver fittings of the bag and of a bulging pocket-book within it, and, while the little girl was hanging over her mother, she quietly removed the valuables to the drawer of her *armoire*, which she locked. She hid the key in the bosom of her dress.

"I must keep these things away from Raste," she said to herself; "he 's so thoughtless and impulsive he might take them without considering the consequences."

For some time Madame bent over the stranger, using every remedy she knew to restore her to consciousness, while the child assisted her with a thoughtfulness and a self-control really surprising in one of her age.

At length, with a shiver and a convulsive groan, the mother partly opened her eyes, but there was no recognition in their dull gaze.

"Mamma dear, dear Mamma, are you better?" implored the child, as she hung over her and kissed her passionately.

"You see she 's opened her eyes, so she must be better; but she 's sleepy," said Madame gently. "Now, my little dear, all she needs is rest, and you must n't disturb her. You must be very quiet and let her sleep. Here 's some nice, fresh milk the milkman has just brought. Won't you eat some rice and milk, and then let me take off your clothes and afterward you can slip on the little night-dress that 's in your mother's bag; and then you can lie down beside her and sleep till morning, and in the morning you 'll both be well and nicely rested."

Lady Jane agreed to Madame's arrangements with perfect docility, but she would not leave her mother, who had fallen into a heavy stupor and appeared to be resting comfortably.

"If you 'll please to let me sit by the bed close to Mamma and eat the rice and milk I 'll take it, for I 'm very hungry."

"Certainly, my dear, you can sit there and hold her hand all the time. I 'll put your supper on this little table close by you."

And Madame bustled about, apparently overflowing with kindly attentions. She watched the child eat the rice and milk, smiling benevolently the while; then she bathed her and put on the fine little night-dress, braided the thick, silken hair, and was about to lift her up beside her mother, when Lady Jane exclaimed in a shocked voice:

"You must n't put me to bed yet; I have n't said my prayers." Her large eyes were full of solemn reproach as she slipped from Madame's arms down to the side of the bed. "Mamma can't hear them, because she 's asleep; but God can, for He never sleeps." Then she repeated the touching little formula that all pious mothers teach their children, adding fervently several times, "and please make dear Mamma well, so that we can leave here early to-morrow."

As the child rose from her knees, her eyes fell on the basket containing the blue heron, which stood, quite neglected, just where she had put it at the time her mother fainted.

"Oh, oh!" she cried, springing toward it. "Why, I forgot it! My Tony, my dear Tony!"

"What is it?" asked Madame, starting back in surprise at the rustling sound within the basket. "Why, it 's something alive!"

"Yes, it 's alive," said Lady Jane, with a faint smile. "It 's a bird, a blue heron. Such a nice boy on the cars gave it to me."

"Ah," ejaculated Madame, "a boy gave it to you,—some one you knew?"

"No, I never saw him before."

"Don't you know his name?"

"That 's funny," and the child laughed softly to herself. "No, I don't know his name. I never thought to ask; beside, he was a stranger, and it would n't have been polite, you know."

"No, it would n't have been polite," repeated Madame. "But what are you going to do with this long-legged thing?"

"It 's not a *thing*. It 's a blue heron, and they 're very rare," returned the child stoutly.

She had untied the cover and taken the bird out of the basket, and now stood in her night-dress and little bare feet, holding it in her arms and stroking the feathers softly, while she glanced every moment toward the bed.

"I 'm sure I don't know what to do with him to-night. I know he 's hungry and thirsty, and I 'm afraid to let him out for fear he 'll get away"; and she raised her anxious little face to Madame inquiringly, for she felt over-burdened with her great responsibilities.

"Oh, I know what we 'll do with him," said Madame, alertly,—she was prepared for every emergency. "I 've a fine large cage. It was my parrot's cage; he was too clever to live, so he died a while ago, and his empty cage is hanging in the kitchen. I 'll bring it."

"Thank you very much," said Lady Jane, with more politeness than warmth. "My Mamma will thank you too when she wakes."

After seeing Tony safely put in the cage, with a saucer of rice for his supper, and a cup of water to wash it down, Lady Jane climbed up on the high bed, and not daring to kiss her Mother good-night lest she might disturb her, she nestled close to her. Worn out with fatigue, she was soon sleeping soundly and peacefully.

For some time, Madame Jozain sat by the bed watching the sick stranger, and wondering who she was, and whether her sudden illness was likely to be long and serious. "If I could keep her here, and nurse her," she thought, "no doubt she would pay me well. I 'd rather nurse than do lace; and if she 's very ill, she 'd better not be moved. I 'd take good care of her and make her comfortable; and if she 's no friends about here to look after her, she 'd be better off with me than in the hospital. Yes, it would be cruel to send her to the hospital. Ladies don't like to go there. It looks to me as if she is going to have a fever. I doubt if she 'll come to her senses again. If she does n't, no one will ever know who she is, and I may as well have the benefit of nursing her as any one else. But I must be careful; I must n't let her lie here and die without a doctor. That would never do. If she 's not better to-morrow, I 'll send for Doctor Debrot. I know he 'll be glad to come, for he never has any practice to speak of, now he 's so old and stupid; but he 's a good doctor, and I 'd feel safer to have him."

After a while she got up and went out on the doorstep to wait for Raste. She was thinking. A sudden excitement thrilled her through and through. She was about to engage in a project that might compensate for all her misfortunes. The glimpse she had of money, of valuables, of possible gain awakened all her cupidity. The only thing she now cared for, was money. She hated work, she hated to be at the beck and call of those she considered beneath her. What a gratification it would be to her to refuse to do Madame Joubert's lace,—to fling it at her, and tell her to take it elsewhere! With a little ready money, she could be so independent and so comfortable. Raste had a knack of getting together money in one way or another. He was very lucky; if he had a little to begin with he could perhaps make a fortune. Then she started, and looked around as one might who suddenly found himself on the brink of an awful chasm. From within, she heard the sick stranger moan and toss restlessly; then, in a moment, all was quiet again. Presently, she began to debate in her mind how far she should admit Raste to her confidence. Should she let him know about the money and valuables she had hidden? While taking the child's night-dress from the bag, she had discovered the railroad-tickets, two baggage-checks, and a roll of notes and loose change in a little compartment of the bag. He would think that was all; and she would never tell him of the pocket-book.

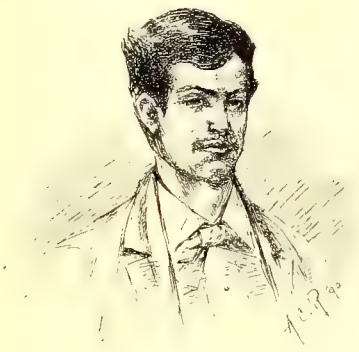
At that moment, she heard him coming down the street, singing a boisterous song. So she got up and hobbled toward him, for she feared he might wake the sleepers. He was a great overgrown, red-faced, black-eyed fellow, coarse and strong, with a loud, dashing kind of beauty; and he was very observing, and very clever. She often said he had all his father's cunning and shrewdness, and she therefore felt that she must disguise her plans carefully.

"Hallo, Mum," he said, as he saw her limping toward him, her manner eager, her face

rather pale and excited; "what 's up now?" It was unusual for her to meet him in that way.

"Hush, hush, Raste. Don't make a noise. Such a strange thing has happened since you went out," said Madame in a low voice. "Sit down here on the steps, and I 'll tell you."

Then briefly, and without much show of interest, she told him of the arrival of the strangers, and of the young woman's sudden illness.



"RASTE."

"And they 're in there now, asleep," he said, pointing with his thumb in the direction of the room. "That 's a fine thing for you to do — to saddle yourself with a sick woman and a child!"

"What could I do?" asked Madame Jozain indignantly. "You would n't have me turn a fainting woman into the street? It won't cost anything for her to sleep in my bed to-night."

"What is she like? Is she one of the poor sort? Did you look over her traps? Has she got any money?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, Raste, Raste; as if I searched her pockets! She is beautifully dressed, and so is the child. She 's got a fine watch and chain, and when I opened her bag, I saw that it was fitted up with silver."

"What luck!" exclaimed Raste brightly. "Then she 's a swell; and to-morrow, when she goes away, she 'll give you as much as a 'fiver.'"

"I don't believe she 'll be able to go to-morrow. I think she 's down for a long sickness. If she 's no better in the morning, I want you to cross and find Dr. Debrot."

"But what for?" asked Raste. "You can't keep the woman here, if she 's sick. You 'll have to send her to the hospital — you did n't find out her name, nor where she belongs? Suppose she dies on your hands. What then?"

"If I take care of her and she dies, I can't help it; and I may as well have her things as any one else."

"But has she got anything worth having? Enough to pay you for your trouble and expense?" he asked. Then he whistled softly, and added, "Oh, Mum, you 're a deep one, but I see through you."

"I don't know what you mean, boy," said Madame, indignantly. "Of course, if I nurse the woman, and give her my bed, I shall expect to be paid. I hate to send her to the hospital, and I don't know her name, nor the name of her friends. So what can I do?"

"Do just what you 've planned to do, Mum. Of course I pity the poor woman as much as you do!" Raste smiled knowingly.

Madame made no reply to this disinterested piece of advice, but sat silently thinking for some time. At last, she said in a persuasive tone:

"Did n't you bring some money from the levee? I 've had no supper, and I intend to sit up all night with that poor woman. Can't you go to Joubert's and buy me some bread and cheese?"

"Money, money — look here!" and the young scapegrace pulled out a handful of silver. "That 's what I 've brought."

An hour later Madame and Raste sat in the little kitchen chatting over their supper in the most friendly way; while the sick woman and the child still slept profoundly in the small front room.

(To be continued.)



By Oliver Herford.

I.

FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO MISS BLANCHE GOOSE.



The Fernwoods, Friday.

Dear Miss Goose:

Accept apologies profuse,
For the abrupt and hasty way,
In which I left you yesterday.
I quite forgot myself, it 's true,
And Mrs. Fox's message, too.
She said, "Be sure if you should see
Miss Goose, to bring her home to tea";
And when I came home minus you,
She made a terrible to-do!
I don't know how I came to be
So very rude, but then you see,
I *was* just offering my arm,



When stupid Rover from the farm,
Appeared so suddenly, and so —
Well, two is company, you know,
While three — ! Besides, 't was getting late,
So I decided not to wait.
Yet, after all, another day
Will do as well. What do you say?
Can you, to-morrow, — say, at three,
Dine with dear Mrs. Fox and me?
Pray do, and by the hollyhocks
Meet yours, sincerely, Rufus Fox.

II.

FROM MISS BLANCHE GOOSE TO MR. FOX.

The Farmyard, Friday afternoon.

Dear Mr. Fox, it seems so *soon*,
You almost take my breath away!
To-morrow? Three? — what *shall* I say?
Nothing could charm me more — but, no —
Alas! I fear I can not go.
Don't think that I *resent*, I pray,
Your hastiness of yesterday.
It is not that. But if I went,
Without my dear Mamma's consent,
And she should somehow chance to hear,
She would be *dreadfully* severe;
And so, oh, dear! it is no use!
Believe me,
Sadly yours, Blanche Goose.

P. S. — On second thoughts, dear Fox,
I 'll meet you by the hollyhocks,
For if Mamma but knew how *kind*

You are, I 'm sure she would not mind.
To-morrow, then — we 'll meet at *three;*
Don't fail to be there. Yours, B. G.

III.

FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO HIS COUSIN REYNARD.



FRIDAY.

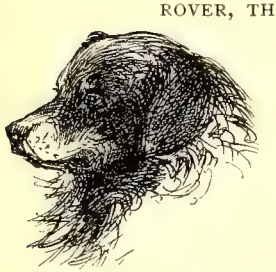
Dear Cousin, just a line
To ask if you will come to dine
(Informally, you know) with me
To-morrow afternoon at three.
Now don't refuse, whate'er you do,
I have a treat in store for you:
A charming goose (and geese, you know,
Do not on all the bushes grow!)
A dream of tenderness in white,
A case of "hunger at first sight."
I know, old boy, you 'll not be deaf
To *this* inducement.

Yours, R. F.

P. S.—Miss Goose agrees to be
Beside the hollyhocks at three!

IV.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF ROVER, THE DOG.



SATURDAY NIGHT.

Well, I must say,
I quite renewed my youth to-day!
How lucky that I chanced to go,
Just when I did, beside that row
Of hollyhocks beyond the gate!
Lucky for *her* at any rate;
For suddenly I heard Miss Goose
Struggling and crying, "Let me loose!"
And, from behind the hollyhocks,
Who should jump out but Mr. Fox!
(The very same one, by the way,
I *almost* caught the other day.)
Soon as I nabbed him, in his fright,
He dropped Miss Goose and took to flight.

Then after him like mad I flew,
But — what could poor old Rover do?
I am not what I used to be,
So I let go, and ran to see
At once how poor Miss Goose had fared,



And found her much less hurt than scared
From having come so near the noose: —
A sadder and a wiser goose.

V.

NOTE FROM MR. RUFUS FOX TO HIS COUSIN REYNARD.



DEAR COUSIN:

This is just to say

Why dinner was postponed to-day,—
The goose had failed us, that was all;
Excuse, I beg, this hurried scrawl.
Will write to-morrow to explain—
Just now my paw is in such pain
That when I try to write it shocks
My nerves.

Yours truly, RUFUS FOX.

P. S.—I 'd thank you if you sent
A bottle of that liniment
You spoke of several days ago—
The kind for "dog bites," don't you know.



"THE IDEA OF CALLING THIS 'SPRING'!"

A PRECIOUS TOOL-CHEST.

By Ernest Ingersoll.

The Widow Revere lived on the edge of the village in a little house of her own.

Had it not been for this sure roof over her head, perhaps she would have had even a harder struggle than she did, when her husband died and left to her, lame as she was, the care of three children. For Mrs. Revere had been a cripple for several years, and could move about the house only by wheeling herself in a rolling-chair. She could knit and sew, and before her oldest son, Basil, was able to earn much, the family certainly had been very poor. But now Mary, the daughter, had grown strong and skillful enough to keep house, and Basil was thought one of the brightest boys at the works, where he earned almost a man's wages. Little Johnny, therefore, had begun to go to school instead of looking forward to daily labor, as so many boys among the laboring people are obliged to do, before they are fairly ready for really hearty playing.

Another help to this family was the rent paid for a room in the house by a model-maker, named Carr, who had been an old friend of the late Mr. Revere, and who, just at the time of the little story I am going to tell, was confined to his bed, while recovering from injuries caused by a serious fall.

Carr was a good-natured, kindly man, to whom Basil owed much instruction in the use of carpenters' tools; but he was too generous to himself, as well as to others, ever to keep long any of the money he made. He knew this weakness, and used very gravely to warn the boys against it.

"Johnny," he would say, "look out that when your hair is gray you do not find all your riches shut in one tool-chest, as mine are."

Of even this small wealth, Carr did not seem to take great care; for, though he carried a wonderfully complex key to his chest (which generally stood under the bench in Basil's corner at the hardware factory), it seldom was closed. For once, however, this tool-chest served several people a very good turn, although, in accordance with his usual fortune, Carr himself received no great benefit from the incident.

One cold winter evening, when matters at the Widow Revere's were about in the state I have described, the cottage had become dark and quiet by nine o'clock. Every one had gone to bed early, because all were obliged to be up betimes in the morning.

Perhaps, at first, slumber would have been too heavy for even the sharp-eared mother to have noticed any of the noise; but four hours of sleep greatly rests the weariest frame. Napoleon used to say that six hours was enough sleep for any man; few of us, however, could follow Napoleon's rules in any respect — surely not in this.

Certainly, when a little after midnight the "startled air" of the frosty night echoed through the silent streets the hurried ringing of the deep-toned church-bell, mingled with the clang of the shrill court-house bell, and the angry voice of the alarm-signal in the hose-tower of the engine-house, even Johnny heard the peal at once, and knew what it meant. He screamed, "Fire! Fire!" at the top of his voice, and dashed toward the window of his bedroom.

"You need n't make such a racket — you 're not running with the machine!" scolded Basil, who, nevertheless, appeared at the window beside his brother, while Mary called from her room:

"I see it! I see the fire!"

Sure enough, there, nearly at the other end of the village, the sky was growing flame-color and throwing down a red flush upon the snowy roofs, while the leafless tops of distant trees were seen sharp against the brightness. It would have been a beautiful picture, if it had not suggested so much that was terrible.

"I am going!" said Johnny, pulling on his clothes in an excited way.

"Not a bit of it," rejoined Basil, with decision.

"That fire must be a mile away, and the weather is frightfully cold. Probably it would be put out by the time we reached there. And what good could we do?"

"Why we could — could — are n't *you* going?"

Johnny was so amazed at his brother's indifference to "a real fire," that he was unable to utter another word.

"Going? No, of course not. It would take all night, and I want to sleep."

"Basil, Basil," Mary called again, "I do believe it 's the factory."

"Eh! The *factory?* Je-whiminy! I hope not."

Both the boys ran to their sister's window, which gave them a better view; and as they saw the blaze mount higher and higher, and a great volume of smoke roll away to the westward, tinted with the flame-light and starred with sparks, all felt sure that Mary was right, for no other building in that part of town would furnish material for so big a fire.

This conviction made their hearts sick, for each understood how great a disaster that would be to them; as much, and perhaps more, of a disaster to them than to the owner of the works; for it would take away all their present means of living, whereas his home would still be left, and his insurance money was safe.

"Well, if that is so, I *must* go, of course," Basil said; then, seeing how blue the others seemed, he added gaily, "Or else I sha'n't be able to save my new paper cap, you know!" which little jest was enough to make them smile again. "But, Johnny, I can't let you go, — it is too long a run, and Mother and Mary would be alone. Good-bye," buttoning up his overcoat; "and, Mary, if you sit up, you might make a cup of coffee for me about daylight. Good-bye, Mother."

The hardware factory was the largest brick building in town. Its lower story, fronting on the street, was occupied by the counting-room of the works, by two stores, and, in one corner, by the office of a lawyer, who was also the insurance agent for the village.

By the time Basil reached the scene, the whole of one side of the great structure was in flames, and the fire was rapidly eating its way into the rest. The near wall fell just as he arrived, crushing the lawyer's office (where the flames first broke out) and one of the stores under a heap of blazing timbers. A moment later there was a rumor that the lawyer himself, who usually slept in the back room, had been killed by the falling wall and lay buried in the ruins.

At the other end, one floor above the street, was the little room where Basil worked at finishing locks, and the other small wares made in the factory. He had nothing of his own of much account there, but suddenly he remembered Carr's tool-chest.

"Some very valuable tools are in that chest," he thought to himself, "tools he uses in making his beautiful models of new castings. I 've heard him say he paid nine dollars for one queer little saw that came from Switzerland. I must try to save that chest. Poor old Carr has n't anything else in the wide world."

This thinking did not lessen his haste, and he had made his way to the further end of the building in a moment.

Here a narrow side-stairway opened near the corner, but smoke was pouring down it and could be seen curling in little wreaths from all the windows, wherever a crack gave it a chance to get out. But as yet no red firelight shone through the glass. A little time remained, but any one who proposed to enter the building must go at once.

"Here, Patsy Gore, come with me!" Basil shouted to a big Irish boy, whom he saw standing near him.

"Where ye goin'?"

"Up to my room."

"In *there?* Why, ye 're chrazy!"

"Patsy Gore, I 'm going to get Carr's chest of tools out of there, if it can be done, and you 're the one to help me. We can easily run upstairs, and if it 's too hot we can drop out of a window. Come on!"

"Not wan bit av it!"

"Patsy Gore — you 're coming as far as I go!"

And with that Basil seized the half-resisting lad by the back of the neck and trotted straight through the crowd and into the entrance leading to the smoky stairway.

"Give me your cap!" was his next order; and the obedient Patsy pulled it off, saying not a word when he saw Basil dip it and his own

handkerchief into a pool of water, that had dripped from the roof.

The crowd shouted to them to come back, and a fireman ran toward them; but Basil had made up his mind to try to rescue that precious chest for his friend Carr, and would n't hear. Instead, he yelled in the ear of his companion, "Now, come ahead, and if you turn back I 'll thrash you to-morrow until you 'll think a windmill has fallen on you!"

But Patsy, who was plucky when once his grit was up, was in for it now and did not need this terrible threat. He followed his leader straight up the dark passage.

At the top the smoke was so hot and dense that Basil dropped to the floor and pressed his wet handkerchief to his mouth, while Patsy did the same with his well-soaked cap; for one can, as it were, strain out the smoke, and obtain fairly pure air by breathing through a dampened cloth, where otherwise he could not live at all.

Near the door it was much better, and they scrambled along on their hands and knees; yet, though it was only a short distance from the head of the stairs to the door of the work-room, by the time they had crept there, each felt that he could not have gone much farther. At the other end of the hall, slender ribbons of flame could be seen breaking through the hot partitions.

"Now, Patsy," Basil muttered through his handkerchief, "shut the door the minute we get in, so as to keep out the smoke. Now for it."

With this warning, both boys rose to their feet in the suffocating fumes, opened the door, darted in, and slammed it shut.

This room they found nearly free from smoke, but it was hot and close. Patsy was about to open the window as the first move, when Basil seized his arm.

"Stop, man! You 'll make a draft that 'll pull all the fire here in no time. Help me drag out the chest."

It stood under the bench, and was heavy, but in their excitement the two lads had the strength of four, and without difficulty dragged it over to the window.

"Wull it go through?" asked Patsy doubtfully, dancing about in a blue haze, which, rapidly leaking in through numberless cracks, filled their eyes with smarting tears.

"Keep cool, will you!" growled Basil, seizing his shoulder with the grasp of a young giant. "We must measure, and —"

His words were silenced by an awful crash which shook the walls and drowned all other sounds. Patsy shrieked and dropped on his knees, believing that the whole building had fallen and that they would go to destruction with it the next instant.

Basil was almost as much frightened, but did not lose his head.

"Get up!" he cried, giving Patsy a sharp shake to enforce his words. "The window is wide enough. Open it."

Patsy shoved up the sash, and the appearance of his blackened face caused the crowd to make a great outcry.

"Now lift!"

Together, with a mighty effort, the lads raised the heavy box to the low window-sill. Patsy was going to slide it right out, but Basil stopped him. Then both leaned from the window so that they could breathe, for now the smoke had become a dense cloud inside, and the room over their heads was all afire.

"Come down! Come down! Jump for your lives!" yelled the people outside.

But, glancing up, Basil could see that the corner walls were firm — there was at least a minute to spare; even Patsy, under the gaze of the crowd, had recovered his presence of mind with the help of fresh air and the sight of an opening for escape, though it was far to the street, and the frozen ground was hard.

"Throw me a rope!" called Basil, as loud as he could, in order to be heard, and in half a minute a man brought one beneath the window. The man was in such nervous haste that the first time he threw, nobody could have reached it; but the second time he did better, and Patsy caught the bight.

The rope was quickly knotted through one of the handles at the end, and the box was lowered to the ground, where two men picked it up and bore it away.

"Now, Patsy, we 'll tie this end of the rope to one leg of the bench and slide down. You go first."

"Not wan bit av it,— it 's yourself 'll go first!"

"Patsy Gore, get out o' that window before I throw you out!" said Basil, decidedly.

Without more ado, Patsy slid down the rope.

Basil quickly followed. None too quickly, for as he touched the ground he saw a fiery beam of wood crash down through the frail ceiling of the room he had quitted, while a great geyser of flame and sparks and black smoke gushed out at the window through which he had just climbed.

"What fools you were to risk your lives for that old chest!" exclaimed half a dozen chiding voices at once.

"But it was all Carr owned in the world," Basil replied; "and maybe there 's more in it than you know."

Nothing remained to be done now but to go home. Basil soon hunted up a man with a wagon, who was willing to take the chest up to the cottage, and the lad started off with the load at once.

Neither of the two children left behind had felt like going to bed when Basil left them, so they finished dressing and built a fire; every minute or two running to the window to see how the flame-color rose and fell in the sky and shone in lurid, fitful flashes on the snow. Then they both sat curled up in a big chair, with the curtain drawn high up, and gazed at the sight, talking in a low tone, until the banners of red and yellow began to sink down, the stars to come out again from their hiding under the glare, and the rolling smoke to grow thin and broken. Before many minutes had passed, both fell asleep.

Thus Basil found them when, about four o'clock in the morning, he came back, wet, weary, and disheartened, for after all had he not lost his work? His stamping the snow-clogs from his boots at the door, roused the sleepers, and they exclaimed together, as they ran to meet him, "*Was it?*"

"Yes," was the sad reply; "it was the factory, with all the stores besides; and Squire Purdy, who had an office in the corner, you know, was killed, they 're afraid. But I saved poor old Carr's tool-chest for him — run and tell him it 's all right, Johnny."

The little fellow did so; while Basil and the cartman took the chest into the shed at the rear of the cottage.

"Have you made the coffee?" Basil asked, as he came in again.

"Oh, Basil, I forgot it! I 'm so sorry! But I was so excited. I 'll make it right away."

While this was doing, the weary lad went in and told the story to his mother, saying as little as possible about the courage and resolution he had shown, but trying to make her believe how great a loss it would have been to Carr, had the tools been burned. Then Mary called him, and he sat down, to get warm and dry, with coffee, and bread and butter, while he related the incidents of the fire a second time for the benefit of the youngsters, and of Carr, who could listen through the door of his room.

"Did you see Mr. Porter?" Mary asked at last. Mr. Porter was the owner of the factory.

"No. I heard that he was away in the country, but that somebody sent for him and he arrived just as I came away. Now I am tired out, and I am going to bed. No work to-morrow,— or, rather, to-day,— I guess!" and with these words he went upstairs.

He thought he had not closed his eyes more than a minute — though in reality three hours had passed — when he heard a rapping at his door, and Mary's voice.

"Basil, Basil, get up! Mr. Porter is here and wants to see you at once. It 's something very important."

The lad at first could hardly recall what had happened, but speedily gathered his sleepy wits, and, springing up, began to dress. But Mr. Porter could not wait. He ran upstairs and burst into the bedroom before the astonished youth was half-clothed, exclaiming:

"Did you save Carr's tool-chest?"

"Yes, it 's down below."

"Is it still locked?"

"I think it is — I have n't any key. Try it."

Mr. Porter clattered downstairs again, and, rushing out to the shed where the chest stood, pried open the cover, and, opening one of the small drawers, seized upon a large folded blue paper. He hurriedly unfolded it, and found a smaller white paper within.

"I 've got it! It 's all right! Hooray!" he shouted, and began to dance and caper like a

crazy man; while the children looked on with amazement, and Basil came down in his shirt-sleeves to see what the noise was.

When the factory-owner saw him, he seized his hand, and shook it as if it were a bough full of ripe nuts, making Basil grin, and caper too, though he had no idea why.

"Now look here," said Mr. Porter, suddenly becoming grave and spreading the blue paper out before them, showing it to be a printed "blank" filled in with writing and figures.

"That, you see, is my insurance policy. This little white paper the insurance agent gave me to show that I had paid my premium and would be entitled to $75,000 if my factory should be burned. My last premium had to be paid yesterday, and I paid it; but the only other written evidence of payment was a book in the lawyer's office, and that book has been burned. If this paper had n't been saved, you see, I could n't have shown anything to prove I had paid the premium and was entitled to the insurance."

"But," asked Basil, "could n't you have proved it in some other way?"

"Just possible, but unlikely, now that poor Purdy is dead,— you knew it? Awful thing. No, I had n't a witness. I think nobody saw me pay him the money, for I ran in while the men were at dinner and nobody was about. At any rate, it would have cost half it was worth, and a long time. So, you see, when you saved me that chest you saved me the money to build a new factory, and I 'm going to give you five hundred dollars for it."

"Why — I don't want anything,—I did n't— "

"Maybe you did n't, but you shall have it— you *shall* have it, I tell you, whether you want it or not. And I 'll give that Gore boy two hundred, too; though he does n't deserve it, for he would n't have done anything at all, if you had n't made him. I 've heard all about it — don't contradict me, I 've heard all about it! Good-bye. Good-bye, ma'am."

Mr. Porter left as abruptly as he had come, clutching his precious paper.

And well might he value it. It meant not only safety from ruin to him, but work again for a hundred workmen, who might otherwise have suffered greatly because of enforced idleness that hard winter. Basil was not forgotten, and when the new factory began running, half a year later, he was put in a better place than before, with the prospect of soon becoming a foreman.

One day, long after the fire, he asked Mr. Porter how the insurance policy and receipt came to be in the chest.

"Why," said Mr. Porter, "I had had them in my pocket, but forgot to give them to the cashier before the safe was closed. Then I was showing a friend over the factory, and, not wishing to carry them any longer, I happened to see Carr's chest; and so I put them into one of the little drawers and snapped the spring-lock. I meant to send to Carr for the key the next day. I thought them safe enough till morning. I never thought of fire — one never expects to burn up *to-night*. Then I went into the country. If it teaches you the lesson it has taught me, you will never be careless with a business document."

A STARFISH.

By Caroline Evans.

'T was twilight, and the placid lake reflected all around,
When little Ted upon a rock with fishing-rod was found.
"What are you doing, dear?" I asked, and this was his reply:
"I 'm fishing for that little star that 's fallen from the sky."

CROWDED OUT O' CROFIELD.

By William O. Stoddard.

Chapter VII.

The bay team traveled well, but it was late in the afternoon when Jack drove into the town. Having been in Mertonville before, Jack knew where to take Miss Glidden and Mrs. Potter.

Mertonville was a thriving place, calling itself a town, and ambitious of some day becoming a city.

Not long after entering the village, Miss Glidden touched Jack's arm.

"Stop, please!" exclaimed Miss Glidden. "There are our friends. The very people we 're going to see. Mrs. Edwards and the Judge, and all!"

The party on foot had also halted, and were waiting to greet the visitors. After welcomes had been exchanged, Mrs. Edwards, a tall, dignified lady, with gray hair, turned to Mary and offered her hand.

"I 'm delighted to see you, Miss Ogden," she exclaimed, "and your brother John. I 've heard so much about you both, from Elder Holloway and the Murdochs. They are expecting you."

"We 're going to the Murdochs'," said Mary, a little embarrassed by the warmth of the greeting.

"You will come to see me before you go home?" said Mrs. Edwards. "I don't wonder Miss Glidden is so fond of you and so proud of you. Make her come, Miss Glidden."

"I should be very happy," said Miss Glidden benevolently, "—but Mary has so many friends."

"Oh, she 'll come," said the Judge himself, very heartily. "If she does n't, I 'll come after her."

"Shall I drive to your house now, Judge Edwards?" Jack said at last.

The party separated, and Jack started the bay team again.

The house of Judge Edwards was only a short distance farther, and that of Mrs. Potter was just beyond.

"Mary Ogden," said Miss Glidden in parting, "you must surely accept Mrs. Edwards's invitation. She is the kindest of women."

"Yes, Miss Glidden," said Mary demurely.

Jack broke in: "Of course you will. You 'll have a real good time, too."

"And you 'll come and see me?" said Mrs. Potter, and Mary promised. Then Jack and the Judge's coachman lowered to the sidewalk Miss Glidden's enormous trunk.

As Mrs. Potter alighted, a few minutes later, she declared to Mary:

"I 'm confident, my dear, that you will experience enthusiastic hospitality."

"What shall I do?" asked Mary, as they drove away. "Miss Glidden did n't mean what she said. She is not fond of me."

"The Judge meant it," said Jack. "They liked you. None of them pressed *me* to come visiting, I noticed. I 'll leave you at Murdoch's and take the team to the stable, and then go to the office of the *Eagle* and see the editor."

But when they reached the Murdochs', good Mrs. Murdoch came to the door. She kissed Mary, and then said:

"I 'm so glad to see you! So glad you 've come! Poor Mr. Murdoch —"

"Jack 's going to the office to see him," said Mary.

"He need n't go there," said the editor's wife; "Mr. Murdoch is ill at home. The storm and the excitement and the exposure have broken him down. Come right in, dear. Come back, Jack, as soon as you have taken care of the horses."

"It 's a pity," said Jack as he drove away. "The *Eagle* will have a hard time of it without any editor."

He was still considering that matter when he reached the livery-stable, but he was abruptly aroused from his thoughts by the owner of the team, who cried excitedly:

"Hurrah! Here 's my team! I say, young man, how did you cross Link's bridge? A man

on horseback just came here and told us it was down. I was afraid I 'd lost my team for a week."

"Well, here they are," said Jack, smiling. "They 're both good swimmers, and as for the carriage, it floated like a boat."

"Oh, it did?" laughed the stable-keeper, as he examined his property. "Livermore sent you with them, I suppose. I was losing five dollars a day by not having those horses here. What 's your name? Do you live in Crofield?"

"Jack Ogden."

"Oh! you 're the blacksmith's son. Old Murdoch told me about you. My name 's Prodger. I know your father, and I 've known him twenty years. How did you get over the creek — tell me about it?"

Jack told him, and Mr. Prodger drew a long breath at the end of the story.

"You did n't know the risk you were running," he said; "but you did first-rate, and if I needed another driver I 'd be glad to hire you. What did Livermore say I was to pay you?"

"He did n't say," said Jack. "I was n't thinking about being paid."

"So much the better. I think the more of you, my boy. But it was plucky to drive that team over Link's bridge just before it went down. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll pay you what they 'll earn me to-night — it will be about three dollars — and we 'll call it square. How will that do?"

"It 's more than I 've earned," said Jack, gratefully.

"I 'm satisfied, if you are," said Mr. Prodger as Jack jumped down. "Come and see me again if you 're to be in town. You 're fond of horses and have a knack with them."

"Three dollars!" said Jack, after the money had been paid him, and he was on his way back to the Murdochs'. "Mother let me have the six dollars they gave me for the fish. And this makes nine dollars. Why, it will take me the rest of the way to the city — but I would n't have a cent when I got there."

When he reached the editor's house, Jack noticed that the house was on the same square with the block of wooden buildings containing the *Eagle* office, and that the editor could go to his work through his own garden, if he chose, instead of around by the street. He was again welcomed by Mrs. Murdoch, and then led at once into Mr. Murdoch's room, where the editor was in bed, groaning and complaining in a way that indicated much distress.

"I 'm very sorry you 're sick, Mr. Murdoch," said Jack.

"Thank you, Jack. It 's just my luck. It 's the very worst time for me to be on the sick-list. Nobody to get out the *Eagle*. Lost my 'devil' to-day, too!"

"Lost your 'devil'?" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes," said Mr. Murdoch in despair. "No 'devil'! No editor! Nobody but a wooden foreman and a pair of lead-headed type-stickers. The man that does the mailing has more than he can do, too. There won't be any *Eagle* this week, and perhaps none next week. Plenty of 'copy' nearly ready, too. It 's too bad!"

"You need n't feel so discouraged," said Jack, deeply touched by the distress of the groaning editor. "Molly and I know what to do. She can manage the copy, just as she did for the *Standard* once. So can I. We 'll go right to work."

"Oh, yes, I 'd forgotten," said Mr. Murdoch. "You 've worked awhile at printing. I 'm willing you should see what you can do. I 'd like to speak to Mary. I 'm sorry to say that you 'll have to sleep in the office, Jack, for we 've only one spare room in this nutshell of a house."

"I don't mind that," said Jack.

"I hope I 'll be out in a day or so," added the editor. "But, Jack, the press is run by a pony steam-engine, and that foreman could n't run it to save his life," he added hopelessly.

"Why, it 's nothing to do," exclaimed Jack. "I 've helped run an engine for a steam threshing-machine. Don't you be worried about the engine."

Mr. Murdoch was able to be up a little while in the evening, and Mary came in to see him. From what he said to her, it seemed as if there was really very little to do in editing the remainder of the next number of the *Eagle*.

"I 'm so glad you 're here," said Mrs. Murdoch, when Mary came out to supper. "I never read a newspaper myself, and I don't know the first thing about putting one together. It 's too bad that you should be bothered with it, though."

"Why, Mrs. Murdoch," exclaimed Mary, laughing, "I shall be delighted. I 'd rather do it than not."

The truth was that it was not easy for either Mary or her brother to be very sorry that Mr. Murdoch was not able to work. They did not feel anxious about him, for his wife had told them it was not a serious attack, and they enjoyed the prospect of editing the newspaper.

After supper, Jack and Mary went through the garden to the *Eagle* office. The pony-engine was in a sort of woodshed, the press was in the "kitchen," as Mary called it, and the front room of the little old dwelling-house was the business office. The editor's office and the type-setting room were upstairs.

Jack took a look at the engine.

"Any one could run that," he said. "I know just how to set it going. Come on, Molly. This is going to be great fun."

The editor's room was only large enough for a table and a chair and a few heaps of exchange newspapers. The table was littered and piled with scraps of writing and printing.

"See!" exclaimed Jack, picking up a sheet of paper. "The last thing Mr. Murdoch did was to finish an account of his visit to Crofield, and the flood. We 'll put that in first thing to-morrow. It 's easy to edit a newspaper. Where are the scissors?"

"We need n't bother to write new editorials," said Mary. "Here are all these papers full of them."

"Of course," said Jack. "But we must pick out good ones."

Their tastes differed somewhat, and Mary condemned a number of articles that seemed to Jack excellent. However, she selected a story and some poems and a bright letter from Europe, and Jack found an account of an exciting horse-race, a horrible railway accident, a base-ball match, a fight with Indians, an explosion of dynamite, and several long strips of jokes and conundrums.

"These are splendid editorials!" said Mary, looking up from her reading. "We can cut them down to fit the *Eagle*, and nobody will suspect that Mr. Murdoch has been away."

"Oh, they 'll do," said Jack. "They 're all lively. Mr. Murdoch is sure to be satisfied. I don't think he can write better editorials himself."

The young editors were much excited over their work, and soon became so absorbed in their duties that it was ten o'clock before they knew it.

"Now, Molly," said Jack, "we 'll go to the house and tell him it 's all right. We 'll set the *Eagle* a-going in the morning. I knew we could edit it!"

Mary had very little to say; her fingers ached from plying the scissors, her eyes burned from reading so much and so fast, and her head was in a whirl.

At the house they met Mrs. Murdoch.

"Oh, my dear children!" exclaimed she to Mary, "Mr. Murdoch is delirious. The doctor 's been here, and says he won't be able to think of work — not for days and days. Can you,— *can* you run the *Eagle?* You won't let it stop?"

"No, indeed!" said Mary. "There 's plenty of 'copy' ready, and Jack can run the engine."

"I 'm so glad," said Mrs. Murdoch. "I 'd never dare to clip anything. I might make serious mistakes. He 's so careful not to attack anything nor to offend anybody. All sorts of people take the *Eagle*, and Mr. Murdoch says he has to steer clear of almost everything."

"We won't write anything," said Jack; "we 'll just select the best there is and put it right in. Those city editors on the big papers know what to write."

The editor's wife was convinced; and, after Mary had gone to her room, Jack returned to a room prepared for him in the *Eagle* office.

"I sha'n't wear my Sunday clothes to-morrow," said Jack; "I 'll put on a hickory shirt and old trousers; then I 'll be ready to work."

The last thing he remembered saying to himself was:

"Well, I 'm nine miles nearer to New York."

Morning came, and Jack was busy before breakfast, but he went to the house early.

"I must be there when the 'hands' come," he said to Mrs. Murdoch. "Molly ought to be in the office, too — "

"I 've told Mr. Murdoch," she said, "but he has a severe headache. He can't bear to talk."

"He need n't talk if he does n't feel able," replied Jack. "The *Eagle* will come out all right!"

Mary could hardly wait to finish her cup of coffee, but she tried hard to appear calm. She was ready as soon as Jack, but she did not have quite so much confidence in her ability to do whatever might be necessary.

There was to be some press-work done that forenoon, and the pony-engine had steam up when the foreman and the two type-setters reached the office.



"'THERE WON'T BE ANY "EAGLE" THIS WEEK,' SAID MR MURDOCH."

"Good-morning, Mr. Black," said Jack, as he came into the engine-room. "It 's all right. I 'm Jack Ogden, a friend of Mr. Murdoch's. The new editor 's upstairs. There 's some copy ready. Mr. Murdoch will not be at the office for a week."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Black. "I reckoned that we 'd have to strike work. What we need most is a 'devil'—"

"I can be 'devil,'" said Jack. "I used to run the *Standard*."

"Boys," said the foreman, without the change of a muscle in his pasty-looking face, "Murdoch 's hired a proxy. I 'll go up for copy."

He stumped upstairs to what he called the "sanctum." The door stood open. Mr. Black's eyes blinked rapidly when he saw Mary at the editor's table; but he did not utter a word.

"Good-morning, Mr. Black," said Mary, holding out Mr. Murdoch's manuscript and a number of printed clippings. She rapidly told him what they were, and how each of them was to be printed. Mr. Black heard her to the end, and then he said:

"Good-morning, ma'am. Is your name Murdoch, ma'am?"

"No, sir. Miss Ogden," said Mary. "But nobody need be told that Mr. Murdoch is not here. I do not care to see anybody, unless it 's necessary."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Black. "We 'll go right along, ma'am. We 're glad the *Eagle* is to come out on time, ma'am."

He was very respectful, as if the idea of having a young girl as editor awed him; and he backed out of the office, with both hands full of copy, to stump downstairs and tell his two journeymen:

"It 's all right, boys. Bless me! I never saw the like before."

He explained the state of affairs, and each in turn soon managed to make an errand upstairs, and then to come down again almost as awed as Mr. Black had been.

"She 's a driver," said the foreman. "She was made for a boss. She has it in her eye."

Even Jack, when he was sent up after copy, was a little astonished.

"That 's the way father looks," he thought, "whenever he begins to lose his temper. The

men mind him then, too; but he has to be waked up first. I know how she feels. She 's bound the *Eagle* shall come out on time!"

Even Jack did not appreciate how responsibility was waking up Mary Ogden, or how much older she felt than when she left Crofield; but he had an idea that she was taller, and that her eyes had become darker.

Mr. Bones, the man of all work in the front office below, was of the opinion that she was very tall, and that her eyes were very black, and that he did not care to go upstairs again; for he had blundered into the sanctum, supposing that Mr. Murdoch was there, and remarking as he came:

"Sa-ay, that there underdone gawk that helps edit the *Inquirer*, he was jist in, lookin' for — yes, ma'am! Beg pardon, ma'am! I 'm only Bones —"

"What did the gentleman want, Mr. Bones?" asked Mary, with much dignity. "Mr. Murdoch is at home. He is ill. Is it anything I can attend to?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; nothing, ma'am. He 's a blower. We don't mind him, ma'am. I 'll go down right away, ma'am. I 'll see Mr. Black, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

He withdrew with many bows; and while downstairs he saw Jack, and he not only saw, but felt, that something very new and queer had happened to the Mertonville *Eagle*.

Both Mary and Jack were aware that there was a rival newspaper, but it had not occurred to them that they were at all interested in the *Inquirer*, or in its editors, beyond the fact that both papers were published on Thursdays, and that the *Eagle* was the larger.

The printers worked fast that day, as if something spurred them on, and Mr. Black was almost bright when he reported to Mary how much they had done during the day.

"The new boy 's the best 'devil' we ever had, ma'am," said he. "Please say to Mr. Murdoch we 'd better keep him."

"Thank you, Mr. Black," said she. "I hope Mr. Murdoch will soon be well."

He stumped away, and it seemed to her as if her dignity barely lasted until she and Jack found themselves in Mr. Murdoch's garden, on their way home. It broke completely down as they were going between the sweet-corn and the tomatoes, and there they both stopped and laughed heartily.

"But, Molly," Jack exclaimed, when he recovered his breath, "we 'll have to print the liveliest kind of an *Eagle*, or the *Inquirer* will get ahead of us. I 'm going out, after supper, all over town, to pick up news. If I can only find some boys I know here, they could tell me a lot of good items. The boys know more of what 's going on than anybody."

"I 'd like to go with you," said Mary. "Stir around and find out all you can."

"I know what to do," said Jack, with energy, and if he had really undertaken to do all he proceeded to tell her, it would have kept him out all night.

CHAPTER VIII.

SUPPER was ready when Jack and Mary went into the house, and Mrs. Murdoch was eager that they should eat it at once. She seemed very placidly to take it for granted that things were going properly in the *Eagle* office. Her husband had been ill before, and the paper had somehow lived along, and she was not the kind of woman to fret about it.

"He 's been worrying," she said to Mary, "principally about town news. He 's afraid the *Inquirer* 'll get ahead of you. It might be good to see him."

"I 'll see him," said Mary.

"Mary! Mary!" came faintly in reply to her kindly greeting. "Local items, Mary. Society Notes — the flood — logs — bridges — dams — fires. Brief Mention. Town Improvement Society — the Sociable — anything!"

"Jack will be out after news as soon as he eats his supper," said Mary. "He 'll find all there is to find. The printers did a splendid day's work."

"The doctor says not to tell me about anything," said the sick man, despondently. "You 'll fill the paper somehow. Do the best you can, till I get well."

She did not linger, for Mrs. Murdoch was already pulling her sleeve. The three were soon seated at the table, and hardly was a cup of tea poured before Mrs. Murdoch remarked:

"Mary," she said, "Miss Glidden called here to-day, with Mrs. Judge Edwards, in her car-

riage. They were sorry to find you out. So did Mrs. Mason, and so did Mrs. Lansing, and Mrs. Potter. They wanted you to go riding, and there 's a lawn-tennis party coming. I told them all that Mr. Murdoch was sick, and you were editing the *Eagle*, and Jack was, too. Miss Glidden 's very fond of you, you know. So is Mrs. Potter. Her husband wishes he knew what to send Jack for saving his wife from being drowned."

This was delivered steadily but not rapidly, and Mary needed only to say she would have been glad to see them all.

"I did n't save anybody," said Jack. "If the logs had hit the bridge while we were on it, nothing could have saved us."

Mary was particularly glad that none of her new friends were coming in to spend the evening, for she felt she had done enough for one day. Mrs. Murdoch, however, told her of a "Union Church Sociable," to be held at the house of Mrs. Edwards, the next Thursday evening, and said she had promised to bring Miss Ogden. Of course Mary said she would go, but Jack declined.

After supper, Jack was eager to set out upon his hunt after news-items.

"I must n't let a soul know what I 'm doing," he said to Mary. "We 'll see whether I can't find out as much as the *Inquirer's* man can."

He hurried away from the house, but soon ceased to walk fast and began to peer sharply about.

"There 's a new building going up," he said, as he turned a corner; "I 'll find out about it."

So he did, but it was only "by the way"; he really had a plan, and the next step took him to Mr. Prodger's livery-stable.

"Well, Ogden," said Prodger, when he came in. "That bay team has earned eight dollars and fifty cents to-day. I 'm glad you brought them over. How long are you going to be in town?"

"I can't tell," said Jack. "I 'm staying at Murdoch's."

"The editor's? He 's a good fellow, but the *Eagle* is slow. All dry fodder. No vinegar. No pickles. He needs waking up. Tell him about Link's bridge!"

That was a good beginning, and Jack soon knew just how high the water had risen in the creek at Mertonville; how high it had ever risen before; how many logs had been saved; how near Sam Hutchins and three other men came to being carried over the dam; and what people talked about doing to prevent another flood, and other matters of interest. Then he went among the stable-men, who had been driving all day, and they gave him a number of items. Jack relied mainly upon his memory, but he soon gathered such a budget of facts that he had to go to the public reading-room and work awhile with pencil and paper, for fear of forgetting his treasures.

Out he went again, and it was curious how he managed to slip in among knots of idlers, and set them to talking, and make them tell all they knew.

"I 'm getting the news," he said to himself; "only there is n't much worth the time." After a few moments he exclaimed, "This is the darkest, meanest part of all Mertonville!"

It was the oldest part of the village, near the canal and the railway station, and many of the houses were dilapidated. Jack was thinking that Mary might write something about improving such a neglected, squalid quarter, when he heard a shriek from the door of a house near by.

"Robbers! — thieves! — fire! — murder! — rob-bers! — vil-lains!"

It was the voice of a woman, and had a crack in it that made it sound as if two voices were trying to choke each other.

"Robbers!" shouted Jack springing forward, just as two very short men dashed through the gate and disappeared in the darkness.

If they were robbers, they were likely to get away, for they ran well.

Jack Ogden did not run very far. He heard other footsteps. There were people coming from the opposite direction, but he paid no attention to them, until just as he was passing the gate.

Then he felt a hand on his left shoulder, and another hand on his right shoulder, and suddenly he found himself lying flat on his back upon the sidewalk.

"Hold him, boys!"

"We 've got him!"

"Hold him down!"

"Tie him! We need n't gag him. Tie him tight! We 've got him!"

There were no less than four men, and two held his legs while the other two pinioned his arms, all the while threatening him with terrible things if he resisted.

It was in vain to struggle, and every time he tried to speak they silenced him. Besides, he was too much astonished to talk easily, and all the while an unceasing torrent of abuse was poured upon him, over the gate, by the voice that had given the alarm.

"We 've got him, Mrs. McNamara! He can't get away this time. The young villain!"

"They were goin' to brek into me house, indade," said Mrs. McNamara. "The murdherin' vagabones!"

"What 'll we do with him now, boys?" asked one of his captors. "I don't know where to take him — do you, Deacon Abrams?"

"What 's your name, you young thief?" sternly demanded another.

Jack had begun to think. One of his first thoughts was, that a gang of desperate robbers had seized him. The next idea was, that he never met four more stupid-looking men in Mertonville, nor anywhere else. He resolved that he would not tell his name, to have it printed in the *Inquirer*, and so made no answer.

"That 's the way of thim," said Mrs. McNamara. "He 's game, and he won't pache. The joodge 'll have to mak him spake. Ye 'd bether lock him up, and kape him till day."

"That 's it, Deacon Abrams."

"That 's just it," said the man spoken to. "We can lock him up in the back room of my house, while we go and find the constable."

Away they went, guarding their prisoner on the way as if they were afraid of him.

They soon came to the dwelling of Deacon Abrams.

It was hard for Jack Ogden, but he bore it like a young Mohawk Indian. It would have been harder if it had not been so late, and if more of the household had been there to see him. As it was, doors opened, candles flared, old voices and young voices asked questions, a baby cried, and then Jack heard a very sharp voice.

"Sakes alive, Deacon! You can't have that ruffian here! We shall all be murdered!"

"Only till I go and find the constable, Jerusha," said the deacon, pleadingly. "We 'll lock him in the back room, and Barney and Pettigrew 'll stand guard at the gate, with clubs, while Smith and I are gone."

There was another protest, and two more children began to cry, but Jack was led on into his prison-cell.

It was a comfortable room, containing a bed and a chair. There was real ingenuity in the way they secured Jack Ogden. They backed a chair against a bedpost and made him sit down, and then they tied the chair, and the wicked young robber in it, to the post.

"There!" said Deacon Abrams. "He can't get away now!" and in a moment more Jack heard the key turn in the lock, and he was left in the dark, alone and bound,— a prisoner under a charge of burglary.

"I never thought of this thing happening to me," he said to himself, gritting his teeth and squirming on his chair. "It 's pretty hard. Maybe I can get away, though. They thought they pulled the ropes tight, but then —"

The hempen fetters really hurt him a little, but it was partly because of the chair.

"Maybe I can kick it out from under me," he said to himself, "and loosen the ropes."

Out it came, after a tug, and then Jack could stand up.

"I might climb on the bed, now the ropes are loose," he said, "and lift the loops over the post. Then I could crawl out of 'em."

He was excited, and worked quickly. In a moment he was standing in the middle of the room, with only his hands tied behind him.

"I can cut that cord," he thought, "if I can find a nail in the wall."

He easily found several, and one of them had a rough edge on the head of it, and after a few minutes of hard sawing, the cord was severed.

"It 's easy to saw twine," said he. "Now for the next thing."

He went to the window and looked out into the darkness.

"I 'm over the roof of the kitchen," he said, "and that tree 's close to it."

Up went the window — slowly, carefully, noiselessly — and out crept Jack upon that roof. It was steep, but he stole along the ridge. Now he could reach the tree.

"It 's an apple-tree," he said. "I can reach that longest branch, and swing off, and go down it hand over hand."

At an ordinary time, few boys would have thought it could be done, and Jack had to gather all his courage to make the attempt; but he slid down and reached for that small, frail limb, from his perilous perch in the gutter of the roof.

"Now!" said Jack to himself.

Off he went with a quick grasp, and then another lower along the branch, before it had time to break, but his third grip was on a larger limb, below, and he believed he was safe.

"I must be quick!" he said. "Somebody is striking a light in that room!"

Hand over hand for a moment, and then he was astride of a limb. Soon he was going down the trunk; and then the window (which he had closed behind him) went up, and he heard Deacon Abrams exclaiming:

"He could n't have got out this way, could he? Stop thief! Stop thief!"

"Let 'em chase!" muttered Jack, as his feet reached the ground. "This is the liveliest kind of news-item!"

Jack vaulted over the nearest fence, ran across a garden, climbed over another fence, ran through a lot, and came out into a street on the other side of the square.

"I 've got a good start, now," he thought, "but I 'll keep right on. They don't expect me at Murdoch's to-night. If I can only get to the *Eagle* office! Nobody 'll hunt for me there!"

He heard the sound of feet, at that moment, around the next corner. Open went the nearest gate, and in went Jack, and before long he was scaling more fences.

"It 's just like playing 'Hare-and-Hounds,'" remarked Jack, as he once more came out into a street. "Now for the *Eagle*, and it won't do to run. I 'm safe."

He heard some running and shouting after that, however, and he did not really feel secure until he was on his bed, with the doors below locked and barred.

"Now they can hunt all night!" he said to himself, laughing. "I 've made plenty of news for Mary."

So she thought next morning; and the last "news-item" brought out the color in her cheeks and the brightness in her eyes.

"I 'll write it out," she said, "just as if you were the real robber, and we 'll print it!"

"Of course," said Jack; "but I 'd better keep shady for a day or so.—— I wish I was on my way to New York!"

"Seems to me as if you were," said Mary. "They won't come here after you. The paper 's nearly full, now, and it 'll be out to-morrow!"

Mr. Murdoch would have been gratified to see how Mary and Jack worked that day. Even Mr. Black and the type-setters worked with energy, and so did Mr. Bones, and there was no longer any doubt that the *Eagle* would be printed on time. Mr. Murdoch felt better the moment he was told by Mary, at tea-time, that she had found editing no trouble at all. He was glad, he said, that all had been so quiet, and that nobody had called at the editor's office, and that people did not know he was sick. As to that, however, Mr. Bones had not told Mary how much he and Mr. Black had done to protect her from intrusion. They had been like a pair of watch-dogs, and it was hardly possible for any outsider to pass them. As for Jack, he was not seen outside of the *Eagle* all that day.

"If any of Deacon Abram's posse should come in," he remarked to Mary, "they would n't know me with all the ink that 's on my face."

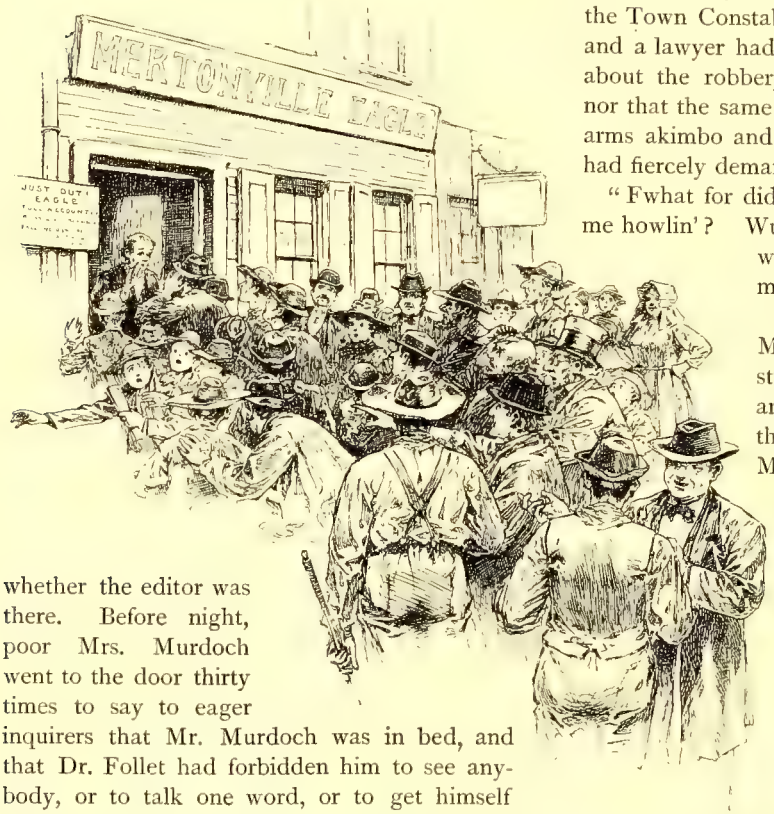
"Mother would have to look twice," laughed Mary. "Don't I wish I knew what people will think of the paper!"

She did not find out at once, even on Thursday. Jack had the engine going on time, and as fast as papers were printed, the distribution of them followed. It was a very creditable *Eagle*, but Mary blushed when she read in print the account Mr. Murdoch had written of the doings in Crofield.

"They 'll think Jack 's a hero," she said, "and what will they think of me?—and what will Miss Glidden say? But then he has complimented her."

Jack, too, was much pleased to read the vivid accounts she had written of the capture and escape of the daring young burglar who had broken into the house of Mrs. McNamara, and of the falling of Link's bridge. Neither of them, however, had an idea of how some articles in

the paper would affect other people. Before noon, there was such a rush for *Eagles*, at the front office, that Mr. Black got out another ream of paper to print a second edition, and Mr. Bones had almost to fight to keep the excited crowd from going upstairs to see for themselves



whether the editor was there. Before night, poor Mrs. Murdoch went to the door thirty times to say to eager inquirers that Mr. Murdoch was in bed, and that Dr. Follet had forbidden him to see anybody, or to talk one word, or to get himself excited.

"What 's the matter with the people?" she said wearily. "Can it be possible that anything 's the matter with the *Eagle?* Mary Ogden said she 'd taken the very best editorials from the city papers."

The *Inquirer* was nowhere that Thursday, and the excitement over the *Eagle* increased all the afternoon.

"It 's all right, Mrs. Murdoch," said Jack, at supper. "Bones says he has sold more than two hundred extra copies."

"I 'm glad of that," she said, "and I 'll tell Mr. Murdoch; but he must n't read it."

When she did so, he smiled faintly and with an effort feebly responded:

"Thank Mary for me. I suppose they wanted to read about the flood."

Mr. Bones had not seen fit to report to Mary that a baker's dozen of old subscribers had ordered their paper stopped; nor that one angry man with a big club in his hand had inquired for the editor; nor that Deacon Abrams, and the Town Constable, and three other men, and a lawyer had called to see the editor about the robbery at Mrs. McNamara's; nor that the same worthy woman, with her arms akimbo and her bonnet falling back, had fiercely demanded of him:

"Fwhat for did yez print all that about me howlin'? Wud n't ony woman spake, was she bein' robbed and murdhered?"

Bones had pacified Mrs. McNamara only by sitting still and hearing her out, and he would not for anything have mentioned it to Miss Ogden. She therefore had only good news to tell at the house, and Mrs. Murdoch's replies related chiefly to the Union Church Sociable at Judge Edwards's.

"Mr. Murdoch is quiet," she said, "and he may sleep all the time we 're gone."

"I 'll be on hand to look out for him," said Jack, "I 'm not going anywhere."

That reassured them as to leaving home, and Mrs. Murdoch and Mary departed without anxiety; but they had hardly entered the Edwards's house before they found that many other people were very much less placid.

The first person to come forward, after Mrs. Edwards had welcomed them, was Miss Glidden.

"Oh, Mary Ogden!" she exclaimed, very sweetly and benevolently. "My dear! Why did you say so much about me in the *Eagle?*"

"That was Mr. Murdoch's work," said Mary. "I had nothing to do with it."

"And that robbery and escape was really shocking."

"Exactly!" They heard a sharp, decided voice near them, and it came from a thin little man in a white cravat. "You are right, Elder Holloway! When a leading journal like the *Eagle* finds it needful to denounce so sternly the state of the public streets in Mertonville, it is time for the people to act. We ministers must hold a council right away."

Mary remembered a political editorial she had taken from a New York paper and had cut down to fit the *Eagle*; but its effect was something unexpected.

A deeper voice on her left spoke next:

"There was serious talk among the hotelmen and inn-keepers of mobbing the *Eagle* office to day!"

"That," thought Mary, "must be the high-license editorial from that Philadelphia weekly."

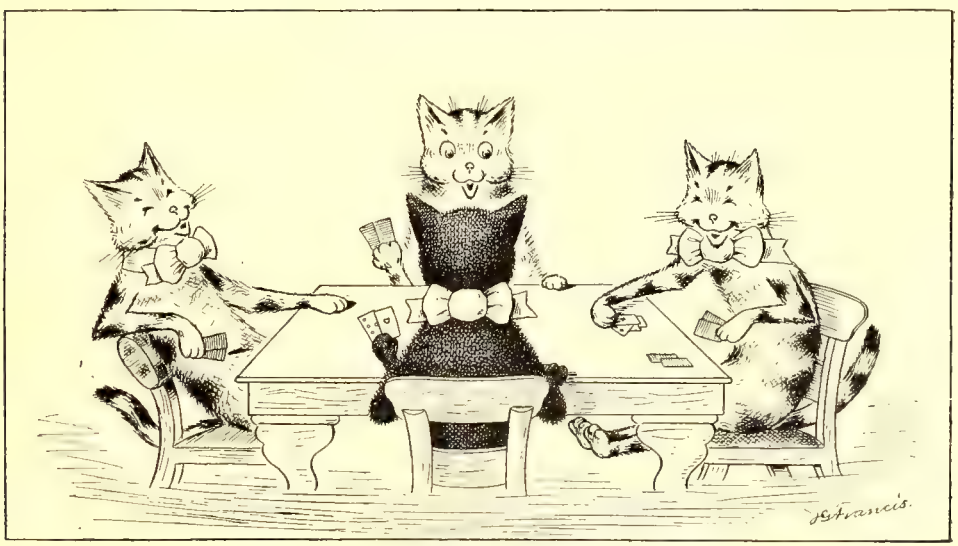
"We must *act*, Judge Edwards!" exclaimed another voice. "Nobody knows Murdoch's politics, but his denunciation of the prevailing corruption is terrible. There 's a storm rising. The Republican Committee has called a special meeting to consider the matter, and we Democrats must do the same. The *Eagle* is right about it, too; — but it was a daring step for him to take."

"That 's the editorial from the Chicago daily," thought Mary; "the last part was from that Boston paper! Oh, dear me! What have I done?"

She had to ask herself that question a dozen times that evening, and she wished Jack had been there to hear what was said.

The sociable went gaily on, nevertheless, and all the while Jack sat in Mrs. Murdoch's dining-room, his face fairly glowing red with the interest he took in something spread out upon the table before him. It was a large map of New York City that he had found in the *Eagle* office and brought to the house.

(To be continued.)



EUCHRED!

THE OVENBIRD.

By Ernest E. Thompson.



One of the most familiar of the truly forest-songs of our country is the peculiar crescendo chant of the ovenbird, or golden-crowned thrush. It sounds like a repetition of the word "teacher," eight or ten times in succession, begun in a whisper, but with added emphasis at each repetition, till the final bar is rung out with extraordinary force and volume. This is the characteristic song of the bird — uttered with untiring zeal throughout the mating season, and it is to be heard daily in every woodland of eastern North America.

Until lately this was supposed to be its only song; but, about fourteen years ago, two naturalists announced independently the fact that the "teacher" song is nothing more than a mere call-note, and that at certain seasons the bird rises into the air far above the tops of the forest trees and there, as he floats on quivering wing, pours forth a loud, sweet, lark-like song — a song full of variety and tenderness, and so prolonged and powerful that one wonders if indeed so small a throat can really be the source of that volume of sweet sound.

This song appears to be reserved for unusual occasions. It is sung only at particular seasons, as already mentioned, and though I have heard it at all hours of the day and night, at high noon and at the blackest hour of a storm-threatening, midnight sky, the favorite time of

utterance is as the sun is reddening and sinking below the horizon,— when all the forest is in the gathering shade; but when by rising above the trees the inspired singer can float for a while in the last ruddy light of the sun, and, after a few moments, sink again to the gloom that has already enveloped the lower world.

The first time that I remember hearing the song, was under just such circumstances. I had often heard the "teacher" note of a pair of ovenbirds in a wood where I daily walked. Of course I knew they had a nest somewhere near, but I failed to find it until early in June, when the young should have been hatched. I was walking along the path in this wood, one afternoon, when suddenly at my feet appeared an ovenbird, trailing her bright plumes in the dust and crawling about me in silent agony. I stood perfectly still, not a little surprised; for usually this bird is noisy when its nest is approached. In another instant I perceived the other parent-bird, behaving in much the same way. But, though his voice was hushed and his feathers bristling with terror, he was yet making repeated thrusts with his beak at something. A second glance, and I made out a long, sinuous form that was lying zigzag over the leaves — the glistening form of a serpent; but its head was hidden under a dome-shaped mass of twigs that, until now, had escaped my notice; and then the crowning touch of horror was added, for this was the nest, and the snake was about to devour the young! I never saw a more pitiful sight than these poor parent-birds in their complete abandon of grief. Their strength seemed entirely spent. They continued silent as before, but again and again assailed the reptile. It could easily have caught them, as they were reduced to helplessness by their terror, but it was intent on its younger prey, and paid no heed to the feeble attack of the parent-birds. I reached down and touched the loathsome creature, but it did not move, so I took it by the tail and dragged it out. The change in its demeanor was wonderful, when it found that it now had a foeman who could harm it. It dropped a young ovenbird, and wriggled and squirmed to free itself. It struck at me savagely, but I held it so it could not reach me, and presently changed my hold to its neck, and so bore it away. The ovenbirds seemed hardly to realize their escape, being too deeply stricken to recover at once. But, before long, they were caring for their chilled and terrified brood.

Next evening I returned to the place, and as I drew near I heard above the trees, in the quiet purple of the twilight, the wild, ecstatic air-song of the ovenbird — the weird, mysterious bird-voice the origin of which was so long a puzzle to naturalists. When this vesper-hymn was over and the musician sailed downward, I knew that I had heard the thanksgiving of the grateful bird whose home my timely coming had saved from the ravages of the serpent.

A POEM POSTPONED.

By Helen C. Walden.

I want to tell you about my kitten —
  The prettiest kitten that ever purred;
But I 've looked my speller through and through,
And I can't discover a single word
That rhymes with kitten,
    Excepting mitten,—
And that is old, and too absurd.
  So the only thing for me to do
Is just to send you what I 've written,
And wait till she grows to be a cat,—
There are ever so many to rhyme with that!

MARJORIE & HER PAPA



CHAPTER I.

HOW THE STORY WAS WRITTEN.



MARJORIE is three years and six months old, and I am her papa—

"But you will have to say how old you are, too, Jack."

"Now wait a moment, Marjorie, or we shall have this all mixed up. You must let me do the talking."

"Well, all right, go on. Only I want to talk just sometimes, don't I? You are sixty-twenty years old, ain't you?"

"No, I am thirty years old."

Well, as I said, I am Marjorie's papa. Marjorie always calls me "Jack," and if the old lady across the way *does* think it very strange that a little girl should call her papa by his first name, we do not. Because, you see, Marjorie has always heard her mamma call me "Jack," and that was the first word she said when she was a tiny baby. When she said it, her mamma picked her up and kissed her again and again because it sounded "so cunning!"

Well, one day, not very long ago, Marjorie and I were looking at one of her books which was all about a little girl's tea-party.

"Why," says Marjorie, "I have a tea-party 'most every day."

"Yes," I said, "I know that you do."

"Well," said Marjorie, her eyes filling with tears, "nobody never made a book about *my* tea-party!"

"I would not cry about it if they have not," said I.

"I ain't," said Marjorie, winking very hard.

"You must not say, 'I ain't,' Marjorie," said her mamma, "you must say, 'I am not.'"

"I am not," said Marjorie. Then after a while, she said, "How do they make books, Jack?"

"People write them," I replied.

"Do they?" said she. "With a pencil?"

"Well, yes," I said, "with a pencil, or pen and ink."

"Oh-h-h! I tell you!" cried Marjorie, clasping her hands and opening her eyes very wide.

"Well," I said, "what is it?"

"We have a pen and ink," said Marjorie, in a whisper. "Let 's, me and you, write a tea-party book, Jack."



"Very well," I said, "we will do it, and send it to St. Nicholas."

"And — and — there will be some pictures in it," said Marjorie, leaning back and looking at me.

"Of course," said I.

"Hey!" shouted Marjorie, jumping down from my lap and dashing away, "I 'll go and get my pencil right now!"

And that is how Marjorie and I came to write this story.



Chapter II.

THE TEA-PARTY.

"Jack," said Marjorie, "I am going to have a tea-party. Will you come?"

"I shall be delighted," I said. "Is this the one that is to be put in the book?"

"Oh!" said Marjorie. "Oh, I never thought of that! Why, of course. Mamma, we are going to have a tea-party — may I? And oh, Mamma, we are going to put it in the book!"

"That will be nice," said Marjorie's mamma.

"Have you got anything for a tea-party?" asked Marjorie, anxiously.

"Well, I am afraid that I have not, Marjorie, but I will see," said Mamma, going into the next room. For you must know that just then we were living in a hotel and had no pantry nor kitchen to go to.

"Here is only one piece of candy and an apple," said Mamma.

"Is that all?" said Marjorie. "But you have got some sugar, ain't you? — I mean, are n't you?"

"'Have n't you,'" said Mamma.

"I meant, 'have n't you,'" said Marjorie.

"Yes," said Mamma, "I have some sugar, so we can have tea, at any rate."

"Well, I 'll tell you what we will do," said Marjorie. "I will take some of my blocks and play that they was cakes and things."

"Why, certainly," said Mamma; "that is what we will do. And now get your little table."

"All right," said Marjorie, dragging the table out from the corner. "And now the table-cloth."

"There is a clean towel on the rack in the other room," said Mamma.

"There!" said Marjorie, spreading the towel on the table. "Oh, my!" she cried. "The table is too — too fat for this table-cloth."

"I think there is a larger one in there," said Mamma. "Now, Jack, what are you laughing at?"

"This one will do," said Marjorie. "Now will you get me my tea-set? Thank you, Mamma. Now we must wash them first. There 's the cups. Jack, you must help, too. There 's the saucers and the plates; and the milk-pitcher; and the teapot. Let me fill them. There, now it is all ready. Ding-a-ling-a-ling! Oh, wait. I did n't ask Frankie."

Frankie is Marjorie's dearest friend. She is a little girl, though her name is like a boy's name. And not so very little, either, for she is fourteen years old. Her mamma has rooms just across the hall from us, and so it was not long before Marjorie came back holding Frankie's hand.



"Now," she said, "the tea-party is all ready."

So we all sat down to the tea-party.

"Now pour out the tea," said Mamma.

"It does not look very strong," said I.

"Well," cried Marjorie, eagerly, "you know it is only water, Jack, but then you must play that it is real tea."

"Why, of course," said Mamma. "Jack is very stupid."

"Well, but, Mamma," said Marjorie, "he did n't know. Will you un-peel the apple, Jack?"

"Certainly," I said.

"We will play that it is pudding," said Marjorie.

"I think it is delicious," said Frankie. "And this chicken-salad is very nice."

"Is it not?" said Mamma. "And this ice-cream, too. Marjorie, you must hand around the ice-cream."

"Why, it is very rich," said I, as Marjorie gave us each an alphabet block. "You have a very good cook, Miss Lang-a-lang."

"My name is Miss Johnson," said Marjorie.

"Oh, excuse me!" I said. "Look out, Miss Johnson, or you will upset the milk-pitcher."

For Marjorie was reaching across the table for the plate with the one piece of candy on it.

"Oh, my!" said Marjorie. And then, looking at the candy and then at her mother, she said, "Mamma, will you have some candy? There is not very much here, I guess."

"No, thank you, dear," said Mamma, "I don't care to have any."

"Frankie," said Marjorie, "do you want some?"

"Oh, no," said Frankie, "I have eaten so much already. I could not possibly eat any more."

"Jack," said Marjorie, "will you have some?"

"Thank you," I said, "I believe I will. I am very fond of candy."

So I took the only piece that there was.

Then Marjorie put the empty plate down very bravely and looked at her mamma with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, Jack," said that lady, "how can you?"

"Why, I don't want it *all*, sweetheart," I said.

"You can have it all, if you want to," said Marjorie, with her little back very straight.

"Come now," I said, "you are such a polite little lady, I will have to make you a present."

And with that I took out of my pocket a big box of candy.

"Oh, Mamma, just look what Jack 's got!" cried Marjorie, clapping her hands and laughing through her tears.

"Well, well!" said Mamma.

"My gracious!" said Frankie, "he is a regular fairy."

"No, Frankie," said Marjorie, shaking her head, "fairies don't wear coats and trousers."

"Soldier fairies do," said Frankie.

"Do they, Jack?" said Marjorie.

"Yes, soldier fairies do," I said.

"Now we all can have some candy," said Mamma.

"Yes," said Marjorie, opening the box, "now we all can have some candy."

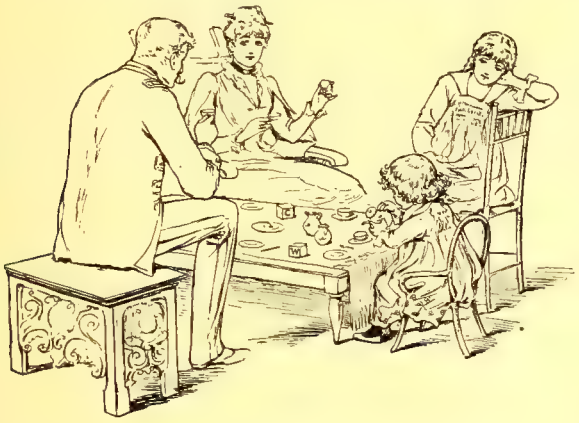
And so we all had candy.

"Now, Miss Johnson," said I, "will you please excuse me? I have some writing to do."

"I think I must go, too," said Frankie. "It has been a lovely tea-party. I hope you will have another one soon."

"I have enjoyed it ever so much," said Mamma.

A little while afterward Marjorie, having finished what sugar there was left in the sugar-



bowl, brought her chair to my side, and sitting down began to think.

"What is it, little woman?" said I.

"Jack," she said, "do you think that was a nice enough tea-party to go in the book?"

"Of course it was," I said.

"Well, but you know," said Marjorie, "they had really truly cake and—and things, in that other one, and ours was only blocks."

"Yes," I said, "I know. But any one could have a tea-party with real cakes. Ours was much nicer because we made-believe."

"Yes," said Marjorie. "And then we did have a whole box of candy."

"Yes," I replied, "we did indeed."

"All right," said Marjorie, "then we will put it in the book. Will there be a picture for it?"

"Yes," I said, "there will."

And here is the picture on this very page.

Chapter III.

MARJORIE DRAWS A PICTURE.

"All my books has got po'try in them, Jack," said Marjorie, a day or two after the tea-party. "Has the book we are making got any po'try in it?"

"Poultry?" I said. "What, chickens?"

"No-o-o!" said Marjorie, laughing. "Po'try, don't you know? Like 'I want to be an angel.'"

"Oh," I said, "poetry."

"Yes," said Marjorie, "po'try. Will you make some for my book?"

"Well," I said, "I will try. Bring me a pencil and a piece of paper. There; now let me think."

"Have you thinked yet?" asked Marjorie, after looking at me anxiously for a little while.

"No," I said, "it takes a long time to make poetry. You go and play, and I will call you when it is ready."

"I 'll make a picture for the book," said Marjorie. "Shall I?"

"Yes," I said, "you make a picture."

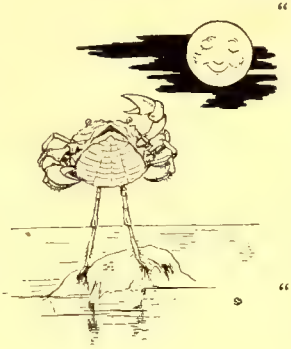
"All right," said Marjorie.

Marjorie made her picture before I made my poetry.

"Is it lovely?" she said as she showed it to me.

"Yes," I said, "very. Now the poetry is all ready. It is about:

"THE LITTLE GIRL WHO
PLAYED SHE WAS
A FISH.

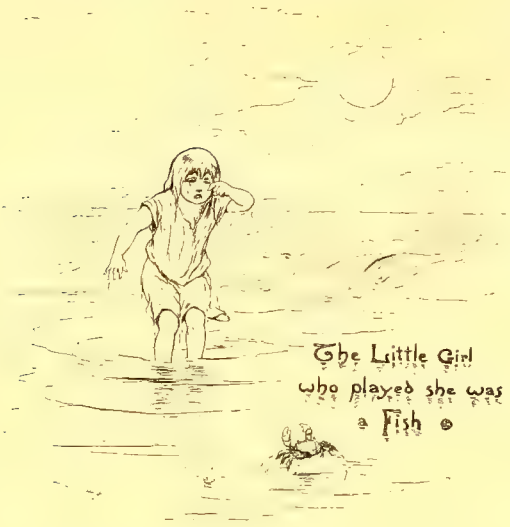


"One night a small girl
came down to the
rocks
By the side of the great,
big sea;
And she pulled off her
shoes, and she pulled
off her socks,
And waded in up to her
knee.

"An old crab wondered
with all his might
What the little girl's
game could be,
And why she was out so late at night;
So he climbed up the rocks to see.

"Said the girl, 'I 'm a fish in the big, salt sea,
I 'm a fish and I live in the water!'
'That 's odd,' thought the crab, 'as odd as can be!
I am sure it is Mrs. Brown's daughter!'

"Then the girl jumped around and tried to behave
Just as the fishes do,
When suddenly up came a great big wave
And soaked her through and through.



"The old crab laughed and laughed, till he cried,
As the girl ran dripping away;
He laughed till he got a stitch in the side,
And it served him right, I say."

Marjorie sat thinking for a little while, and then she said, "But the little girl was not really a fish, was she, Jack?"

"Oh, no," I said, "she only played she was a fish."

"I think she was a very silly little girl to play she was a fish and get all wet." Then, after thinking about it a little longer, Marjorie said, "Jack, won't you take me out to the beach to-morrow?"

"I will see about it," I said.

"But, Jack, I think you might," said Marjorie. "I want to go such lots."

"I won't promise," I said, "because, maybe, I can't keep my promise."

"Do genelum always keep their promise?" said Marjorie.

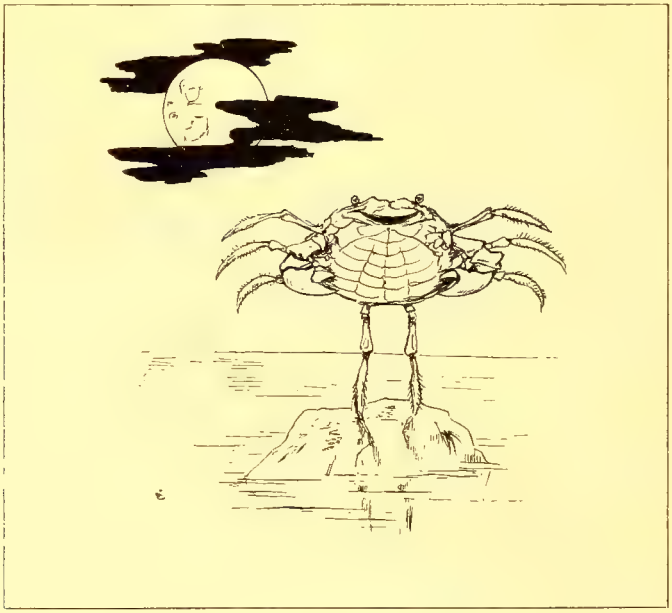
"Yes," I said, "and ladies too."

"And little girls?" said Marjorie.

"Yes," I replied, "if they are good little girls. I once knew a little girl who promised her mamma that she would not go in the street. And she went in the street. I did not think she was a good little girl, at all."

"Yes, I know," said Marjorie; "but next time I won't."

(To be continued.)



THE KING OF THE ELEPHANTS.

By Charles Frederick Holder.



WITH the earlier and ruder human tribes it was often the custom that the person who was the strongest physically should be considered the king. If this rule was applied to elephants, surely the subject of our sketch, with its four straight, ivory tusks, would be declared, without question, the Elephant King, though all the elephants that have roamed the earth since the creation should be restored to life and gathered into one great herd. What a wonderful spectacle that would be! Some idea of its magnitude can be gained by collecting all the elephant pictures that have been printed in St. Nicholas and placing them side by side. Even on paper they make a stupendous array, and as I look from one to another, it is difficult to decide which is the most remarkable, ponderous, and awe-inspiring. There is the great mammoth,* now extinct, with its shaggy coat that protected it from the rigorous extremes of the far North. Its huge tusks seem like creations of the imagination, while its enormous bulk, apparently equal to that of several ordinary elephants, would seem to preclude any active movements, and to have made it the sure victim of any morass into which it might have strayed.

Following the mammoth, we have the strange dinotherium,† another animal only known by its fossil remains, the tusks of which grew from the lower jaw, and, as if with the intention of being entirely different from all others, turned downward instead of upward.

Then come existing elephants. Dwarfs, giants, trick elephants, clowns; some ringing bells, others fanning themselves; curious baby elephants; some from Africa, with huge mat-like ears; others from Asia, the land of the White Elephant; some with long polished tusks, ringed with brass, or blunted and knobbed with huge balls — in all, a bewildering assortment.

Perhaps this latest addition is more remarkable than any of its predecessors in the St. Nicholas record, and certainly it is more interesting to our readers in the West, as our huge four-tusked friend is from the State of Ohio and other localities in the western country — where it lived and roamed ages ago, when the human inhabitants lived in caves and possessed only the rudest stone implements with which to attack the great game of the period. But how do we know, it may be asked, that man lived with the great elephants in America? We have no legend to that effect. No tradition has been handed down from father to son, but yet there is strong evidence to convince us that the early Americans were mastodon hunters.

A number of years ago a party of laborers

* St. Nicholas, Vol. X, page 89.

† St. Nicholas, Vol. XII, page 224.

were engaged in excavating the soil on the banks of the river La Pomme de Terre, a branch of the Osage River, in Burton County, Missouri, when one of them thrust his pick into what was at first supposed to be a buried tree trunk. By the aid of crowbars, the supposed tree trunk was lifted from its bed, and as the soil fell from it the workers saw with astonishment that it was a monster bone. The overseer was called, and, under his direction, the work went carefully on, bone after bone being dug out, until finally the entire skeleton of a gigantic mastodon was laid safely on the grass. Among the observers who watched this curious excavation, was a sharp-eyed man of science, and, as they were lifting out the great ribs, he shouted to the men to stop, and, leaping into the excavation, he took from the brown, sandy soil, a little stone, worthless in itself, but of the greatest value to the student. It was a flint arrow-head, like thousands of others that have been found, to throw a little light upon the story of early man. The flint was taken from beneath the skeleton, and showed that probably at one time it had served as a spear or arrow-head, and been hurled at the great elephant. Professor Barber, the ethnologist, has in his collection several ancient pipes with forms of elephants cut upon them, showing that the early sculptors were familiar with the appearance of the animal.

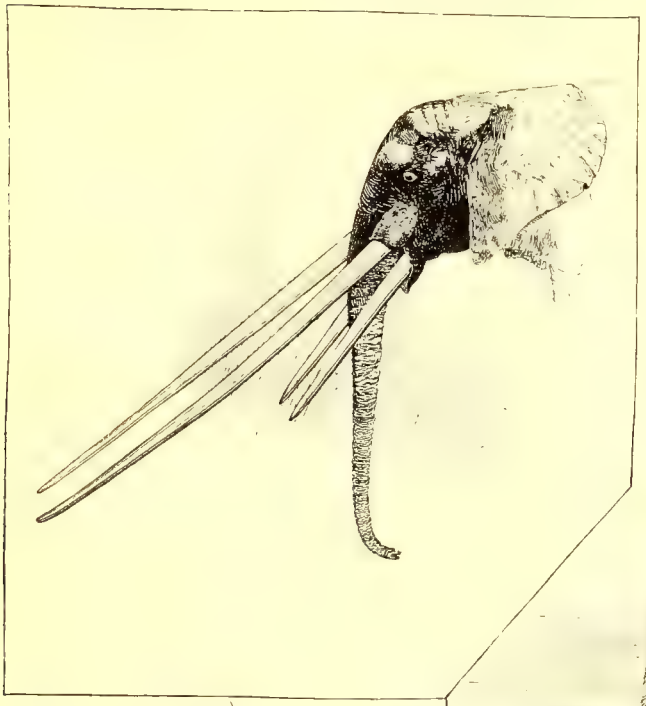
This elephant was a mastodon; a representative of a group that in early times lived in India as well as in the United States. They were of gigantic size; some, according to geologists, equaling, if not exceeding, the mammoth in general bulk. In appearance they resembled the elephants of to-day, but differed from them in having simpler teeth, flatter heads, and smaller air cells in the skull. It is probable that the mastodons did not have so much intelligence as existing forms. The body was longer, the legs were stouter and stronger, and extremely massive. They likewise differed from the true elephants, which also lived in America, in the peculiar formation of their teeth. The most marked peculiarity of this species of mastodons, was the possession of two large tusks in the lower jaw, making four in all, forming the most effective set of weapons in the entire animal kingdom. The species is known as *Mastodon productus*, and the finest specimens have been found in Nebraska, while another (*Mastodon Americanus*), from Ohio, had also two pairs of tusks — the lower ones being smaller.

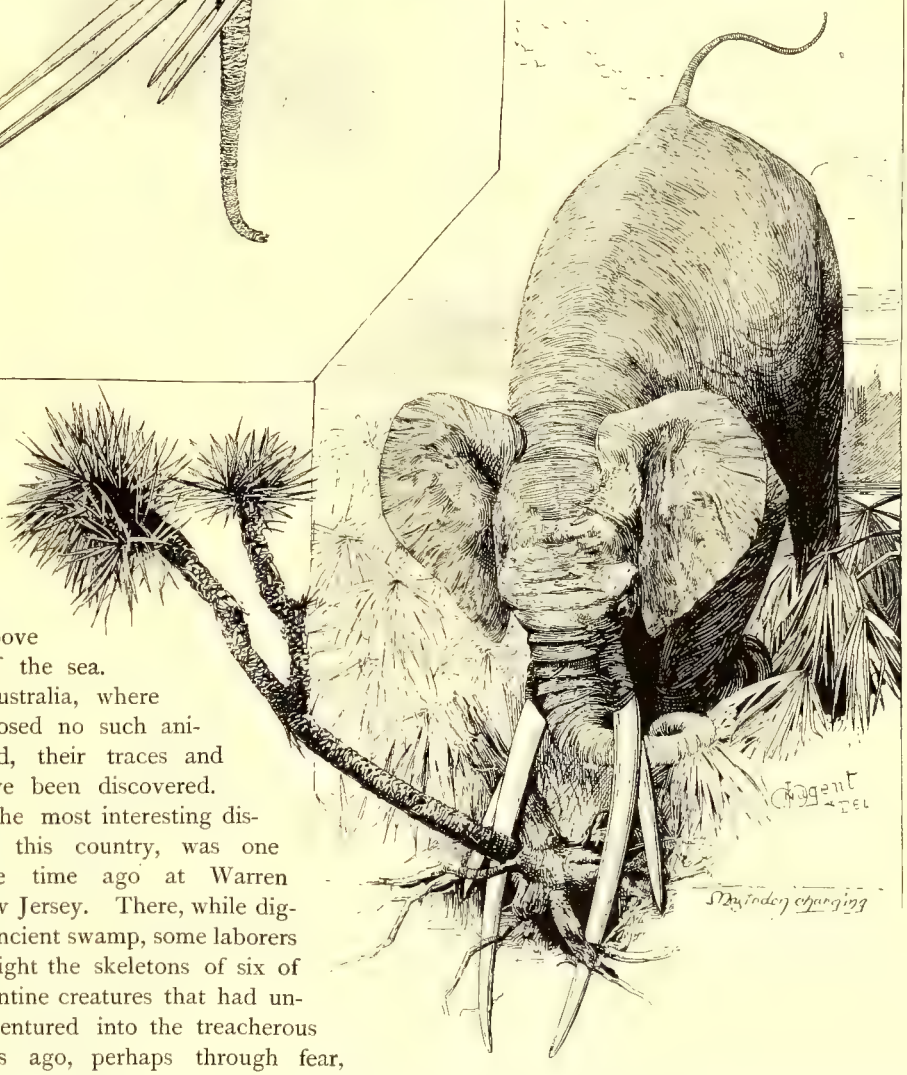
In all, there were over thirty different species, each having certain peculiar characteristics in form or organization.

In their habits, the mastodons resembled the living elephants. They wandered about in herds, perhaps associating with other large mammals of the time, and this grouping together often led to their destruction, as they would wander into some soft morass, for food or water, where their combined weight would cause them to be mired.

A morass of this description can be visited in the State of Kentucky, at what is called the Big Bone Lick, about twenty-three miles from Cincinnati. There, embedded in the blue clay of the ancient creek, have been found the entire skeletons and separate bones of over one hundred allies of the mastodon shown in the illustration, twenty specimens of the mammoth, besides bones of the megalonyx and of other strange creatures that have long since passed away. One mastodon taken from this herd measured as follows: Extreme length, twenty feet; height, about ten feet; length of head, three and a half feet; height of head, four feet; width at the hips, over five feet; length of broken tusk, seven feet; circumference at base, twenty-seven inches; and, judging by the imperfect bones of others found in this and other localities, these were not the measurements of a large specimen. While in some species the tusks were perfectly straight, in the mastodon of which measurements are given, they were so fixed in their sockets as to curve outward on each side of the head. In others, they seemed to have a tendency to meet at the points.

The animals had an exceedingly wide range, and have been found in New York, New Jersey, and almost every Eastern State, but never far to the north. They seem to have traversed the entire world. We find them in India, and readers of St. Nicholas in the vicinity of Sussex, England, are probably familiar with specimens that have been taken from the crags there. The pampas of South America once shook with





after by the people of the 19th century. The mastodons of the old world ranged from the middle of the miocene time to the end of the pliocene, when they became extinct; but in America they outlived this period by thousands of years, evidently existing in what is known as the late pleistocene period.

their tread, and Humboldt found their bones high up in the Andes, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Even in Australia, where it was supposed no such animals existed, their traces and remains have been discovered.

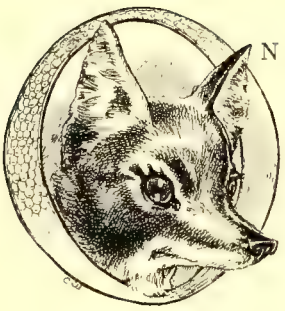
One of the most interesting discoveries in this country, was one made some time ago at Warren County, New Jersey. There, while digging in an ancient swamp, some laborers brought to light the skeletons of six of these elephantine creatures that had undoubtedly ventured into the treacherous morass ages ago, perhaps through fear, had huddled together, and became mired and ultimately buried, to be discovered ages

THE BUNNY STORIES.*

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

RAB AT SCHOOL.

By John H. Jewett.



N the way home from the chestnut-grove, the Bunnies talked over Cousin Jack's last story, and were curious to know what became of Rab and Hazel Fawn.

Cousin Jack well knew how to keep a secret, but to satisfy them he offered to tell them about Rab's school-days, sometime.

That evening, when the Bunnies heard Deacon and Mother Bunny say they were going out to make a few neighborly calls, they put Cousin Jack's arm-chair in the cozy corner again, and asked him to tell them the story about Rab at school. So he began:

"When Rab left the Poor Farm and went to live with Mother Deer and Hazel Fawn, he carried few things with him; but he had a light heart and a smiling face, and he found a hearty welcome awaiting him at Deer Cottage.

"Rab was eager to work and thus to repay Mother Deer's kindness to him, and there were many things a willing and active Bunny could do to make himself useful, without always waiting to be asked.

"When Rab had been there a few weeks, and just before the fall term of school began, Mother Deer told Hazel Fawn she might have an afternoon party, and might invite her young friends to meet Rab, so that he could become acquainted with his new schoolmates.

"On the day of the party, Rab felt a little strange and shy at first, among so many neatly dressed and well-behaved playmates, but they were so friendly and jolly that he soon made friends with them all.

"After playing all the games they knew, and having a happy time, they formed a procession, by couples, and marched into the dining-room for refreshments.

"Rab marched with Silva Fox, next behind Hazel Fawn and Rey Fox who were the leaders. Silva talked and smiled so pleasantly, that Rab thought it was more like a fairyland than like the world in which he had lived before coming to Deer Cottage.

"This is the way Rab's life began at Deer Cottage, and for the next few years, until he was about fifteen years old, he went to school summer and winter, studied hard, and tried his best to please Mother Deer, and to show his gratitude for all her love and care for him.

"You must not think Rab was a little angel-bunny, without faults," continued Cousin Jack, "for he had both a quick temper and a strong will of his own.

"Mother Deer knew this, and tried to help him to be gentle and reasonable, by being very patient and frank with him whenever he was resentful or stubborn about the little outside troubles that happened to him.

"The first real trouble he had at school grew out of a mischievous prank and a cowardly denial of it by Rey Fox.

"One winter, Schoolmaster Bear came to teach the boys' school. Neither Rab nor his mates liked the new master, for he rarely smiled, and his manner was hard and stern.

"They might have felt sorry for him had they known about his unhappy life when young and almost friendless,—how long he had struggled to get an education, and how much harder life was to him because he had never learned to be cheerful and patient with himself or others.

"They did not know this, and did not seem to care how much trouble they gave him.

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"In the entry of the school-house there was a locker where the master hung his coat and hat, and one morning Rab went to the locker for a broom to sweep off the newly-fallen snow from the sliding-place.

"Rey Fox, in passing, found that Rab had left the door of the locker ajar, and, seeing the master's tall silk hat, just for fun he filled the hat with snowballs, shut the door, and said nothing about it to any one.

"When the afternoon session began, Schoolmaster Bear called the whole class in front of his desk, and with a frown he asked, 'Which one of you played that trick with my hat this morning?' No one answered.

"'Who put the snowballs in my hat?' he fiercely asked again. Still no answer.

"'Very well,' said he; 'I will try another way to find out.'

"Turning to Rey Fox, who stood at the head of the class, he asked him, 'Have you been to my locker to-day?'

"Rey was frightened, but promptly answered, 'No, sir!'

"Then he put the same question to Rab, who blushed and answered, 'I went to the locker at recess, to get the broom, but I did not touch your hat.'

"The master looked sharply at him, but passed on and asked each one in the class the question, and all the others answered, 'No, sir!'

"Coming back to Rab the master said, 'This looks bad for you, Rab Bunny; are you sure you are telling the truth?'

"Rab replied firmly but respectfully, 'I did not do it.'

"'Some one of you did it,' growled the angry master, and taking hold of Rab's shoulder, he said in a harsh, unpleasant tone, 'So you are trying to deceive me, are you?'

"This was too much for Rab's temper, and pushing the master's hand from his shoulder, he answered hotly, 'I always tell the truth, and you must not accuse me of dishonesty.'

"'You are very impudent,' said the master, 'but I will teach you not to play your tricks on me, and also not to answer back to me when I reprove you.'

"With that he gave Rab a rough shaking and sent him to his seat in disgrace.

"When school closed, as Rab left the room the master said to him, 'I trust you will mind your manners. Remember, there will be a day of reckoning for you, when I find out for certain that you are the guilty one,—as I think you are.'

"When Rab told Hazel Fawn about the trouble, she said, 'I am sure you did not deserve to be punished, and I will ask mother to go to the master and tell him he was wrong in accusing you.'

"Rab said, 'Thank you, Hazel, for taking my part, but please do not trouble Mother Deer about it, for it will all come out right, by and by.'

"'Some one put the snowballs in the hat,' said Rab, 'and whoever did it must be a coward and a sneak, if he lets me bear the blame very long, after what happened this afternoon.'

"That night the weather changed, and the new snow melted and spoiled the coasting, but the next day the weather suddenly turned very cold and made the ice safe on the mill-pond.



"The ice was in fine condition, but Rab and his mates were afraid a snow-storm would come before Saturday to spoil the skating, and they all signed a letter to the master, asking him to give them a half-holiday on Wednesday after-

noon, offering to make up the time by having an extra session on Saturday morning.

"The master had planned to go away on Friday evening for his Saturday holiday, and as he did not feel very pleasant about the hat trick, he refused the request, saying it was not convenient to grant it.

"There was much grumbling about the refusal, and some threatened to play truant.

"They all went skating after school, on Tuesday, and before going home to supper they talked over several ways for getting out of school the next day.

"Some one said a good way would be to stuff the chimney with a bag of wet hay, which would stop the draught and fill the room so full of smoke that no one could stay there; and besides, it would take the master a long time to find out the trouble and to undo the mischief, and they would have time for skating.

"Rey Fox said, 'Let us draw cuts to see who shall stuff the chimney.'

"They all agreed; and when the straws were drawn, Rab had the shortest one and must stop up the chimney or "back out," and, though he had not favored the plan, he had agreed to it and was not the one to back out.

"Before they separated, all promised that when the master should question them about the matter, each should answer, 'I do not wish to tell,' sticking to it through thick and thin, and sharing alike in whatever punishment followed.

"Rab never felt so guilty in his life as he did that evening, when he made some excuse to go out for a while, leaving Mother Deer and Hazel Fawn alone in the cozy library, without a thought of the mischief their quiet Rab was meaning to do.

"The school-house stood in a lonely and sheltered place, and Rab made short work of his task. Wetting an armful of hay he filled an old bag with it, and taking a light ladder from the barn, he made a quick trip to the school-house.

"With the help of the ladder he climbed first upon the shed, and then to the ridge-pole, and pushed the bag into the open chimney-top.

"Then with a stout pole he pushed the bag down the chimney, well out of sight, and the silly trick was well done.

"When he returned to the cottage, the library seemed brighter and pleasanter than ever, but when he said good-night to Hazel and her mother, he felt as if he had, in some way, done them a wrong, in doing the mischief which was meant only to beat the master and have some fun.

"The next morning, when Schoolmaster Bear came, the school-room was full of smoke, and he tried his best to find out why the smoke poured into the room instead of going up the chimney.

"At last he said there could be no school until afternoon, and in less than five minutes the mill-pond was fairly alive with skaters, while the master spent half the forenoon in cleaning out the stove-pipe and hunting for the cause of the trouble.

"One of the school committee came to see what was the matter, and he sent for Mason Beaver, who soon found out why the chimney did not draw, and pulled up the bag of hay with a long hook.

"When Rab and his mates heard the bell for afternoon school, they went in and found the master, and all the School Committee, waiting to question them.

"Placing the class in a row, the master questioned each in his turn, and each answered, according to the agreement, 'I do not wish to tell,' and no reasoning nor threatening could bring any more satisfactory reply.

"Just when Rab began to feel sure his mates would all keep the secret, Mason Beaver came in and said: 'Here is a wet mitten I found in the hay-bag; perhaps the one who packed the chimney knows where its mate is.'

"The mitten was a fur-trimmed one, and its mate was in Rab's pocket.

"The master knew the owner at once, for he had often noticed Rab's handsome mittens, which were unlike any others in the class.

"In less than a minute he had found and compared with the wet one the mitten in Rab's pocket, and the proof seemed complete.

"Seizing Rab by the collar of his jacket, he said, 'So, so! Rab Bunny, I have caught you at last. This is your work, is it? Take off your jacket, and we will see how you will enjoy a double flogging, one for this, and another which I owe you for spoiling my hat!'

"The master went to his desk and took out a long, black strap, but before he could use it little Honorbright Squirrel, the youngest and smallest of the class, stepped to the front and said:

"'If you please, sir, Rab is no more to blame than the rest of us; every one of us is in the scrape; we all planned it together and drew cuts to see who should pack the chimney.'

"'Then I will flog him for spoiling my hat and denying it, and punish the rest of you afterward,' said the angry master.

"Rab had stood there without saying a word in his own defense, but when the master again accused him his eyes flashed angrily; but he kept back his temper and said quietly, 'I may have been saucy the other day, but I told the truth; I did not spoil your hat.'

"'No more words to me, you young mischief-maker; you deserve punishment and you shall have it,' said the master, and he caught Rab by the collar.

"Rey Fox, who had kept silent through the whole scene, though he knew a word from him would set the matter right, still hesitated, but at last he managed to say in a frightened manner, 'Rab did not put the snowballs in your hat. I put them there, sir, and I am sorry.'

"When Rey said this, Schoolmaster Bear turned upon him fiercely, but one of the committee said to the master, 'There seems to be some trouble or misunderstanding in this school; perhaps it would be well to dismiss the class for half an hour, and talk the matter over with us.'

"Then the committeeman turned to them and reproved them for wasting their opportunities, and said their conduct would be reported to their parents for punishment.

"Rab and his mates never knew what passed between the master and the committee, but the next day a notice was read before the class, saying that the usual half-holiday on Wednesday would not be given them for a month.

"This was a hard punishment, in addition to that they received at home, and they owned to each other they paid a big price for their fun, and had but little fun after all."

"Rab made a confession of the whole matter to Mother Deer, and he felt so ashamed and miserable because it made her unhappy and anxious about him for a long time, that he tried his best never to grieve her again."

"What about Rey Fox?" asked Bunnyboy.

"I never knew," said Cousin Jack. "But you may be sure that lying and cowardice always bring punishment, soon or late, and I know



RAB STUFFS THE CHIMNEY.

Rey Fox never held the confidence and respect of his mates after that day."

"I am glad he owned up and let Rab out of the hat scrape," said Pinkeyes. "We must give him credit for that, must we not, Cousin Jack?"

"Yes," replied Cousin Jack, "though 'Better late than never' is cheap excuse for shirking, and 'Truth first, last, and always' is a better rule."

Then, suddenly pretending to be surprised, Cousin Jack exclaimed, "Is that a yawn I see before me, spreading over Browny's face?"

Browny promptly said, "I 'm not yawning; I 'm waiting for the rest; what comes next?"

"Bedtime for the Bunnies comes next and comes now!" replied Cousin Jack, "for here is poor Cuddledown tired out and sound asleep in my arms. So let us all say, 'Good-night, and pleasant dreams!'"

DANIEL BOONE AND THE INDIAN: A TRUE STORY.



HOW TO USE A PAIR OF CHOPSTICKS.

By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore.



THE JAPANESE CHARACTER FOR CHOPSTICKS.

While a pair of chopsticks may seem to us to be the clumsiest of substitutes for the knife and fork, the Chinese and Japanese use them with such ease and skill that they are magic wands in their fingers.

"They cut their food with their daggers, and they eat with pitchforks!" cried the horrified Japanese who first saw Europeans eating in such a barbaric and revolting manner with the knife and folk.

Light-fingered, deft, and imitative as the Japanese and Chinese are, it takes them as long to learn the proper and graceful use of the knife and fork as it requires for us to master the evolutions and etiquette of the chopsticks.

It is a pretty sight, at the beginning of a Japanese or Chinese feast, to see the host help his guests to sweets, as then is displayed the best and most graceful play of the chopsticks. One can take a lesson, as the master of the feast daintily lifts cakes or confections and places them on the plate or paper before each guest. The Chinese chopsticks are longer than the Japanese, often metal-tipped and decorated, and are used again and again. Mandarins carry their own silver-tipped ivory chopsticks to a feast, wipe them clean, and carry them home again when it is over. In the common restaurants in Chinese cities, the chopsticks constitute a lottery for the patrons. All the sticks are kept together in a deep, round box, and certain ones are marked on the lower end with a Chinese character or number. The ones who select those chopsticks from the box, are entitled to an extra dish or portion without charge. In the old city of Tien-Tsin, particularly, one is half deafened when he passes a restaurant by the rattling of the boxes of chopsticks and the shrill voices of the proprietors screeching the merits of their establishments at the top of their lungs, and appealing to the universal passion for gaming.

In Japan, where exquisite neatness and daintiness mark every part of household living, the same chopsticks are used only once. At a feast, or at an ordinary tea-house, a long paper envelope laid beside one's bowl contains a pair of twelve-inch sticks no thicker than lead pencils, whittled from clean white pine. To show that they have never been used the two sticks are whittled in one piece and split apart only half their length.

When the first course of the meal is brought in, one breaks apart his chopsticks, and placing one in the angle of the right thumb, braces it firmly against the tip of the third finger, as in Fig. 1. That chopstick is held rigid and immovable, receiving no motion except as the whole hand turns upon the wrist. The other chopstick is held by the thumb, first, and second fingers (Fig. 2), just as the pen is held in writing, and is the working member of the pair, moving freely up and down or in any direction. A little practice will enable one to manage the chopsticks with ease, and to hold them lightly, but so surely and firmly that they will not wobble nor lose their hold of anything. At first one will find his chopsticks making X's and crosses in the air, flying out of his fingers and performing strange and unexpected tricks in his helpless right hand. A traveler enjoys his meals at a Japanese tea-house, when he can pinch off a morsel of fish with his chopsticks and dip it in the cup of *soy*, hold up a bit of fowl and nibble it, and do expert tricks with the convenient little

sticks. Some small boys and girls whom I have known, have become so infatuated with the chopsticks that they grumbled when they were made to use their knives and forks, and their parents would be in despair when these youngsters would suddenly be caught at the dinner-

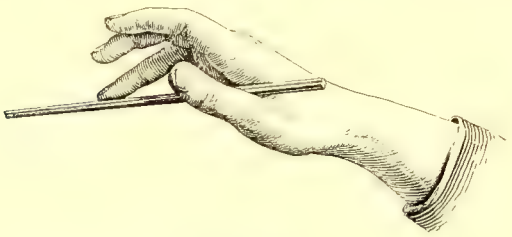


FIG. 1.

table "chopsticking" away at the meat, potatoes, or strawberries with the ease of natives.

The supreme proof of one's skill is to be able to lift an egg with chopsticks, or to transfer eggs from one basket to another. The smooth, rounding surface gives no good hold, and, after the perfect balance is found, too firm a hold will crush the egg or shoot it violently out from the sticks. I have often seen the proprietors of open-air tea-houses and wayside booths in a flutter of alarm when some rash foreigner began with his chopsticks to lift the eggs on their counters. But if the stranger performed the feat successfully, the Japanese would chuckle and caper with delight, and with deep bows gravely offer him a cake or a flower as a prize.

The Japanese rice is so glutinous that it is easily lifted up on the chopsticks in balls or lumps; but the loose, dry grains in a Chinaman's rice-bowl require a different treatment.

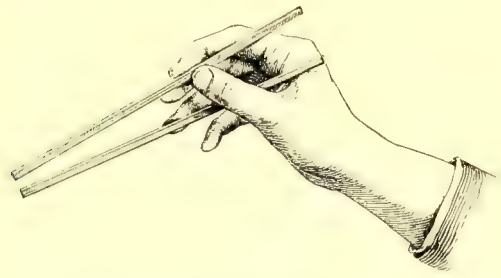


FIG. 2.

He puts the edge of the bowl to his lips, and the two sticks are used as a shovel or fan, and sweep the rice into his mouth in a steady stream. Then the Chinaman presses the last grains in with the sticks, closes his lips, and sets down the bowl. Two such "plays" usually empty the rice-bowl, and the Chinaman only stops when his mouth is full and his cheeks stuffed out like balls. All meats, fish, and vegetables are boned or cut into small pieces in the kitchen before they are cooked, and more than half of the dishes at an Oriental feast are soups or stews, rice accompanying every course as bread does with us.

The use of the chopsticks is not confined to the table alone. The Oriental cook will turn the cakes, or the chops, or anything in the frying-pan or on the gridiron with his chopsticks. The spoon or paddle is seldom used, and in a Japanese kitchen there is no pronged instrument equivalent to our fork. The cook stirs and beats with his chopsticks, and even spreads the icing on a cake with them, and rubs flour smooth in a cup of water. A Japanese cook will say "*Naru-hodo!*" (wonderful), and a Chinese cook grunt



FIG. 3.

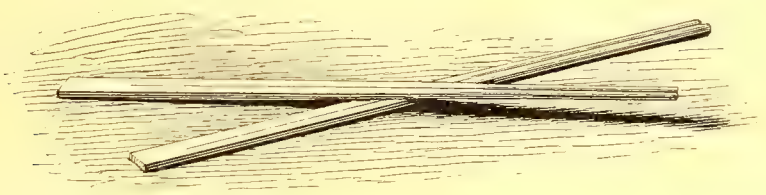
something unintelligible if you show them a patent American egg-beater churning the white of an egg to froth with its ingenious arrangement of wheels, cranks, blades, and wires; but they both will put the egg-beater away on the pantry-shelf and go on beating eggs to a stiff froth with chopsticks — and do it so well and so quickly that one loses respect for the inventive genius of the age.

Two iron chopsticks fastened together with a chain (as our fugitive shovel and tongs of the fireplace might well be), always lie among the ashes of the bronze *hibachis* of a Japanese house. With them masters or servants daintily lift the bits of charcoal and pile them in a compact pyramid, keeping the fire always to the center. The rag-pickers gather their stores and cull over street refuse with chopsticks two and three feet long. And at the public shops, where

sweet potatoes are boiled and sold, a tubful of potatoes are covered with water, and by some sleight-of-hand stirring with these long chopsticks, are washed clean in the fewest minutes.

In raising silk-worms, the young worms that are too delicate to be touched with the fingers, are moved to fresh trays of mulberry leaves twice a day by means of chopsticks. The tiny, soft worms would be killed by rough handling with such clumsy things as fingers, but little Japanese girls lift them with their chopsticks so surely and so lightly as to do them no harm.

In the storehouse filled with the household goods which one of the Emperors of the eighth century bequeathed to a Nara temple, are several pairs of chopsticks, showing that the Japanese were feeding daintily at a time when the barons of England were using fingers and hunting-knives. The Chinese, of course, had the same dainty tools in use long before they invented gunpowder.



A PRAIRIE PRELUDE.

By Kate M. Cleary.

I heard to-day
From over the way
A song serene and airy;
Oh, blithe and blest
It sprang from a nest,
And love, and promise, and peace expressed,
From a nest on the breast of a prairie.

You might come and go,
Pass to and fro,
Just as the wild wind passes —
And never see
Where the songsters be,
Lowly lying from you and me,
In the gloom of the greening grasses.

When to the blue
That song upflew
I knew that Spring, the fairy,
This very day
Was on the way,
And breaking into bloom like spray
The windy Western prairie.

Oh, meadow-lark!
From dawn to dark
Your carol quaint is ringing,
And ne'er did float,
From thrush's throat,
Song sweeter than your simple note,
Of sunny summer singing!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-DAY to you, my dear April crowd, my happy smilers and weepers, so to speak,— for what more like a young heart than your April swiftnesses? — Good-day to you, one and all!

That 's the greeting. Now to business, my maids and masters! First, there is

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

YOUR Jack, as you know, not long ago sent one of those fellows flying across country with a question or two, and lo! he has come back bearing as many answers from inky little fingers — East, West, North, South — as his broadest of wings could carry.

The best of these missives, according to my fancy and the opinion of that precious Little School-ma'am, have come from Elsie T. Du Bois, Walter L. Peavey, A. L. C., Perry Churchill, Ralph M. Fletcher, E. C. P.

Your Jack thanks all the patient workers, whether specially mentioned or not; and surely the frigate-bird himself must be tremendously flattered by their attention. I should like to show you his picture to-day, but as that is not convenient, the dear L. S. M. refers you to Vol. II. of ST. NICHOLAS, page 726. There you will find, she says, a perfect portrait of the bird in full flight, and an interesting account of his powers and habits. Also there can be found in the new Century Dictionary a description of this seafaring piratical bird, and his picture as he sits resting in port.

Now you shall hear these few extracts and points from the letters that have come to this pulpit:

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MY DEAR JACK: In the November ST. NICHOLAS you ask about the frigate-bird, and as I am interested in anything which concerns the sea, I have read up about it, and this is what I have been able to find on the subject: Frigate-bird is the name given to a large sea-bird by sailors, on account of the swiftness of its flight, its habit of cruising about near other species and daringly pursuing them. Its classic name is *Fregata aquila*. Having a spread of wing equal to a swan's and a comparatively small body, the buoyancy of these birds is very great. It is a beautiful sight to see one or more of them floating overhead against the clear blue sky, the long forked tail alternately opening and shutting like a pair of scissors, and the head, which is of course kept to windward, inclined from side to side, while the wings are, to all appearance, fixedly extended, though the breeze may be constantly varying in strength and direction. When robbing other birds of their prey, the frigate-bird's speed of flight is seen to advantage, and so is the suddenness with which he can change his rapid course.

Frigate-birds choose high mangrove trees on which to build their frail nests. A single egg is laid in each nest. The little birds are covered with pure white down so thickly as to resemble puff-balls. When fully grown, the head, neck, beak, and breast are white, the legs and feet bluish-white, but the body is dark above, being a very deep chocolate, nearly black, with a dark, metallic gloss. The feet of the female are pink. The male has a bright scarlet pouch, perceptible when the bird is on the wing. I can find nothing about the speed, except that the frigate-bird's flight is faster than that of any other known species.

Hoping, dear Jack, that this may prove satisfactory, and thanking you for all your interesting stories and information,

Yours sincerely, ELSIE T. DU BOIS.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: You ask us to tell you something about the frigate-bird. . . .

My father used to live in the Fiji Islands where the people eat a great, big plant-cousin of yours called taro, and he says that the people think the frigate-bird is a god who can manage the weather. So when the natives are out in their canoes, and one of these birds flies over them, the men raise their hands and pray, "Dou kila saka mada ga a cagi vinaka." Papa knows how to talk Fijian, and he says this means, "Give us, Lord, only a fair wind."

Yours truly, PERRY CHURCHILL.

MY correspondents differ materially in regard to the frigate-bird's flight and size. For instance, A. L. C. says: "All I could find was that its speed greatly exceeded that of the falcon, which has been known to travel one thousand miles a day"; and Jenny I. C., of South Carolina, writes that the bird not only can remain for a day or more on the wing, but it shoots through the air at the rate of about twenty miles an hour!" This statement would offend any good frigate-bird. Jenny, too, compares its flight favorably with that of the falcon, but she evidently does not know the triumphs of that lordly bird. For example: The celebrated falcon of Henry IV., of France, flew from Fontainebleau to Malta — one thousand miles — in a single day. Again, my Audubon crowd carefully name eighty-six inches as the entire spread of a frigate-bird's wings, while more than one of those who have studied other authorities allow a range of from ten to even fourteen feet from tip to tip of its wings when extended.

NOW, my hearties, while the frigate-bird has been skimming over Southern seas, seizing and devouring nearly everything he has met, you have been skimming over printed pages in search of infor-

mation about him, and you have found a great deal, too. You must have noticed during your researches how often the name of one Audubon was mentioned. Now the Little School-ma'am and your Jack advise you to learn all you can about that eminent observer and student of birds. A great man, this John James Audubon, one whose story should be known to every boy and girl of this his native land. We should like very much to hear from every boy and girl who takes our advice in this matter.

DURING the past winter, two young women of New York, I am told, starting in exactly opposite directions, ran a race around the world,—by boat, cars, and other conveyances. Both made the entire circuit, and one of them, as was naturally to be expected, made it in shorter time than the other. Well, what of that? My youngsters — hosts of them — have been racing round the world of late, starting from all directions, but soon settling upon the line of the equator as their course of travel. They were in search of cities, not fame — cities that were situated exactly on the line of the equator. Dear me! How wonderful boys and girls do seem to a simple Jack-in-the-Pulpit! The excitement was started by these few words uttered from this pulpit in January last:

A CITY WANTED.

What city is on the line of the equator? Your Jack is told that the sun sets and rises there at six o'clock, apparent time, all the year round. Geography class, please take notice.

WELL, well,— scores and scores *and* scores of young folk, here, there, and everywhere, did take notice, but they were off before one could say Jack Robinson — each bound for the equator.

They have come back at last, all speaking at once, and all nearly out of breath.

"Oh, Mr. Jack," cry a great many, "we have been around the globes and all through the maps and atlases, and the city is *Quito;* in South America!"

"Oh, Mr. Jack," shout another crowd, "it is not Quito at all; Quito is only *near* the line of the equator — it is not upon it, and *Juba* is."

"No, no," shout other crowds, "it 's Gaboon! It 's Otabalo! It 's San Gabriel! It 's Macapa! It 's Equator Station! It 's San Joaquin!"

"It 's Ajumba! It 's Calacal!" shout crowds more, and when you ask them to spell the names, scarcely two spell them alike.

Then it is apparent that several have noted the printed name on their maps and not the dot which is intended to mark the exact locality. The Little School-ma'am says many evidently have had only very poor old maps to consult. But, taken altogether, the search has been thorough and the young explorers are entitled to hearty appreciation. The best letters are from H. L. Despard, Frank C. L., Grace A. H., F. R. W., S. W. French, Dean Miltimore, Katy H., R. R. B., Edward Dana Sabine, May G. Martin, Richard A. Rice.

I wish I could show you all of these letters, but it is possible to give you only brief extracts from a few of them:

. . . . . WILL you please turn to the map of South America? There you will find San Gabriel just touching the equator, and then in Africa the equator goes right through the city of Gaboon.

. . . . . IN the January ST. NICHOLAS there was a paragraph about a city wanted — a city on the line of the equator — a city, not a town.

If you look on the western coast of Africa, you will see on the line of the equator a city by the name of Ajumba. The largest city by the equator is the capital of Ecuador, Quito.

. . . . . IN answer to the question in January number, what city on the line of the equator, I find Quito, the capital of Ecuador, S. A.

In my geography, it is exactly on the line. I don't find any other city in any country so near the line as Quito.

. . . . . As I am a "geography student," I of course looked up the city on the line of the equator. This is what I found. In Africa, in the country of Guinea, there is a city called Gaboon. The equator goes right through the city.

. . . . . IN answer to your question, asking for a city on the line of the equator, I will say that the only city CROSSED by the equator, is Juba, on the eastern coast of Africa. Gaboon, on the western coast of Africa, Otabalo, in Ecuador, S. A., San Gabriel, in Brazil, S. A., and Macapa, are cities touched by the equator.

. . . . . I READ in a book of mine that, "In Quito, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at six o'clock every day in the year"; but on examining the map of South America, I find that Quito (in Ecuador) is not on the equator, but quite a distance south of it, its exact position being 0° 13′ 27″. I found three others that were better — Calacal, in Ecuador, nearly touches it; San Joaquin, in Colombia, is directly on it; and Gaboon, in Guinea, is on it, too. So I think that though they are not large cities, they are better entitled to the distinction than Quito.

. . . . . JUBA, in Juba, on the east coast of Africa, is the city you want. Its longitude is 42° 24′ E. Several other cities are close to the equator. Among them Quito, the capital of Ecuador, is 13′ S. There are two others, San Joaquin, to the north and San Gabriel to the south, in Brazil, whose exact distance from the equator I can not find out. In Juba the sun always gets up at six o'clock in the morning, and goes to bed at six o'clock in the evening, apparent time, all the year round. This must be handy to set clocks and watches by.

. . . . . IN answer to your question, "What city is on the equator?" I write to say that it is Equator Station, on the Congo River, in the Congo Free State.

. . . . . I HAVE found two cities on the equator — Macapa in Brazil, and Juba in East Africa.

NOW, the final question is: Which is right? The great big globe in the editorial rooms of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE shows Quito to be the only *city* that may be called "on the equator"; but as *stations*, or, even *towns*, Pontinak, Borneo; Macapa, Brazil; and Juba, Africa, are shown to be nearer the equator line. Quito and Juba have the most votes, so far as my youngsters are concerned. And the Little School-ma'am, bless her! says "Quito" every time I ask her.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about the pretty little moss flowers I gathered on the top of Pike's Peak, last August, growing like little round mats of pink, blue, lavender, and yellow stars, with stems dotted all over the moss, miles above where we stopped to snowball to get warm, and I got a hard one in my neck, too, that I did n't like very much, for it was hailing and I was awfully cold, and when we got to the top, it snowed, and there you could see nothing but rocks and stones, beside the Signal Station, and that was all built of stone, except when they let me look through the field-glass, and I saw Colorado Springs, which looked like a checker-board. I climbed away out on the rocks, and put a stone on the monument, to show that I had been there. There the little flowers grew. I thought I would get some to show to Papa, who was at the sea-shore, in Connecticut. They grew more than fourteen thousand feet above where he was, but being only nine years old, I had not strength enough to pull up the long, deep roots, so the driver dug them for me, and they looked like flower parasols. I carried them down to Manitou before they shut their bright little eyes.

I could tell you about some other strange flowers that grew farther down, and how funny the trees looked when they could not grow up any more, and spread all around on the ground; and the wonderful rocks that looked like animals and people; and the magpies with their long, bronze tails, and black and white wings; and how icy cold the water was we drank from the spring half-way down the mountain.

I send this to you, because we always take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

Yours, F. C. B——.

CARFIN, CROSSFORD, LANARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading you for upward of a year, and I feel I have been very ungrateful not to have written before, to thank you for having afforded me so much pleasure. I owe the pleasure of your introduction to me to a kind friend in America (Colonel De L. F. J.), whose acquaintance my parents made on their tour round the world, three years ago. Before he so kindly presented you to me, I had no idea of your existence, and now very eagerly do I hail your arrival every month; but perhaps I had better introduce myself.

I am one of five, the eldest daughter, and nearly twelve years of age; I have a brother, a year older than myself, at Eton College, and another brother younger, also at school in England, after whom comes a sister, then the youngest, another brother. We live in Scotland, in a fruitful valley, close to the Falls of Clyde, about thirty miles away from Glasgow, and the same distance from Edinburgh; we seldom go to these towns, unless it be to visit the dentist, or on rare occasions for a day's shopping. Sir Walter Scott wrote a book, all about this part of the country we are in, called "Old Mortality," and his famous Tillietudlem Castle is about a mile and a half from our house. The castle is in ruins, very prettily situated on a high hill, leading up to which is a deep, wooded ravine; it is a favorite walk of ours.

Lee Castle is also close to us; it belongs to Sir Simon Lockhart, who owns the famous "Lee Penny" (mentioned in another book of Sir W. Scott, called the "Talisman") brought over from the Holy Land, in the time of Richard II., by one of the Crusaders; it is supposed to possess a magic charm of curing every disease when the water in which it has been dropped is taken by the patient. People even *now* believe in this, and the penny has to be put in a strong safe to guard it from covetous hands.

There are very interesting walks to take, especially in the summer.

My sister and I have a pony which we share, and delight in riding, and just now we are looking forward to some skating, which we enjoy almost as much as riding.

Our holidays begin soon, and then I shall have more leisure to read your delightful Christmas number, which has just arrived; it looks delicious. All your stories are always so charming.

Good-bye, dear old ST. NICHOLAS. I remain, one of your interested readers, BEATRIX E. G——.

SAN JOSÉ, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a number of years. I have always wanted to write to you, but have never had the courage until now. I am very glad that "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" corrected his mistake about the pumpkins, so that the Easterners will see that we Californians do not exaggerate when we speak about our products. I knew from the first, that they were San José pumpkins, as my big brother recognized the photograph of Mr. Wakefield, whom he knows.

I am a little girl, eleven years old, and like the stories of ST. NICHOLAS very much; also enjoy Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and the puzzles. One of your constant readers,

A LITTLE GIRL FROM SAN JOSÉ.

HITCHIN, HERTS, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have not written to you before, although we have read with great interest the letters in the "Letter-box" from the other little girls; so, as we think they might like to hear a little about our life in England, we will write you a small letter.

The town in which we live is very old, and many of the houses were used for religious purposes in old times. The old parish church was sadly spoilt in the time of the Commonwealth and used by the soldiers as a stable. There is a big picture in it said to have been painted by Rubens.

Hitchin is noted for its lavender fields. In the summer, when the lavender is flowering, the fields look most beautiful and the scent is very sweet. A great many of the poor women get their living by doing straw-plaiting.

Now, we must tell you how we amuse ourselves. In the summer our little friends join us, and we go for picnics to some chalk hills which are six miles from Hitchin. When the weather is mild in the spring, we have paper chases, which we find hard work if the fields are heavy.

We have a great many pets. Our dog knows many tricks. We like your magazine so much, especially the story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

AUGUSTA AND ANNETTE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, but as I have read so many interesting letters by little girls, I thought I would write to you.

I went to Germany and Paris this summer, and next year I am going to Italy. I saw, when I was in Paris, the Spanish bull-fights, which are very terrible when you see them first; but the men and horses seldom (never, I was going to say) get hurt when they fight in Paris; but, in Spain, it is terrible: the poor horses are gored to death sometimes, and the men are often killed. When the matadors first come in, they wear coats of exquisite colors, and they march up in pairs to the person of greatest rank, and lift their three-cornered hats, and then fling their coats to the prettiest lady they see in the audience, and then other servants bring them cloaks of chamois of a very brilliant red color; they throw these right near the bull, and wait till he gets almost upon them, and in a flash of time bound away as lightly as deer. While the bull faces one man, the other "toreadors" flirt their clothes in his eyes to make him come to them; sometimes he comes when they are not prepared, and, oh! how they run, and leap over the fence; and once a bull leaped over after a man. The "Plaza de Toros," or place where they fight, is like a Roman amphitheater. ALIDO D——,

Twelve years old last August.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking your magazine ever since it was first published, and could not get along without it, though I have ceased to be a child fully two years ago.

This is a very queer country. One can go out and scrape away the snow and pick sweet-scented violets, which bloom the year round. Salt Lake is beautifully laid out, the streets being unusually wide. And soon we hope to have paved sidewalks and streets, as the mud is now a sight to behold. In fact, we wear rubber boots, for otherwise it would be over one's shoe-tops. The Lake, in summer, is very delightful, and one can float and swim with no fear of crabs, etc., as only a very tiny animal lives in the briny water.

Very truly yours, LUCIA A. R——.

A TRUE STORY ABOUT A DOG.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, and very much interested in stories about animals, and, thinking other children might be interested too, I thought I would write and tell you what really happened at my home, and if you think it would interest your readers you can publish it in the ST. NICHOLAS.

We have a little shaggy dog and we call him "Charlie." My Aunt Sarah bought four dozens of eggs and packed them in sawdust in a box and put them on the cellar floor, thinking they would last over Christmas. One day she went down and found that twenty-one of the eggs were missing. It was a great mystery where the eggs had gone, until Kate happened to go down cellar one day and discovered Charlie carrying an egg behind the furnace in his mouth. She looked behind the furnace and found the shells of the missing eggs, and also a paper bag with eight eggs in it that Kate had put on a box a few days before, and which Charlie had stolen and hidden away for his own use when he might be hungry.

MATTIE B. M——.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a number of years, and we like you better every year. I would like to tell you about that little drama called "Waiting for Santa Claus," in the December number, 1888. We received the ST. NICHOLAS too late that year to learn it, but we learned it for this last Christmas Eve. We had it at the Sunday-school's Christmas tree. I was the third girl in the drama. It was enjoyed by every one. We had a splendid big Santa Claus and such a lovely time. I go to school and I am in the fifth grade. I am just nine years old to-day.

Your constant reader, EDNA A——.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am an old friend of yours (having taken you ever since November, 1882), I have ventured to write you a friendly letter. I am a pretty large boy, but I still take great interest in reading many of the entertaining and instructive stories found within your pages.

The series of papers on "Intercollegiate Foot-ball in America," which have appeared in the first three numbers of this volume, afford me much instruction about our splendid game of foot-ball here in the United States. Walter Camp, in one of these articles, alluded to "Timmy Dawes" as one of the two boys who did so much for Yale in developing the "scrub side." The father of "Timmy Dawes," who is the U. S. Senator for Massachusetts, lives here in Pittsfield, and the son is now in Chicago.

During the bright and pleasant part of last fall, we boys here have had many a good game of foot-ball, and from playing it so often I have become much interested in it. In looking over the letters in "The Letter-box," a large number of the writers name their favorite stories, and so I think before I close I shall do the same. They are "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," and "The Story of Viteau," while Stockton's stories have all of them been most pleasing to me.

I remain, your "old" reader,

WALTON S. D——.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

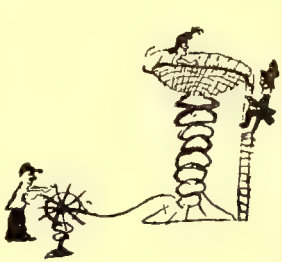
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, ten years old, who lives in Olympia, the Capital of Washington. Olympia is a fine town, with grand scenery on all sides. From my window I can see the waters of the sound, with the Olympic range of mountains as a background. We have plenty of fish, clams, and oysters from the bay. I am very fond of clams, and like to go picnicking down on the beach, where we often go in the summer to have a clam-bake. I help dig the clams sometimes, and think it great fun. There is a large clam that weighs eleven pounds, that is very nice to eat fried like chicken. We have not had snow enough to cover the ground. Mamma has pansies, roses, mignonette, and sweet alyssum in bloom in the garden. I think I have written enough, so I will close.

Your little friend, VERN. C——.

A GREAT AMERICAN INVENTION.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living in Chicago, and as we expect the World's Fair here, I thought I would show you my plan,—I mean my scheme for taking people riding in the air.



This picture shows a basket in which the people get to ride. The man

down below is turning the crank, and when the man on the ladder gets into the basket the man on the ground turns the crank, and away the basket and ladder will go like this:



Your devoted reader,
GERTRUDE F——.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, only eight and a half years old, too young to do much for anybody, but I wanted so much to give my mamma and papa something for Christmas, that I thought I would write a story for you and then give it to them.

We have been getting the magazine a year, and I hope we will have it again, because it has given us more pleasure than almost anything we ever had. In the August number, there was a pretty story, called "Flower Ladies," written for you, which made me think of one I might write about —

POTATO GENTLEMEN.

MY little sister and I take small Irish potatoes and some wooden tooth-picks, which we stick into the potatoes for arms, and two on each side for legs, so they can stand up.

We make them look as if they were running, or fighting, or even make them play battle, by the way we put in the sticks.

When we play battle, we use stiff paper to cut or bend into forts, hospitals, or wagons, and we crease paper in the middle and stand it on edge for tents for our soldiers.

Sometimes our gentlemen are old and thin, sometimes they are sick with bumps and swellings; but most of the time they are quite fat, and always awkward.

This game is not as pretty as "Flower Ladies," but it is funnier. It would make you laugh and laugh!

Papa and Mamma and others have watched us and seemed to enjoy our play as much as we did.

We ourselves are satisfied to play for hours with our "Potato Gentlemen," as we call them, and we have so much fun that we do not mind the unpleasant days that keep us in the house.

Many little children live in the country, where they can play in gardens, in the green grass, and with beautiful flowers, enough to make them happy, while just as many must be satisfied to live in a city, as we do, with nothing but houses and streets all round, so they have to find games for themselves.

Those children who can play with the Ladies and Gentlemen together, can have lots of fun, but can not be any happier than the Gentlemen alone make us.



I am sure everybody would like to know these Gentlemen, they are so easy and nice. Poor children can play our game when they can not often play the other.

We never heard of any others who played our game, so that I feel very much pleased to tell of it.

I write this, hoping it will be received not only by you and Papa and Mamma, but by many hundreds of children who read you, wishing that they may very many times have as much pleasure with Potato Gentlemen as

Your little friend, SAM'L BRECKINRIDGE L——.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for a long time and like you very much. I am a little boy nine years old, and have lived out West six years. My former home was in Pennsylvania. I have often thought about writing you, but always put it off. I hope this letter will be published as I want my papa to read it; he does not know I am writing. I will begin by telling you about some of my pets. The first one, who is known all over the country and is a pet with every one, is our dog "Sailor," who is a St. Bernard and English mastiff. He is only three and a half years old, but a monster in size. Harry, my only brother, and I never go anywhere unless Sailor goes with us, and he thinks it his duty to take care of us. He has just come in the room now with a ball in his mouth and invites me to have a game with him. He not only plays ball, but "hide-and-seek" also, and can find us quicker than any of the "other boys." Another 'cute thing he does is when he sees a boy jump on the street-car, intending to steal a ride, Sailor waits till he sees a good chance, then gently pulls him off. If any of you boys ever come to Albuquerque, I 'll be glad to introduce you to Mr. Sailor. I know he will be pleased to meet you, as he has a fondness for boys and thinks himself above noticing other dogs.

And now I will tell you about our parrot. They are very hard to raise you know, and Polly died some time ago. He was one of the 'cutest parrots I ever saw. He would address every one, women and men alike, with "Hello, Bob!" He could sing "Mollie Darling" perfectly, and whistle "Sweet By and By." A trick of his was to whistle for Sailor, and Sailor would come rushing in, thinking it Harry or myself. Then Polly would laugh at him. He also called the chickens and mimicked the ducks. But finally Polly ceased laughing and his voice was heard no more and he died. Harry buried him and erected a tombstone over his resting-place.

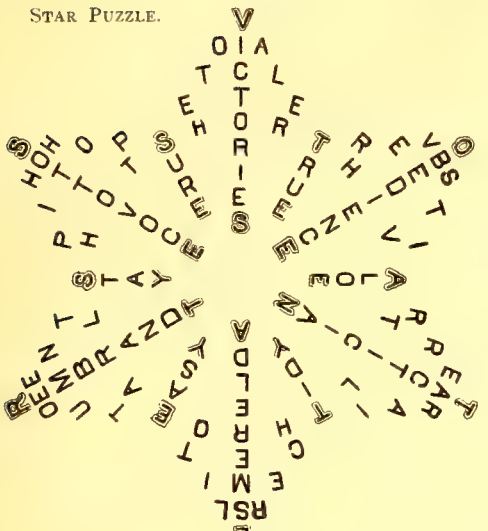
J. EMMET L——.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: H. S. C., Alice F. H., Bertha M. P., Adela, Henrietta M. S., Daisy R., Mary P. J., Annie R. L., H. M. K., Janie C. S., Mamie S., B. C. K., Clara F. M., Edith P., Francis W. S., Stella B., Grace C., Bessie O'B., Howard P., Olive P., E. E. B., Agnes P., Nellie C., Dwight K., Stuart H., Inez L. M., T. Macune, Anna E. T., G. F. R., Clara C., Norman C. H., Marion H., Constance K. H., Nowell I., Roxalene O. H., Ione H., Kathie, Marion, Carrie, Katherine M. R., Donald O., E. S. J., Carroll R., Miley F., W. T. M., Howard S., Anna K. H., Osgood H. D., Margaret P., "Jenny Wren," Adelaide I. R., Eric S. S., Alice D., Jennie M. Mc., Teresa A., Katharine T. W., Eva J. B., Alice H. Jones, Gertrude W., Laura G., Helen M. B., Boyd L. S., Emily L., "Meg and Beth," Martha B. F. G., Winnie G., Charlotte E. B., Lucy and Alice, Ethel S., Mary Van R. F., Nettie B. H., J. A. S., Daisy B. W., Zoe A. D., Malcolm H., M. S., Bertha N., Claire L. W., Pearl R. and Lizzie C., Helen H., May R. B., J. B. B., Jr., Elsie M. C., Kate M. C., Ethel G., Ethel M., Henry B. L., Metta B. R., Charles E. H., Leonora de V. and Evangeline B., Harriette C., Marjorie K., Minnie H. and Bessie G., Louis D., Catharine C. C., Amasa M. R., Olivia L. and Sadie N., Frank N. C., Maud B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

STAR PUZZLE.



CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Centrals, Caligula. Cross-words: 1. AginCourt. 2. ElizAbeth. 3. GaLba. 4. AgrIppa. 5. CarthaGinians. 6. LoUis. 7. WilLiam. 8. EleAnor.

HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Gladstone. Cross-words: 1. Struggles. 2. Garland. 3. Bland. 4. Ode. 5. S. 6. Ute. 7. Stone. 8. Corners. 9. Expressly.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. From 1 to 4, Landseer. I. 1. Leap. 2. Earl. 3. Arno. 4. Plod. II. 1. Shah. 2. Hero. 3. Area. 4. Hoar.

PREFIX PUZZLE. 1. Dog-bee. 2. Dog-fish. 3. Dog-watch. 4. Dog-chain. 5. Dog-star. 6. Dog-collar. 7. Dog-hook. 8. Dog-berry. 9. Dog-rose. 10. Dog-fly. 11. Dog-cart.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Fourth row, Charles Sumner; fifth row, Horace Walpole. Cross-words: 1. Vouchers. 2. Catholic. 3. Imparted. 4. Couranto. 5. Chalcedony. 6. Agreeing. 7. Outswell. 8. Ransacks. 9. Undulate. 10. Champion. 11. Grenoble. 12. Appellee. 13. Corrects.

ANTONYMS. Scott. 1. S-able. 2. C-rave. 3. O-pine. 4. T-rain. 5. T-rail.

PYRAMID. Across: 1. M. 2. Hal. 3. Honed. 4. Masonry. 5. Destroyed.

CHARADE. Pen-man-ship.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, punster; 2 to 4, Rubicon; 1 to 3, peeress; 3 to 4, striven; 5 to 6, wearing; 6 to 8, galiots; 5 to 7, waltzes; 7 to 8, suffers; 1 to 5, prow; 2 to 6, ring; 4 to 8, naps; 3 to 7, sins.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO. 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Louise Ingham Adams — Maude E. Palmer — Mary L. Gerrish — Pearl F. Stevens — Emma Sydney — Josephine Sherwood — "Infantry," — Jo and I — J. R. Davis — Paul Reese — A. L. W. L. — Maud Huebener — O. G. and Bill — M. D. and C. M. — Effie K. Talboys — Eryas — Wm. H. Beers — "Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley" — Emily and Annie Dembitz — Nellie and Reggie — Maxie and Jackspar — May Dunning — E. M. G. — Ida C. Thallon — Fred G. — "Miss Flint" — Nellie L. Howes — Adele Walton — The Wise Five — "A Family Affair" — No Name, Minneapolis — Jennie, Minnie, and Isabel.

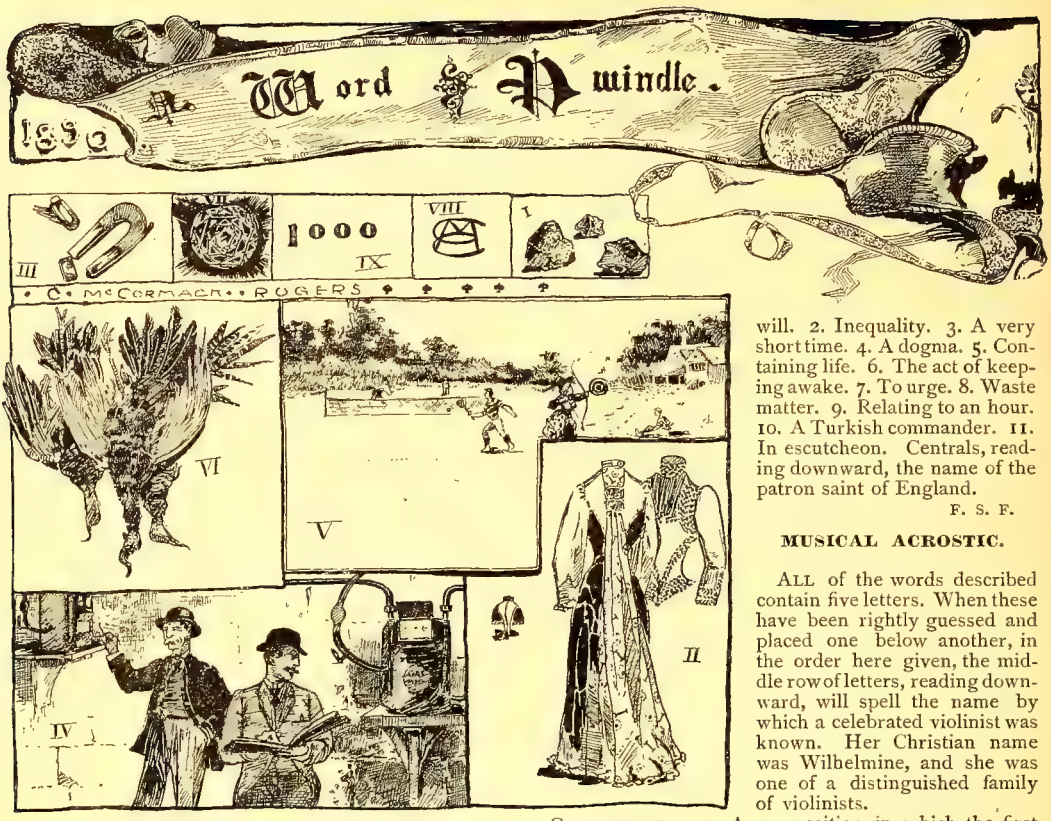
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from E. Barton, 1 — E. Shirley, 1 — "Anon," 1 — Peter Williams, 8 — D. M. B., 1 — May Keepers, 1 — "La Grippe," 4 — Princess Jacqueline, 1 — Amy F., 1 — J. Wilcox, 1 — F. E. Bennet, 1 — M. Brinkley, 1 — H. M. C. and Co., 3 — J. Marks, 1 — G. L. Riley, 1 — Rosalind, 1 — C. K. Thacher, 1 — Gwendolen, 1 — Simah, 1 — J. W. Beardslee, 1 — M. Martin, 1 — L. Anthony, 1 — L. Pandely, 1 — L. Eimburg, 1 — S. Straus, 1 — P. Straus, 1 — Marie and Flo Foote, 2 — "Bob Stay, Jr.," 1 — C. Webb, 1 — No Name, N. Y., 1 — "Prince Fortunatus," 1 — H. Bryan, 1 — Grace E. M. 1 — J. N. Rosenberg, 1 — "From San José," 1 — "Boarding School," 1 — "Marjory Daw," 7 — Pauline and Honora S., 3 — M. S. S., 2 — Charles Beaufort, 8 — H. W. Bikle, 1 — H. E. Williams, 1 — Jennie and John, 7 — Gertrude B. Ewen, 2 — "Budge and Toddie," 1 — Blanche and Fred, 8 — C. Gray, 1 — Mamma and Jamie, 8 — Clara and Emma, 2 — A. and E. Hartley, 1 — L. A. Rhodes, 1 — Bertha, 1 — Chas. L. and Reta Sharp, 4 — E. C. McClees, 1 — Estelle H. Rossiter, 4 — Wm. B. Tyler, 1 — Anna W. and Astley P. C. Ashhurst, 7 — Elizabeth A. Adams, 2 — Arthur B. Lawrence, 2 — E. E. McGinnie, 1 — H. M. Rochester, 1 — Katie Van Zandt, 3 — Horace H. Francine, 6 — Our Fred, 3 — B. Myers, 1 — H. Schussler, 1 — "K. and her Great-aunt," 3 — "E. de Stael," 1 — John W. Frothingham, Jr., 3 — S. I. Myers, 1 — No Name, 7 — M. J. Fiske, 1 — Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3 — L. Norwood, 1 — John and Hal, 1 — L. McCune, 1 — No Name, Jenison, 1 — Hubert Bingay, 7 — James and Dellena, 5 — John and Bessie, 3 — John A. Macy, 2 — "May and 79," 7 — Alex. Armstrong, Jr., 6 — Grace, Gladys, Victorine, and Isabel Livingston, 7 — M. H. V., 4 — Pye, 4 — G. Hodson, 1 — "Grandma," 1 — A. H. G., 1 — Mary and Howard 2 — Bessie Mitchell, 5 — No Name, Lynn, 1 — Dan McG., 7 — C. Ennis, 1 — "Mu Epsilon Pi," 7 — W. Keith, 3 — Bessie Davis, 2 — Alan S., 6 — C. L. W., 1 — C. P. Linville, 1 — "The Owls," 6 — Agnes L. Carpenter, 7 — Edna McNary, 6 — Maud T., 5 — G. C., 1.

A FRENCH ZIGZAG.

ALL of the cross-words are to be given in French. When these are rightly set down, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the French equivalent for an exclamation of two words which is very frequently heard on the first day of April. Each cross-word contains five letters.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One who worships idols. 2. Not long. 3. An ascetic. 4. Glossy. 5. Fresh. 6. A wooden shoe. 7. To inconvenience. 8. Farewell. 9. Refuge. 10. Warming. 11. Loss. 12. Network. 13. Threshold.

DYCIE.



WORD DWINDLE.

FIND a word of nine letters which will rightly describe picture number one. Remove one letter, and transpose the remaining letters, and a word may be made which will describe picture number two, and so on till only a single letter remains.

TWO ESCUTCHEONS.

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I. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Those parts of churches that project at right angles to the body of the church. 2. Perhaps. 3. A confused mass of matter. 4. A kind of fish. 5. An osier basket, such as anglers use. 6. Fretful. 7. To drive back. 8. To stow, as cotton or wool in a ship's hold. 9. A slight, hasty repast. 10. A globe. 11. In escutcheon. Centrals, reading downward, the name of a great dramatist who was born in April.

II. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Dying without having made a will. 2. Inequality. 3. A very short time. 4. A dogma. 5. Containing life. 6. The act of keeping awake. 7. To urge. 8. Waste matter. 9. Relating to an hour. 10. A Turkish commander. 11. In escutcheon. Centrals, reading downward, the name of the patron saint of England.

F. S. F.

MUSICAL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain five letters. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the middle row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name by which a celebrated violinist was known. Her Christian name was Wilhelmine, and she was one of a distinguished family of violinists.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A composition in which the first strain is repeated at the end of each of the other strains. 2. A composer born in 1784, at Brunswick. 3. "Slowly." 4. The scale. 5. Words recited to musical tones without musical measure. 6. The soprano, or highest part. 7. A note, equal in duration to the half of a semibreve. 8. The key-tone, or first-tone of the scale. 9. The subject of a composition. 10. A celebrated Italian composer born in 1814. 11. An eminent German composer born in 1714. 12. The part of a piano operated by the foot. 13. A trill.

I. M. P.

PI.

Thoghur gehde-wor slavee ni deftrid haspe,
Felt yb eht mystro stabl,
Het tillet plofhue slombos sepep,
Dan slelt fo wertin pats;
A fwe sleave trultef form het swood
Hatt guhn eht sneaso huhgrot,
Gainvel threi lapce orf gwinells busd
Ot persad rithe veales waen.

CLARE.

ABSENT VOWELS.

INSERT vowels in place of the stars, in each of the six following sentences. When these words are rightly completed, select from each of the sentences a word of five letters. When these six words have been selected, and placed one below the other, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a word often heard.

1. Th* m*r* h*st* th* l*ss sp**d.
2. B* *t *v*r s* h*mbl* th*r*s n* pl*c* l*k* h*m*.
3. Th* gr**t*st str*k*s m*k* n*t th* sw**t*st m*s*c.
4. Wh* t**ch*s p*tch w*ll b* d*f*l*d.
5. H*lf * l**f *s b*tt*r th*n n* br**d.
6. Y** m*y l**d * h*rs* t* w*t*r, b*t y** c*nn*t m*k h*m dr*nk.

EMMA.

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Joyful
Easter

